

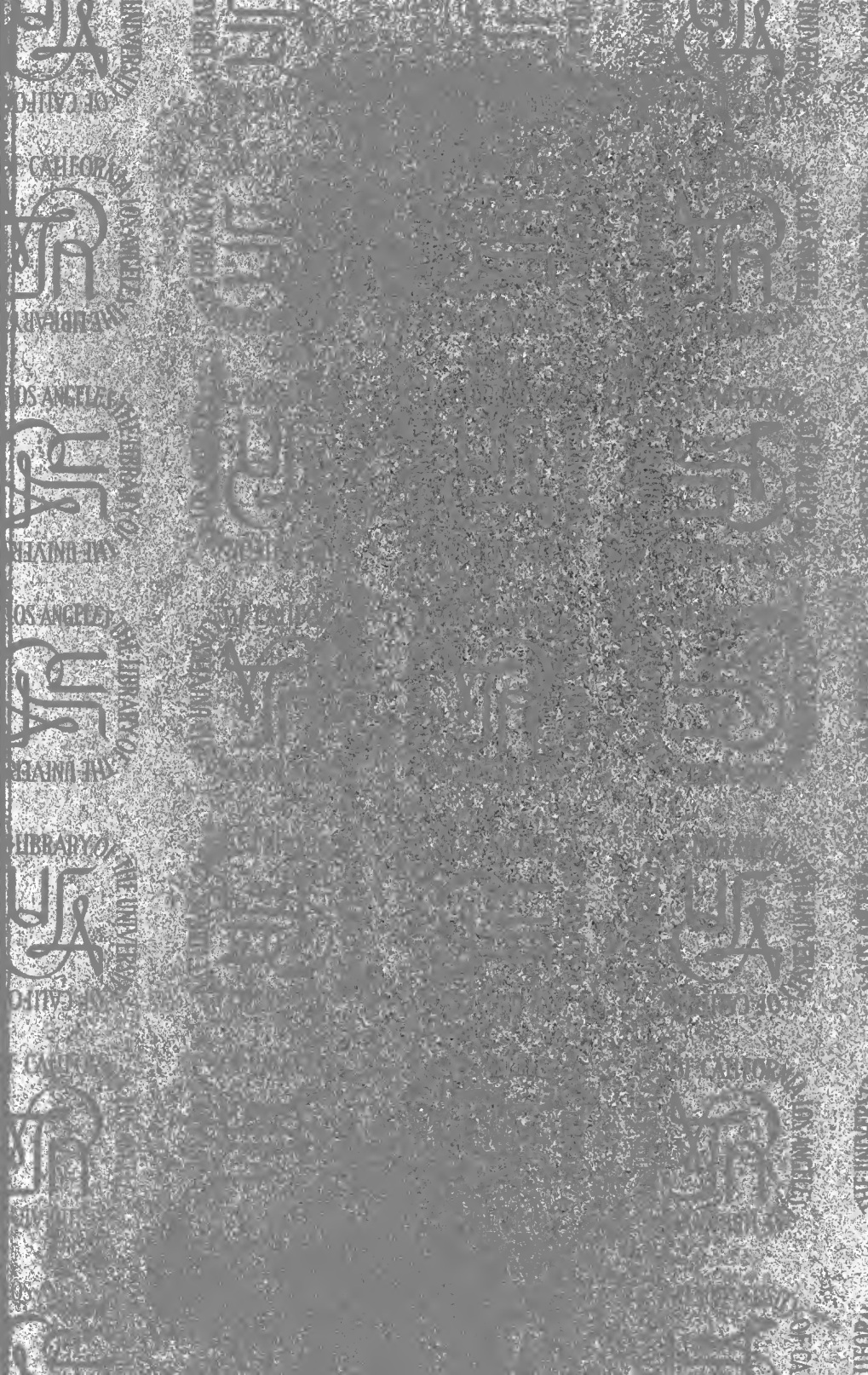
ia



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

Clark J. Milliron



AROUND THE WORLD WITH UNCLE SAM;

OR

SIX YEARS IN THE UNITED
STATES ARMY,

BY

HERBERT O. KOHR.

A TRUE STORY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE
BY A FORMER ENLISTED MAN OF
THE RANKS IN THE U. S.
ARMY.

BEGINNING WITH RECRUIT LIFE SOLDIERING IN COLO-
RADO, IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, CAMPAIGN-
ING IN CUBA, AT BATTLE OF EL
CANEY, CAPITULATION
OF SANTIAGO;

LATER, TRAVELING ACROSS THE GREAT AMERICAN CONTINENT, SAILING
ACROSS THE PACIFIC, IN THE PHILIPPINES, A YEAR IN CHINA
DURING BOXER TROUBLE, THROUGH THE SUEZ
CANAL, A GREAT STORM ON THE AT-
LANTIC, COMPLETING THE
TOUR OF THE
WORLD.

THIS BOOK DICTATED FROM MEMORY BY A BLIND MAN.

Copyright, 1907,
By HERBERT O. KOHR,
Uhrichsville, Ohio.



THE AUTHOR
DURING HIS SERVICE IN THE ARMY.

E 729
K 827a

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned

 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name;
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf
The wretch concentr'd all in self;
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

—*Scott.*

CONTENTS.

PREFACE	7
CHAPTER I.	
My First Great Parade, or the Cause of My Enlistment in the Army.....	9
CHAPTER II.	
A Recruit at Fort Logan, or Two Years' Service in Colorado.....	17
CHAPTER III.	
Farewell to Fort Logan. War Declared. From Colorado to Tampa. Sailing to Cuba.....	45
CHAPTER IV.	
Landing at Baiquiri. Our Forces March to Las Guasimas. The Battle of El Caney. Capture of Santiago.....	61
CHAPTER V.	
Awaiting Our Transport. Home Again. Sailing for Manila	81
CHAPTER VI.	
Landing in Manila. Campaigning with General McArthur's Division. On the North Line.....	99
CHAPTER VII.	
Campaigning on the South Line with General Schwan. The Wonderful Volcano at Lagaspi. With General Bates' Expedition to the Province of Canierines in the Southern Portion of Luzon.....	117

CHAPTER VIII.

Back to Manila. Sailing for China. The Battle of Tientsin.....	139
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

The Advance from Tientsin. The Capture of Pek- ing. Relieving the Legations.....	159
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

A Winter in China. Back to the Philippines.....	177
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

From Manila to New York by Way of Suez Canal...	191
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Army Happenings	205
-----------------------	-----

PROLOGUE.....	221
---------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

- The Author During His Service in the Army.
A Squad of Soldiers with Dog Tents and Camp Equipment.
Army Bicycle Riders with Field Equipment.
A Champion Army Bicyclist.
Elephant Rock.
A Group of Army Buglers.
Natural Gateway to the Garden of the Gods.
Army Sibley Tents.
Palmer Lake, Colorado.
Camp at Broadmoor During Department Competition.
Capt. Chas. A. Worden Looking from a Deserted House.
Battalion Retreat in a Field Camp.
Soldiers Taking Refreshments at a Mountain Inn.
Funeral Scene, Native Band, Naice, Cavite Province.
A Group of Soldiers off Duty in an Army Tent.
Water Buffalos and Native.
A Group of Army Corporals.
Unloading Hemp for Manila, Naice, Cavite Province, P. I.
A Group of Soldiers with an Army Mule.
Soldiers in Full Dress Uniform.
Target Practice on an Army Range.
A Group of Army Sergeants.
Scene in Army Sleeping Room.
An Army Camp Kitchen.
The Author as He Appears at the Present Time.

PREFACE.



IN writing of the Army or Army maneuvers, and especially in campaigning, battles or engagements, one is apt oftentimes, to exaggerate or picture these too highly. In modern warfare, bayonet charges, sabre encounters and hand to hand fighting does not often occur except in cases of ambushes or where the foes meet unexpectedly. It is peculiar how many writers picture large bodies of soldiers walking boldly into battle, officers far in the lead of their troops, swinging their swords, rushing into the enemy attacking them with pistol and sword. One who has seen much of hard campaigning and field service, very seldom sees pictures of these descriptions. With modern rifles and machine guns of various constructions, this would be impossible as men would be shot to pieces before going in the open 10 or 20 paces. Soldiers are trained to take advantage of every bit of cover and keep from view as much as possible in times of battle, as with smokeless powder there is no smoke to hide one another from view, like in former days. One can notice men, how serious they look when the sound of bullets and shells begin to whistle through the air. Some of them show fear while others are apparently unconcerned as they move forward. But most soldiers acknowledge there are hidden fears which do not appear on the surface. There are many cases recorded of daring deeds in modern warfare as in former days but these do not appear to be as numerous. Perhaps the mode and greater velocity of bullets have some effect on daring; as a volley from a small squad of men at eight hundred or one thousand yards distant would prove disastrous. One oftentimes

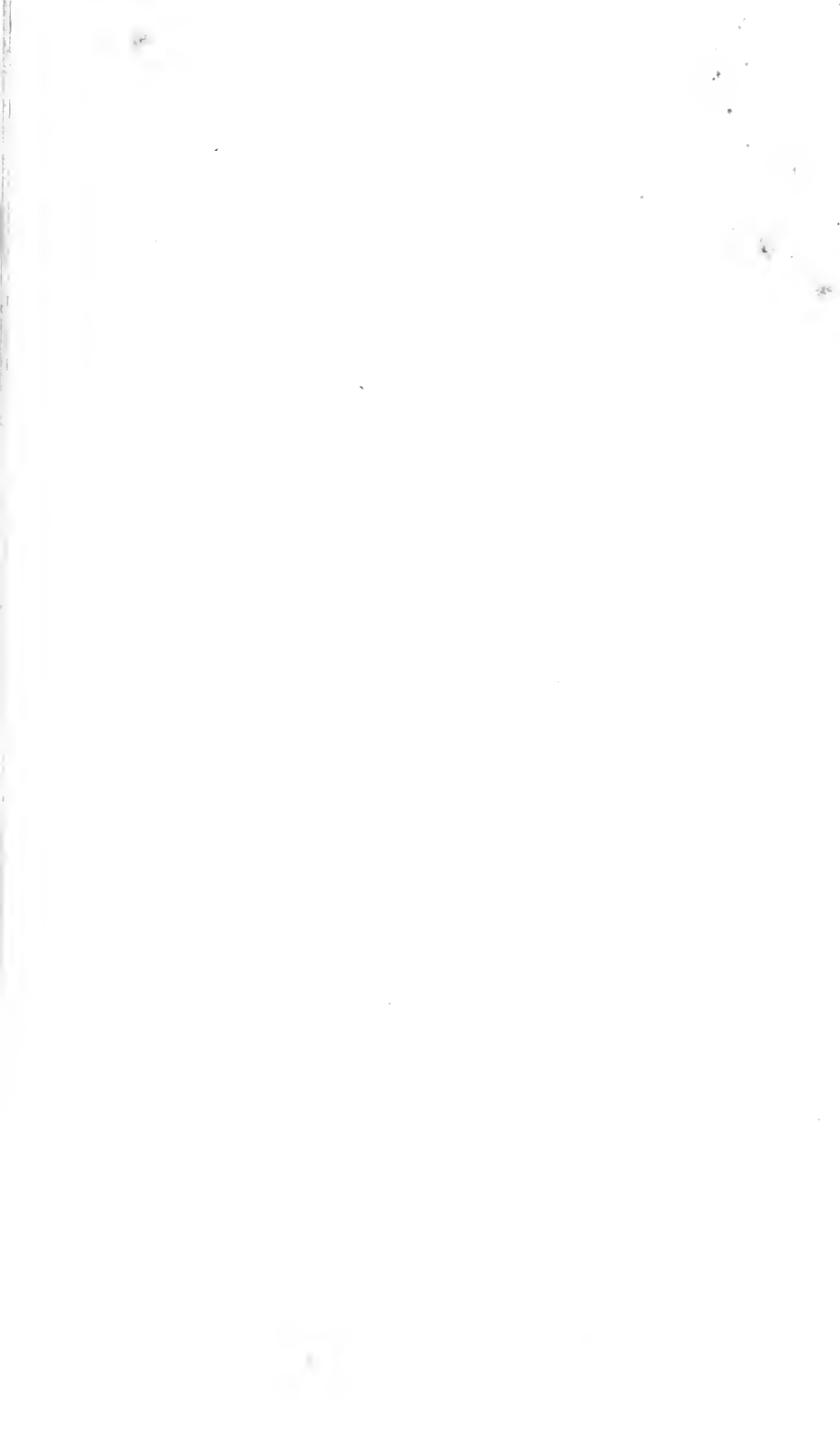
hears men talking after they have been in encounters telling of great daring deeds which they have accomplished, but others who have been with them walk away and smile, although two men who have gone through battles side by side oftentimes differ greatly in their account of the same; one being more excited than the other. We have often laughed, as soldiers, on reading newspaper accounts of battles and could hardly recognize the graphic descriptions of which we had just been through.

Many accounts are taken from sham battles or mock wars and written on as in real battles. This perhaps is one reason why these accounts receive such high polish and have so much dash about them. There appears to be something fascinating about soldiers and war. What great excitement and interest when your country is about to go into war with another! The soldier himself becomes very much interested and appears like a different man, but after he reaches the front and passes through a battle or so, his valor cools and this life does not appear so fascinating as before.

In writing of army experiences one is often misunderstood as it is somewhat difficult to explain the movements and life of soldiers as there are many details which one cannot always explain properly. In order to make facts plain one should try and give as true an account as possible. In this I shall endeavor to begin with my life as a recruit and go through my experience of six years as nearly as possible as it occurred.



A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS WITH LOG TENTS AND CAMP EQUIPMENT.



CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST GREAT PARADE, OR THE CAUSE OF MY ENLISTMENT IN THE ARMY.



WE were standing on one of the principal streets in the most beautiful city that I have ever been in. The veterans of the Civil War were holding their State G. A. R. Encampment.

This day they were having their military parade, which thousands of people had turned out to witness.

We had been waiting quite awhile and were growing restless, when we heard the cheers farther down the street. We felt certain that the parade had started. Every one became eager, and pressed forward blockading the street; and as the parade approached we were pressed back by a platoon of civil police. This was the greatest parade I had ever witnessed. I was very much disappointed as I beheld this mounted squad of big fat fellows, clearing the street. My first thoughts were if these are soldiers, I certainly never want to be classed as such. They were all mounted upon small animals, in fact very small. Some of the men looked larger than the animals. They seemed very much out of place with their large stomachs extending forward nearly to the horses' ears. They looked as if they would be more at home riding up the street in wheelbarrows. Perhaps they would have caused less comment in traveling this way. But my disappointment was soon to disappear, for directly behind them followed a man mounted on a fine steed. The atmosphere seemed to clear and grow brighter as he approached, for this proved to be the commanding officer of the Seventh U. S. Infantry, which nearly

all, or I supposed at least all, had turned out to witness, as it was advertised he would lead the parade on this great day. What a difference in men! This man sat erect on his steed. The animal appeared to be electrified.

The man seemed perfectly at ease. He was the leader of this regiment which the U. S. government had seen fit to place in that position. At the right and left were his aids similarly mounted. They seemed to understand every action or move, that this man made. Directly behind them came the military band. The drum major, its leader, with his baton which he hurled through the air directing the movements as he moved forward in quick time. Behind them came the companies in platoon front, filling the streets from one side to the other. What a wonderful contrast to our platoon of police. These men were arranged in height from right to left. They looked like genuine athletes, broad shouldered, heads erect, moving straight forward and looking neither to right nor left. As they began to pass, the crowd appeared electrified; they began to cheer and howl like mad; they would cry, "here are the boys from Fort Logan!" This regimental organization consisted of eight companies. When split in platoons making a grand display of 16 platoon fronts.

They were arrayed in full dress; blue uniform, spiked helmets with brass trimmings, white Berlin gloves, ammunition belts and rifles on right shoulders. They moved like one man. This was my first impression of the U. S. soldier. As they moved by, directly behind them came two troops of the Second U. S. Cavalry. These were mounted. They had fine uniforms, fine mounts all arrayed in line, but they would not impress you like the infantry, stepping off together like one man.

Behind these came the Civil War veterans, old men who were good soldiers in their young days:

but they certainly did not make the appearance that the trained men did who were leading them on this parade. They reminded one of childhood days when you soldier with broom-stick and charge on fence posts as imaginary foes.

As these veterans passed by in sets of fours, they received their share of applause; for were not these the heroes of former days, when the flag which headed this procession was in deadly peril? Could we not well afford to cheer the men who fought to uphold our nation and make us a highly respected power in the world? And little did any one think at this time that in a short period, we would be called to defend it against the world power. These veterans were followed by the state organization of militia. They were led by their commander. These were young men gathered from over the state. They were not trained or drilled but were men of every day occupation. Of course these men were not expected to make the fine appearance of selected men, who were hired for military purposes, and whose entire time was devoted to drill in military discipline. But this fact was overlooked by the populace which had gathered here this day to witness a grand parade. As they passed by in platoon front the people would hoot and shout, "Tin Soldier!" "Soldier, will you work and step?"

Were not these remarks ill-placed? As these young men were working and trying to fill a military position at the same time, therefore they should have received as great applause as any. But people who are out for a holiday and are excited appear to forget these facts.

Of course these men may have put on airs and tried to make themselves look great, but when called upon later, they were ready to serve their country.

This parade, or the part which I witnessed, was the real cause of my presence on board a train a few

weeks later bound for Fort Logan. Here I arrived some time in the forenoon, at a little station of the Rio Grande R. R. I felt very tired and backward as I stepped on the platform; and looking across to my left toward the barracks, I saw boys in blue drilling. At first I felt afraid to approach the reservation and walking in the opposite direction for a short distance, I came to a small cigar store. I ventured inside and as the day was warm, I called for a drink of soda. I noticed this man who waited upon me had that erect posture, and thought that perhaps he had been in the military service. I began to make inquiry and found that I was correct in my surmise. So I questioned him in regard to the proper way to approach as an applicant for service. He gave me the desired information and directed me to the headquarters building, from which we were only a short distance. I approached this building along a double street, with a walk in the center up a gradual slope, with great timidity. As I neared the headquarters my heart jumped and thumped, and I suppose as I placed my foot on the first step, if some one should have shouted I would have run, but this did not happen. And as I walked up the steps, and made my wishes known, I was shown into the office of the Regimental Sergeant Major, where he inquired as to my business there, and I informed him that I wished to enlist in the regular army. He made out my application blanks and sent me to the quarters of Company E, where I was to remain on probation for a few days, until I decided fully that I was in earnest about my intentions. This gave me an opportunity to observe and study the ways and life of enlisted men, before I actually became a soldier. Fort Logan is situated in one of the finest locations for a barracks that it has ever been my good fortune to behold. The fort is located about twelve miles southwest of Denver—the altitude being about eight thou-



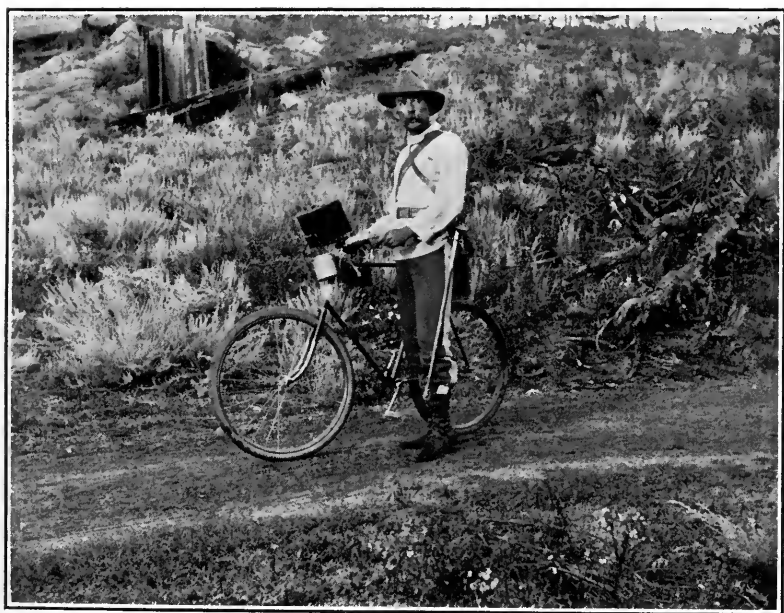
ARMY BICYCLE RIDERS WITH FIELD EQUIPMENT.

sand feet above sea level. Off to the west lie the Rocky Mountains—a long range extending north and south. To the northwest lies Gray's Peak, with the point extending far above the principal range. Farther to the north is Long's Peak, which rises yet higher than the former. These two points can be observed during any season of the year, appearing in the distance like two venerable white capped dames. Twelve miles westward lie the low foot hills, covered by a growth of pines, cedars, and sage, so called because these must be crossed before the main range can be reached.

At this altitude the atmosphere is so pure and clear, that travelers from the east will look across to the foot hills and remark that they will take a walk over to observe them, and return before breakfast; which causes the resident to quietly smile and say nothing. For when you consider the distance of twelve miles there and return, a good day's journey on foot, one suddenly feels that some other form of exercise will suffice for the morning. The clear pure air has only magnified the objects around, causing them to appear very near. Pike's Peak may be observed from Denver at a distance of 75 miles. East of Fort Logan and down a gradual slope flows the Platte River. Following this river southward toward its source for some distance will bring you to the Platte Canon, which is south of Fort Logan. Northward flows Bear Creek, which empties into the Platte northeast of the barracks, or towards Denver. The beds of these streams are almost dry in the summer season, on account of irrigation they afford to the surrounding region. Following Bear Creek westward toward its source for twelve or fifteen miles will bring one to Bear Creek Canon. At the entrance to this canon is situated the village of Morrison. To the north of Morrison is the Hog Back, a small rocky hill which derives its name from

its shape—which is that of a hog's back. South of the village and across the canon is the entrance to the Garden of the Angels. This garden or park is filled with rocks which resemble monuments. On some of these can be traced characters that resemble men, birds and animals. Here, those who love nature spend hours, tracing these lines—nature's gifts—intended for the admiration of all; but are only seen and appreciated by those who love nature and to whom her secrets have been revealed. As you advance westward through Bear Creek Canon admiration increases at the beautiful and perfect walls of the canon. To the right of the canon a roadway has been constructed over which one may travel westward across the main range into the heart of the Rockies. Then as you look northward from Fort Logan you observe Loretta's Heights from which can be seen Loretta's Sisters' Convent, which is slightly above Fort Logan in elevation. This is an immense building where girls are trained for service as Sisters and Nuns. This is a peaceful but solitary spot for this institution. An attempt to elope with one of the inmates would invariably prove disastrous, for from this point one has a view of the surrounding country for miles in every direction, making escape difficult if so desired by its inmates. Farther east and across the Platte as far as eye can see, stretch miles of prairie. A part of this section is irrigated and farming is carried on in these places. Southeast and beyond the Platte is the village of Littleton which is situated on the Denver and Rio Grande railway. This is three and one-half miles from the Fort. Fort Logan is situated on a high knoll which slopes gradually downward to the north, east and south. To the westward are the foot hills which give rise to gentle descent of the ground until these are reached. This position gives almost perfect sanitary conditions.

The officers' quarters are built in the shape of a horse shoe. The commanding officers' quarters are situated in the bend of the shoe, from which place every point of the reservation can be observed. The southern point of the shoe extends farther east, and on this line are built the infantry barracks. The cavalry barracks are built in the bend alongside the officers' quarters. In line with northern point of shoe, and extending east are guard house and headquarters building, which figure in equal proportions. Just north of the fort in the Bear Creek valley and just outside the reservation, lies the little village of Logantown, between a branch of the Rio Grande, and a branch of the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison railways. The former terminating at Fort Logan, the latter at Morrison. About one mile east on the Rio Grande is situated Military Park. On the Gunnison line, Sheridan Park, where the residents of Denver hold their picnics and summer amusements of all descriptions. These parks are not very satisfactory places of amusement on account of beer gardens, and dance halls, which often cause rough fights between soldiers and civilians; but it seems that almost all military posts have such places near them. Here in this place of which I have given you rather a tedious description, I was destined to become an American soldier. For after due consideration, during my five days probation, and a thorough examination by the medical department to ascertain my condition physically, my proportions were given as six feet and one-half inch in height, weight one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, void of all clothing, dark hair and dark complexion. Therefore on the fifth of May, 1896, I was sworn into the service of the U. S. Army for the period of three years.



A CHAMPION ARMY BICYCLIST.

CHAPTER II.

A RECRUIT AT FORT LOGAN OR TWO YEARS' SERVICE IN
COLORADO.



WAS now just a newly enlisted soldier for a term of three years. I began to pay attention and observe the manner of those around me,—later my comrades. I seemed like a child looking up to these men who stepped with quick, active and agile movements; but I, myself was a big awkward and overgrown youth. I was tall and stooped; I imagined my feet and my hands were too large. I noticed that the men held aloof. They were not at all sociable, and regarded me as any other “rukke” who must undergo all the tortures of learning discipline and drill.

As my first day wore on I became nervous and felt like a fish out of water. It seemed to me at this time that it would be impossible to learn the drill and develop physically so I could ever look or act in any way like these men. I was soon dubbed Shorty. Some of the men had read Si Klegg and Shorty and of course as I was a tall man like this character I received the same name. My sleeping apparatus was issued to me; it consisted of one iron bunk, a set of springs, a mattress, mattress cover, and pillow slips.

As I could not draw clothing just at this time a comrade loaned to me a few blankets under which to sleep until the requisitions were made out and sent into the clothing department, for regular issue. My sleeping quarters were in the south squad room. This was to be occupied by myself in company with thirty other men, until further instructions were re-

ceived. These quarters were built of brick, and were very neat and comfortable. The rooms extended north and south, with a line of bunks on each side; the heads against wall, and foot of bunks toward center. I was placed in center of row. On one side my bunk-mate or "bunkie" as they were called—was a tall young Irishman. On the other side a much smaller man who was an American; I soon became acquainted with these two. In a day or two another man enlisted and of course the new "Rukie" and I became friends at once. A few days later the captain of our company, a very kind hearted and fatherly old gentleman, called us into the orderly room, which was in the front end of the barracks and gave us a long talk on the situation we now had to confront. He explained to us his position as captain, of his two subordinates—first and second lieutenants, that these men who were graduates of the military academy, had received their commissions from the president, and that they must be obeyed. And that all men with commissions from the president, in every branch of service, must be saluted when recognized by the mark or bars placed on each shoulder; that when in a building or under roof, we must remove the hat in their presence, stand erect, and allow them to pass. This was a novel exercise to us at first, and the captain ordered us to remove hats and stand erect in his presence. Then he praised our efforts and furthermore instructed us concerning our relations with the men. If they tormented, or teased us or tried to get us into trouble we were told to report to him, and never think of walking off or deserting, as that would be a blot on our character the remainder of our days, and we would thereby lose the right of citizenship. This was indeed good advice, and later I was thankful for the valuable information the captain gave us. In our company the first sergeant held first place in the

company after commissioned officers. Next were four duty sergeants, then four corporals, who ranked next to the duty sergeants. The companies were organized in battalions, consisting of four companies each; three battalions to each regiment. At that time each regiment lacked one battalion. Therefore each regiment had but eight companies. Cavalry regiments were complete; each one consisted of twelve troops. Our commanding officer, the Colonel, had command of all troops stationed in this garrison.

Next in regular order came the lieutenant colonel, majors, captains and lieutenants. Non-commissioned officers were sergeant majors, both regimental and battalion; then first sergeant, duty sergeants and corporals. These non-commissioned officers received warrants issued by the commanding officer on recommendation of company commanders; it was their duty to see that all orders received from company commanders through first sergeant were obeyed. Just at this point it is well to consider the arrangement of the different branches of the U. S. Army. First in rank is the corps of engineers. Officers graduating at the head of their class are assigned for duty in this branch of the service. At that time this branch of the service consisted of one battalion only, being formed in companies, the same as infantry. It is their duty to build field fortifications, intrenchments, bridges, pontoon bridges, river ferries, and roads to transport supplies to the front in case of war.

This branch is considered superior to any other in the army. Next the Ordnance Department, which guards arsenals and has charge of all heavy ordnance of ammunition. Next in line, the artillery, both heavy and light. At the time of my service they were divided into coast batteries which handled heavy pieces, and the light, which handled field

pieces drawn by horses. Next came the cavalry which was then ten regiments strong; and numbers nine and ten were colored. Last the infantry which consisted of twenty-five regiments,—numbers twenty-four and five were colored. The regiments are made up of company organizations, twelve companies to each regiment. Companies are given names of letters of the alphabet, beginning with A, ending with M, excluding the letter J. Each company consists of one hundred men. In time of peace four companies are blank and each regiment contains but eight companies. In time of war the infantry is considered the backbone of the army. These men are armed and equipped with rifles, bayonets and ammunition belts. The cavalry are armed with carbines which are carried in a leather pocket attached to the saddle, ammunition belts, pistols which are buckled to the right side, and long sabres, which are buckled at the left side. This branch of the service is considered especially hard, as these men have saddles, lariats and horses to care for. Men in all branches of the service are equipped with haversacks, canteens, knife, fork, spoon and mess kit; the last consists of a double pan, whose handle crosses over the top and hooks top and bottom part together. When taken apart one pan may be used to fry articles of food, the other as a receptacle for articles of food. Each man also receives a shelter half or half tent, one end of which has a flap and button, so that two men placing halves together can form a tent. These are called “dog tents” or “pup” tents by the soldiers, on account of being so small. Each man also carries a tent pole which consists of two sections so when placed together in center with a tin rim they form a pole about four feet long. This is fastened in center with guy lines, and each of the four corners of tent are fastened with iron pins. The flaps on one end are then buttoned

together which forms back of tent. These are used in time of war when men must carry their rations, sleeping apartments and cooking outfits. Each one is held responsible for these articles, and if lost through neglect or carelessness, a certain amount is deducted from the pay which is thirteen dollars per month, except in case of re-enlistment, when the pay is increased for the purpose of retaining experienced men.

Non-commissioned officers also receive extra pay for filling positions they hold. Clothing which is always of first-class material, consists of blouse, trousers, underwear, shirts, blankets, socks, rubber ponchos, shoes and leggings, overcoats, fur caps, gauntlets (for cold climates), full dress coat and helmet for parade, campaign hats and white gloves for garrison, fatigue clothes, overalls and blouses for working purposes. These articles are issued to the men as needed. The government makes a clothing allowance for each man at a certain rate per annum, at cost price for clothing. When a man overdraws this allowance, the amount overdrawn is deducted from his pay. What he saves on this allowance he receives at the expiration of his term of service. It is to one's interest then, to be careful with his clothing. The quartermaster department has charge of these articles, also of the fuel, picks, shovels and mules and wagons, for transportation. Each regiment has a quartermaster department which draws from the general quartermaster department. The commissary department supplies rations, of which each man receives his allotment. This consists of flour or bread, potatoes, fresh meat, salt pork, beans, onions, fish or salmon, dried fruits, such as prunes and apples, tomatoes, coffee, sugar, vinegar, and "hardtack" or crackers. Field rations are not issued in as large a quantity as garrison. The field rations consist of hardtack, canned

tomatoes, corned beef or bacon, beans, coffee, sugar, salmon and dried fruits. There is also an emergency ration for field service—meat and vegetables in one compound, which are placed in packages.

In each garrison is found a post hospital. This has splendid buildings well regulated and in charge of the medical department of the army. In field service they are known as field hospitals; the nurses are enlisted men. The officers rank as colonel doctors, major doctors and captain doctors; the chief of the department is a general. The non-commissioned staff rank as first steward, second steward and assistant steward. The nurses or enlisted men receive five dollars more per month than the men of the line.

Then there is the Signal Department; the men of this part of the service are enlisted telegraphers. They have charge of balloons and have codes of signal, such as heliograph, flags, and different colored lights for night signaling. They also have charge of telegraph and telephone lines, as used by the army. They, also, are organized in companies, their method of procedure being the same as that of other branches of the service. The army as a whole or as a military body, has a commanding general or chief of staff. His assistants are major and brigadier generals, who rank as commanders of departments, divisions and brigades. Everything is done systematically and according to rank, from commanding general down to the private in the rear rank. It is necessary for red tape in every department, for no good results would be reached if all did not work as one.

We had been to the canteen or post exchange and purchased towels, soap and other toilet articles; for these do not come under the government issue, as such articles as these together with tobacco, and cigars are considered as luxuries, and the government supplies only articles of necessity. I also pur-

chased a wash basin, but this article proved to be a poor investment. I took my purchases to the quarters and placed the basin under the head of my bunk, the springs of which fastened with a sort of hook, for convenience, in case one wishes to remove them. I then left the quarters for a few minutes and on my return, decided to spread my blankets out and rest a while, as it was in the evening. Some one had carefully slipped the front end of the springs away from the head of the bunk, and of course when I threw myself on the bed I went on down to the floor, turning mattress and springs over on top of me. My basin was under front end of the bunk and was caught by the springs, doubling its sides together. Of course all began to shout and laugh and I found that the best thing for me to do was to laugh too. So I straightened things out and lay down. This joke I found later on was practiced upon every "Rukie" who came to the company. It never hurt any one and yet caused quite a lot of amusement. I was never caught in that way again, for I was always careful thereafter to examine my bunk before lying down. Several more recruits were soon added to the list, and clothing, rifles and full equipments were soon issued.

The daily routine of garrison duty was planned monthly, and now we were being gradually instructed in this. Our first sergeant ordered us to report to the drill sergeant. This man had been in the service thirty years. He was a splendid looking soldier. We now had our uniforms and of course one could see at first glance that we were unfamiliar with the drill. My uniform fit me in no wise except the cap. Our drill instructor marched us outside for our first lesson. I was almost a head taller than my companions, and was placed on the right of the squad. There were four of us in this squad. I had no idea as to my companions' feelings, but for my-

self, I felt exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable, as he tried to place us in correct position; standing with body erect and resting evenly on both hips, slightly inclined forward, head erect, eyes straight to the front, arms hanging naturally at the sides, little fingers touching opposite seams on trousers, heels together, and toes turned outward at an angle of forty-five degrees. Our company had not turned out yet for regular drill, so the boys were nearly all spectators that day. He then placed us about two paces apart to instruct us in physical culture drill. We swung our arms to front, then to rear, raised legs up, then down, arms horizontal to front, then again to rear. These movements were easy to accomplish, and we got along well in the first part of our drill. Then he began on the facings,—right face, left face, about face. It was then my trouble began. I was very awkward, and when he gave command about face, I pitched forward, almost landing on my face. My instructor was very patient at first and succeeded in getting me in correct position again for another trial. My next attempt was even worse than the first. He stood it for some time but soon began to lose patience at my unsuccessful attempts. Of course the spectators all laughed, and this seemed to irritate him the more. He scowled at me and finally exclaimed: "Well, you are one of the most awkward monkeys I have ever seen. You stand there all twisted up like a cork screw!" This was very amusing to the rest, but the humor of it did not reach me. I blushed furiously but went on, trying to execute the drill as he directed. Soon the clear notes of the bugle fell on the still air, and we were relieved of the presence of our amused spectators, as that was the call for the company to fall in for drill. I felt very grateful, and no doubt my companions experienced the same feeling, and our "rukies" drill continued, more satisfactorily to myself at least. As



ELEPHANT ROCK.



time went on I began to observe more closely and by the time we finished our two hours recruit drill, I began to learn something of the movements, and had a little more confidence in my ability to perform them. We were then dismissed until the afternoon, when we were to have two hours more of drill. It went on in this way for a week or more—we were drilled in physical culture or setting up drill.

Our meals here in the barracks were first-class, as we had a splendid cook and were regularly served in a large dining room. We breakfasted promptly at 6:30, dinner was served at 12:00, supper at 5:30. The bugler who was on guard duty gave us the right signal at exactly the right minute, no one being allowed in the dining room or kitchen before or after meal time, except those who were detailed for duty there, as waiters or assistants in the kitchen. These were detailed by our first sergeant and worked under the instructions of first cook. I was informed one evening as we fell in for retreat, that I was detailed as kitchen police for the next day. I had no definite idea of what the term kitchen police meant, but thought that probably my duties were similar to those of a regular policeman. Next morning I reported to the cook and he soon explained clearly the duties I must perform. I rolled up my sleeves and set to work washing pans and dishes, which occupied my attention for about two hours. Then I pared potatoes and onions; next I scrubbed, filling in the remainder of the day with duties one will find about any ordinary kitchen.

It was now nearing the last of May and in the early part of June we were to have a field day. Competition by the different companies in all athletic sports was then to take place. Immediately after field day, which was to be on Saturday, the battalion to which our company belonged was to start on practice march to Colorado Springs, and remain in field

there for six weeks for target practice. We "rukies" were progressing very rapidly now in our drill and looked forward with great anticipation to these events, which are welcomed with great pleasure by all the men, as it breaks the monotony of garrison duty, which grows so tiresome to the older men who have seen service and want a change. Of course this was all new life to us so we did not realize what it meant to the greater portion of our company.

As we became better acquainted with the men we began to observe their character and dispositions. About half of our company were Americans; the other half was made up of Germans, Irishmen, Englishmen, Welshmen, Norwegians and Swedes. Of course these were all either citizens or had declared their intention to become such, or they could not have entered the army. This element of the company seemed to be the most dissatisfied. They grumbled, complained and cursed when things displeased them. Of course some of the Americans did the same thing. There were divisions among the men in the company. Those who drank sought that kind of company among the men of the regiment. Those who liked athletics and exercise mingled together. Those who were lazy and cared for nothing but ease were classed together. When going for a stroll, they were seldom seen going alone, but usually in groups. To men not familiar with this sort of life these things seemed much more prominent. We had now been with the regiment long enough to learn both company and individual duties. Most duties were announced by calls of buglers or trumpeters. Each company had two of these musicians.

We also had a regimental band which consisted of thirty members, who when they chose were able to furnish us with excellent music. Every morning we were awakened by first call of the bugle, followed in

order by reveille and assembly, the last named of which was meant for all members of each company to fall in to answer roll call. Then we opened ranks, took our distance and for fifteen minutes executed a drill in physical culture. This was followed by mess call; that by sick call. All who were sick, had their names placed on the sick report and a non-commissioned officer went through the quarters asking if there were any who wished to go. Then he would call out "sick, lame and lazy," and start for the hospital where those who were indisposed were examined by the doctor. If they were seriously ill they were placed in the hospital and treated. Those who had a sprain or other slight ailment were excused from all duties, and marked "quarters." Those that only pretended illness were marked "duty," and sent back to perform them. Men oftentimes were out "for a time," as they called it and of course on return felt the result of their imprudence. They would sometimes try to "beat" the sick report and the doctor was compelled to watch keenly for these fellows. Our next call was fatigue; this was for those who were detailed for such duties as hauling wood, unloading coal, etc. Usually these men appeared with very long and sober faces, as this was distasteful to most of them.

Then came drill, and the old men in the service, who had gone through this day after day, and year after year, would grumble not a little when the time came for this. But after all they seemed to be attached to the life for some had been in the service for almost thirty years. At the expiration of that time they can retire from the service on three-fourths of regular pay and allowances. After drill we had recall from drill which gladdened the hearts of the boys, for after being dismissed they could be seen going into quarters with happy faces, for the drill for that day was ended. The next call was for guard

mount; this guard duty is kept up in time of peace as in time of war. This duty which must be done constantly, consists in walking post or guarding men, who have been fined and sentenced to imprisonment for disobeying orders, or for some breach of military discipline. Men who have found military life distasteful, sometimes desert, and if captured are sentenced to imprisonment for terms of from one to five years, and hard labor. This guard duty is conducted by an officer of the day, who is commander of the guard. Officer of the guard then executes and sees that all of his instructions are obeyed. Sergeant of the guard and corporals, divide the guard and allot the men their duties. Guard duty is carried on strictly and a display is made of guard mount. Men before being passed for guard mount must be neat, clean and respectable, their arms in perfect condition. The neatest, cleanest, best looking member is chosen as orderly for the commanding officer. There is much competition for this duty as it is considered the easiest part of guard duty. After guard mount we had recall from fatigue, then mess call for dinner.

The afternoons were usually free from duties except once or twice a week when we had parade, if the weather permitted. We next had first call for retreat, assembly and roll call, then retreat. The men are formed at parade rest, the gun is fired, the flag is hauled down while the band plays the Star Spangled Banner, and the day's duties are over. Next is mess call for supper, then tattoo which means lights out in sleeping quarters. Our last call was taps; all members who were not in bed at that time were reported absent to the officer of the day and later to their company commanders. Men who desire a leave of absence must secure a pass signed by the commanding officer and company commander.

This is the daily routine of garrison life, which was followed at the Fort, except Saturday, when we had inspection. Every part of the quarters and every part of our equipment were thoroughly inspected by our company commanders; and if not in first-class condition we received a reprimand. That was the only duty we had on that day. On Sunday there were no calls, except guard mount and church calls. Each regiment has a minister who receives the rank of captain, also same salary. He is called chaplain, and conducts all religious services. Those who desire may attend service, but none are compelled to do so. It is usually poorly attended, and I do not wonder at it, for in my experience with chaplains I found the majority of them uninteresting as ministers of the gospel, but there were several exceptions, and these I found had better success.

On the last day of each month we had muster. Every enlisted man was required to answer to his name and sign the muster roll, if he wished to receive his pay, and of course no one wanted to miss that part of his military duty. Pay day was considered a great day in the service when in garrison, and the paymaster arrived each month to pay the boys. He was always a welcome visitor, for thirteen dollars never seemed to stay long with most of the boys. They had all kinds of gambling schemes, played poker, faro, roulette and the old army game which is called "chukaluck." It only took the professional a short time to have the amateur's salary. Some of the men were not interested in these games, and they usually had spending money throughout the month.

Muster day being over, the day selected for our field sports soon arrived. Tents were erected on the parade ground which lay north of the line of barracks. A large crowd had collected from the city to witness the feats. The winner to receive gold or silver medals. The company which secured the

greatest number of points was to receive a trophy. The men of each company took a deep interest in this and always in proceedings of this kind stood together as though glued. My company had one member who was an expert bicycle rider. A member of Company C had won first place in the bicycle race the previous year. Our man was to be a "dark horse" in the race.

The men of these two companies had many disputes and quarrels about the matter. They even went so far as to bet on the result of the one mile bicycle race. On both sides of the barracks were high porches from which doors opened to upper rooms of the barracks. These ran full length of the barracks and were about one hundred feet long. A member of my company from an upper veranda had a dispute with several members of Company C. The dispute waxed warm, and they all became very much excited. The member of my company removing two twenty dollar gold pieces and one ten from his pocket, threw it on the ground and said: "If you think your man is such a great rider, cover that." If it had not been covered the other company would have felt disgraced; therefore they hustled around and secured the money to cover the wager. This was a peculiar trait of the companies, that when it came to company matters or even regimental, they all stood together as one man. Perhaps the training they received when recruits had an influence over them when it came to such matters.

At noon the crowd had grown much larger. I was ordered by the first sergeant to report to the officer in charge as a member of the temporary guard, whose duty it was to keep people out of the way of the line of competitors. It was with great pride that I put on my belt with shining bayonet, and white Berlin gloves, my rifle not being needed for this duty. I had improved wonderfully since my first ex-

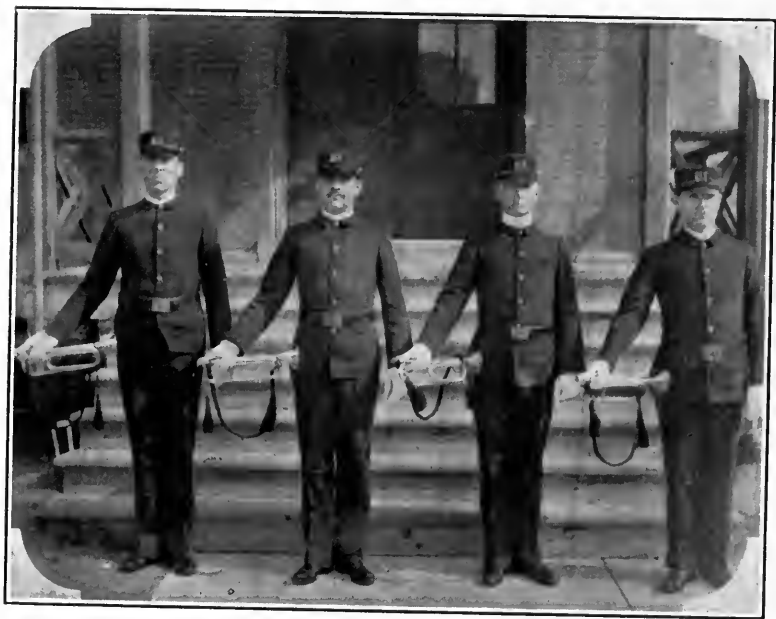
perience in recruit drill. This life seemed to fascinate me, drill came to me easily, after I had been instilled with the proper ideas which our old seasoned drill sergeant had given us. After polishing my shoes till I could almost see myself reflected in them, I started up the walk toward headquarters tent on the parade ground. On the way I met my brother who was then living in Denver. He remarked on my improved appearance, but of course I did not tarry long with him as I considered my orders as my first duty, at that time, and therefore hastily went on to report to the officer in charge.

The feats were as follows: One hundred yard dash, relay runs, running broad jump, standing broad jump, running high jump, putting sixteen pound shot, throwing sixteen pound hammer, riding feats in cavalry, potato race, obstacle race, hurdle race for cavalry and infantry, and two bicycle races, a one mile race and a five mile race. Also a one mile running race and a one mile walking race, heel and toe. The interest of my company and that of Company C, were solely fixed on the bicycle race. That was the one topic for conversation. We had competitors in other contests but they were completely ignored.

The bicycle races were at the bottom of the program. The judges for these contests were officers from both cavalry and infantry. All other events being over, we turned with eagerness to witness the bicycle races. My company had been defeated in nearly all of the other contests. One had obtained first prize in the obstacle race. In this race each competitor was required to equip himself with regulation knapsack packed, blanket in a roll, shelter half (or part of tent) packed so as to contain one suit of underwear, one towel, one cake of soap, one pair of socks, tooth brush, mess kit and guy rope, ammunition belt containing one hundred rounds,

canteen and rifle. Then they were lined up in front of obstacles which filled a space of one hundred yards, and which consisted of a line of fences built across, large quantities of baled hay, army transportation wagons, field pieces, and barbed wire fences. The one who could successfully cross these and first reach the goal received first prize. A member of my company was successful and won first place. In two other events we had a member who won second prize, and in another third prize.

But now we were ready for the bicycle race. Everyone was eager and excited. They must start at the right point of the horseshoe, the goal being left point, nearly opposite starting point. These two points were about six hundred yards apart. Everything had been cleared away from the parade ground; the spectators stood just beyond the goal. I was placed at the goal to prevent the crowd from surging forward at the finish. There was a line of guards along the track placed about four paces apart. As I looked across I could see the riders already mounted on their wheels, being held in place by helpers. Crack! went the pistol; a shout went up from the crowd, and the race was on. Our member, who wore green tights and rode a green wheel, shot ahead like a flash, and set the pace up the grade toward the bend of the horseshoe. He soon passed the bend and started down the slope toward the goal. We could see that he was still in the lead. The man in brown, who was the member from company C, came close behind him, our company cheering like a band of Comanche Indians on the warpath. On they came, our man still leading and both pumping their wheels like mad. C's man would spurt forward now and then, which brought him even with the green rider each time. But our man, exerting every muscle, would forge ahead again. I have witnessed a number of races but I think this was the



A GROUP OF ARMY BUGLERS.

most exciting one I have ever beheld. As they came near the tape, our man shot across like a gust of wind, winning by a half wheel's length. Our men caught him up, wheel and all, and all rushed to E's quarters howling like a pack of wolves.

In the next race, the five-mile contest, little interest was manifested, the man in green winning by one mile.

The day's events were over and the visitors had all departed, leaving the boys to discuss the day's happenings to themselves. C company had won the trophy, as they had gained the most points in the day's competition. But we were far happier, for we had staked all our hopes on the one race. We knew that in other things their men were superior to ours. As we sat on the veranda that evening, the boys from C company called across to us, "C company won the trophy!" It was quickly taken up by our boys, who shouted back, "Yes, but E company won the dough!" Most of the boys had placed their wager on the bicycle race and of course had won.

The next day was Sunday, and on the following day we were to start on our march to the target range eight miles south of Colorado Springs, and at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain. The velocity of the new rifles was so great that we must have a different background than when the old rifles were in use,—they being 45 caliber, the new, 30 caliber. Therefore, the penetrating power of the new was far superior to the old.

First call was given and we were lined up on the drill ground in field dress, campaign hats, and leggings. There were four companies and one troop of the Second cavalry. Our commander was the Lt. Colonel. Ranks were opened, and we were inspected by the commanding officer. Very close attention was given to our shoes, for each man was compelled to wear government issue, and those who

had on shoes purchased by themselves were compelled to remove them at once, for in time of war men would be unable to secure other than government issue. Therefore, our commanding officer thought it wise for the men to wear these on practice march. This was rather severe, for men who had difficulty in securing footwear made of even the softest leather which could be worn by them with ease, suffered untold agony in these army brogans, which are roughly made. They very much resemble ploughmen's shoes. Some years later a better shoe was introduced in the army, but of course that had no bearing on this eighty mile march over hot, sandy roads in which we wore the brogans. After inspection, we closed ranks, formed in columns of fours, and started on our journey. The band led us as far as the end of the reservation, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," to cheer us on our way. We marched for fifty minutes, then received a ten-minute rest. We were not tired yet, for we had only gone three miles. Attention was sounded again and once more we started on our journey, passing through the village of Littleton and then on toward the south.

The day had now become exceedingly warm, the sun shone directly on us and the roads were sandy and dusty, and we were glad to rest at the next halt. We filled our canteens from the irrigating ditches along the side of the road, in which the water looked clear and sparkling, but contained a large amount of alkali. I noticed that the older men drank very little, but we recruits drank our fill. Hour after hour we marched onward. The grand old Rockies with their tall peaks pointing upward, lay to our right. I looked at them with awe and wonder, for these were the first mountains I had ever seen. Now my feet began to smart and burn and I began to think that there was too much shoe leather on them.

The time between each halt seemed to grow longer, and to some of us it seemed that we had made a very long march already. As we continued our march, some of the boys fell out of line, and waited for the ambulance to pick them up, the rest of the boys laughing and jeering them.

Our columns marched as in time of war, with advance guard and rear guard, the cavalry taking the former point and acting as flankers. The country we traveled through on this first day was dry, hot and barren, and a small part of it only (that near the Fort) being irrigated. About one o'clock we came to our first camp, which was fifteen miles distant from Ft. Logan; it seemed to most of us that we had gone fifty miles instead of fifteen, for we had carried full equipment. We went into camp alongside the water tank of the Rio Grande railway. We formed in companies, stacked arms, broke ranks and pitched our tents. We were hot, tired, hungry and thirsty. Each company had a wagon in which were stored rations and extra bedding. Now the men who were detailed to unload these came forward, and pitched the officers' and hospital tents.

The cooks soon had a fire going and in a very short time we heard mess call, and we were soon drinking coffee and eating hardtack and bacon. Everyone was soon in better spirits. Guard details were formed and soon the guards were walking post outside our camp. The afternoon we had to ourselves and most of the men spent the time in securing water in which to bathe the feet, and looking for blisters. If these are not given careful attention while marching on sandy roads, they become very sore, and cause a great deal of annoyance. So on the advice of the older men, we bathed our feet, rinsed our socks, put on clean ones which we carried with us, and dried the others in the sun for the next day's march. In the evening, supper, and then re-

treat and then our first night's experience of camp life.

I had noticed early in the evening that some of the older men did some digging inside their tents, which puzzled me at the time, but later in the night when I was unable to sleep, I realized that the ground was very hard and that if I had done the same my hips would not have become so tired. At last I fell asleep and was awakened in the morning by first call and reveille. Breakfast over, we broke camp, and were off for another day's march, which was yet harder than the first. We next camped at Castle Rock, a low mountain on the top of which is a rock resembling a castle. On the next day the cavalry, which had preceded us by a few hours, was to choose a site for a sham battle. They were to figure as the enemy and at about ten o'clock our advance guard located them. They were on a high hill to our right, which was covered with underbrush and small pines. Blank cartridges were issued to us for our mock war, we were formed into line of skirmishers and very cautiously advanced toward the enemy. We had not gone far when we received a volley from them, and were forced to return and try flank movements. After a very exciting battle we went into camp for the night. We had now become hardened and did not become as tired as on the previous days. We next passed Palmer Lake, which is at a very high point on the edge of the Rockies, or divide, as it is called. At one end of the lake the water flows north, at the other end south. There were large hotels here, for this is a summer resort on the Denver and Rio Grande railway. Beyond this we passed Elephant Rock. When seen at a distance this rock is a perfect image of an elephant, trunk extending to the north. We camped here at night, just beyond the village of Monument, which derives its name from two large rocks at the foot of the mountains re-

sembling monuments. Our next was a dry camp for we could scarcely secure any water at that place. Then we passed on through Colorado Springs to the foot of the Cheyenne Mountains, where we were to be in camp for a month.

On this last day of our march, while loading our company wagon, I sprained my ankle. I still continued marching, though, as I knew if I waited for the ambulance the boys would laugh at me. My ankle was swollen so badly for a few days that I was compelled to report at the hospital tent, was marked "quarters," and was off duty for a few days. But still the boys had their fun about it, telling me that I told the captain I had sprained my ankle trying to walk military. Here we received the large Sibley tents, in which fourteen men can be accommodated in one tent. These were placed in straight lines, each company having a double line of tents, at the end of which were placed headquarters tent, hospital tents, etc. We filled our straw mattresses and were soon very comfortably situated. Our targets were soon placed in position and we were then ready for practice. For a few days we had preliminary practice that we might become accustomed to the use of the rifles. A record was then kept of the points made by each man. If the shot pierced the center, the man was allowed five points; if within a certain radius of the center, four points were allowed; farther out three points, and, if at the extreme edge, two points. Men who receive the highest score are classed as sharpshooters and given a silver badge; next highest is considered first class, and below this, common. In this way, when good marksmen are needed, it is not difficult to select them from each company. We remained here at target practice about five weeks. We found this to be a beautiful place; a fine point for beautiful scenery. Cheyenne Mountain was directly in front of us; a

little to the right, South Cheyenne Canon, which extends to the southwest. This canon has perpendicular walls between which flows rapidly a clear, cold stream of water, containing large numbers of speckled mountain trout. As you journey on through the canon for several miles, it begins to widen slightly and you soon approach the Seven Falls. Steps have been erected here which extend from the bottom to the top of the falls, which is probably more than a thousand feet high. After journeying past the falls and a little farther on, the walls of the canon disappear and the mountain side is covered with tall pine trees, bushes, and flowers. Farther on you come to the intersection of two mountain streams, where a woman who had once visited this beautiful spot, requested her friends to bury her. There you will find her grave, which is covered with a large mound of rocks, surrounded by a small iron fence. It is certainly a beautiful and peaceful resting place for the author of "In September" and "Romona"—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Then if you follow the stream to your right for a short distance, you will soon reach a path which crosses a low horse back at the top of which it situated a small miner's cabin. Here, at the time of our visit, there dwelt a man and his wife, miles away from other people, in this solitary place. He was prospecting; had discovered a lead, and was tunneling and following its course in hopes that he would discover gold there. He took us in and explained the situation to us, and I thought I would not care to take the chances that he did. It seemed to me to be a monstrous undertaking, this blasting away in the solid granite.

As we descended the mountain side, we came to North Cheyenne Canon, and as we approached it, turned to look westward. The picture which met our gaze held us for a moment spellbound, for this

was one of the most beautiful landscapes we had ever seen. Artists have tried to picture such scenes on canvas, but no hand can ever portray a scene like this as you gaze upon it in the afternoon sunshine. At the bottom of the slope begins North Cheyenne Canon. This is directly opposite South Cheyenne Canon, the low mountain or horse back intervening between the two. The walls of this canon slope gradually down to the bed of the stream with beautiful pine groves on each side. From here a roadway leads to a beautiful timber valley, where the wealthy residents of Colorado Springs have beautiful summer cottages. After passing through the valley we passed a large corral where hundreds of donkeys or burros are kept for the use of visitors, who come to this region, and do not care to walk through the canons. After passing this we came to a slope on which is built a large casino. From this point a street car line extends to Colorado Springs, which is eight or ten miles distant. The casino is a large structure, where the residents of Colorado Springs go to while away the hours in gambling. This resort is called Broadmoor. Just beyond this a short distance lay our camp.

Here, just before returning to the fort, our commanding officer issued passes to us, so that we might visit Colorado Springs, Garden of the Gods, Manitou Springs and Pike's Peak. We decided to start in the afternoon and ascend Pike's Peak by moonlight, and arrive at the summit in time for the sunrise next morning. At two o'clock that afternoon we boarded the street car for Colorado Springs. This we found to be a beautiful city of 35,000 inhabitants, and as we stepped off the car and looked directly west, we observed the grand old mountain from Pike's Peak Avenue. Here we boarded another car for the Garden of the Gods, and Manitou Springs. We arrived at the Natural Gateway, and

entered the wonderful garden, where we stood for a time gazing at Balance Rock, which weighs tons, and resting on the small end, looks as if it might be easily moved from its position by a touch of the hand. We would have liked to spend days in examining the garden, but we dared not tarry long, as our time was limited; so we hurried onward, reaching the beautiful village of Manitou in the evening. Here we found magnetic, iron, sulphur and soda springs. Large bottling establishments here were engaged in bottling the water from these springs and shipping it. The village is situated near the Cave of The Winds, which contains a natural organ, with long, slimy pointed rocks hanging downward through which the wind whistles; the sound resembles that made by playing an organ. After visiting the curious little cave, we were ready to start on our journey up the peak, which is 14,000 feet above sea level. We had our haversacks, canteens and tin cups and decided to walk to the summit that night. We followed the line of the cog railway which runs to the summit, and is operated by means of a cog wheel running on cogs in the center of the track. We started at 8:20 p. m. The moon had not yet risen, the time for its appearance being nine o'clock. We proceeded slowly, for we could not see plainly, which retarded our progress. We were glad when the moon began to lighten up the slope, and we could distinguish objects around us, and were enabled to scale the steep places with less difficulty. After we had gone three miles on our way, we passed a large hotel. Another three miles and we were ready for lunch. We were now near the timber line, so we gathered enough wood to build our fire, over which we prepared our coffee and ate our sandwiches.

It was now eleven o'clock, and we had covered half the distance, but the real climb was yet before



NATURAL GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

us, for from here on to the summit the ascent is very steep. As we moved on we were obliged to incline our bodies forward and we soon reached the timber line, above which the peak is barren. Now we began to notice the mountain rats, which scurried across our path. They resembled other rats in every way except size, being about the size of a woodchuck. They were not at all afraid of us. As we went on, several of my comrades thought they saw a mountain sheep, but we could not tell as the light was not strong enough to determine. We passed a sharp curve in the railway, the road turning almost at right angles. Here we stopped to rest, as breathing had become difficult. We looked far down below us and saw a small lake whose water glistened like silver in the moonlight. We started on our way again, but did not go far between rests. One of the boys became very sick, for it was now growing cold and we had no overcoats with us; each time we rested we became chilled. Climbing now became difficult and we were very tired, so we began to wish for the summit to appear. Time slipped by rapidly, and at half past two we arrived at the top of the peak. Our comrade had grown worse by this time, and when we reached the railway platform he fell prostrate; his eyes rolled, and we were much alarmed. Gathering him up we proceeded to carry him to the hotel, which was near at hand. There we each paid twenty-five cents for admittance, but we gladly entered the building, for we were very cold; the platform on which our comrade had fallen was covered with frost. We gathered around the warm fire and obtained a cup of coffee for our sick comrade.

Here we waited until time for the sun to rise. As the sky in the east grew pale, other visitors began to arrive from Cripple Creek. They had ascended the peak on horseback. I noticed that everyone ap-

peared very pale, not being accustomed to that altitude. Presently it grew lighter and pink tints seemed to shoot across the eastern sky, soon followed by the sun himself, which seemed to move so rapidly. This was certainly a wonderful view of the sunrise, and worth our long, weary climb. The clouds were below us and looking eastward toward the sun, appeared like landscapes.

We now began to examine the top of the peak. The men at the hotel pointed out to us the direction in which the city of Denver lay, and remarked that on a clear morning they could observe the city, which was seventy-five miles away. They also pointed out to us the mound of small boulders where a small girl was buried, who had wandered away from her parents and had been attacked by mountain rats; she had been so badly injured by these that she died from the injuries they inflicted on her, and was buried near the spot.

We were now ready for the descent, and as we moved rapidly down the railway we passed scores of people who were trying to reach the summit in time for sunrise. We were not long in making the descent, and soon arrived at Manitou, where we boarded a car for Colorado Springs, and from there to camp, where we arrived very tired and sleepy. In a few days we were on our way back to Fort Logan, where we arrived in due time, and relieved the battalion in the barracks, who then started on their journey for target practice. Life went on in the usual way at the barracks; we were not long in finishing our recruit drill and were now considered as one of the boys.

Once each year the city of Denver held a carnival called the Mountain and Plain Festival, which usually lasted one week. One day of these festivities was called military day, and we were to head the procession; so here, several months after witnessing

my first great parade, I participated in one myself, a full fledged American soldier. It was with great pride that I marched past the spot where I had previously witnessed the boys in blue march by.

I had now been in the service over fourteen months, and one day, while standing in the amusement room, our company sergeant appeared in the doorway and approached me with paper in hand. As he handed me the paper, he said: "This is yours." After looking it over, I saw it was a warrant for promotion to corporal in my company. This surprised me greatly, and I hardly knew whether to accept or not, but I soon found that I had no choice in the matter. It created some jealousy and considerable comment, for there were many in the company who had served for years. I performed the duties assigned me as well as I knew how.

Another year passed by and we again journeyed to the target range, where a department competition was conducted. All the sharpshooters in this department were assembled, and we witnessed some excellent shooting contests. It was late in October when we again returned to the barracks.

We had now grown tired of drill, parades and guard duty, so one day in January a comrade and myself made application for a two months' furlough. It was granted, and a few days later we were on our way to Pueblo, Colorado. We secured employment there in the works of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. One evening after returning from work we became very much excited, for as we glanced over the daily newspaper we saw in glaring headlines—"The Maine Blown Up; War With Spain Certain." A thrill ran through us. No one in this place knew that we were members of the U. S. Army, as we were very careful that no one should learn our secret.

We eagerly watched the papers from day to day. Each evening we had heated discussions with the men at the hotel, some declaring that the president ought to declare war at once, proceed to Cuba, clean out the island and then on to Spain. Men under the stress of excitement will make many unreasonable demands in things that should be left to the discretion of those who have had experience in warfare and who have devoted their lifetime to the study of such problems. Others thought the president should be impeached, never realizing what it means to be engaged in warfare, or the loss of life, sorrow, and expense caused thereby. Thousands have been slain at times who scarcely knew why they were engaged in fighting. But this fighting spirit and thirst for blood seems to be in the blood of all men since the creation of man.

Our time of vacation had almost expired, so early in March we started for Fort Logan, presented our furlough there and reported for duty. We received a warm welcome from the boys, for they were all glad to see us back. Excitement was very great here, for our commanding officer had received orders to be ready to leave on a day's notice. Our former commander had been promoted to rank of general and lieutenant colonel was now in command. We were all engaged in packing our belongings. All articles were packed away except those needed in field service. It was thought that war might be declared at any time, therefore we were held in readiness. One day we received an order from the war department to leave the next week for New Orleans. Everyone was in high glee. I felt somewhat troubled for my captain had decided to leave me in charge of all company property stored away at the Fort, and I was eager to leave with the rest of the boys. At last he chose two privates from my company and had them detailed for this duty, and I felt highly elated.

CHAPTER III.

FAREWELL TO FORT LOGAN—WAR DECLARED—FROM
COLORADO TO TAMPA—SAILING TO CUBA.



ON the morning of April 18th, 1898, was the time fixed for our departure. The sun shone bright and clear; the time for our train had almost arrived and we were all in high spirits. They had planned to have us march to the Santa Fe railroad crossing, one and one half miles east of the barracks, and there board the train for the South; but the citizens of Denver had learned of this plan. They sent a petition to our department commander who then resided in that city, asking that we give a farewell parade. This regiment had been stationed there so long and had participated in so many parades, that they wished to see the regiment once more before departure. So on due consideration he finally acquiesced. We formed in companies on the parade ground, then marched around the officers' line for our farewell. Here wives and families of the officers were watching with tear dimmed eyes, as we marched by. We turned at headquarters building and filed down to the depot where our train was in waiting. Here were the families of many of the enlisted men who were married while in the service, and whose families resided in the village of Logantown. Our train was in two sections; the first carried the first battalion or first four companies, the second section carried the second battalion or last four companies. The first section started on its way, and ten minutes later the second followed.

My company was in the second section, as we belonged to the second battalion. Amid the tears and

waving of handkerchiefs, the train pulled away from the platform; for many wives and children had looked for the last time on the faces of their loved ones. We soon passed Military Park, and in a short time steamed into the union depot in Denver. Thousands of people had gathered here on the principal street to bid us farewell. We formed in line, passed up the street then crossed over and started down another. Excitement ran high, and the streets were strewn with flowers, and crowds cheered as we marched by, many crying out "Give it to them boys!" "Remember the Maine!" We marched on not looking to right or left, for we were under discipline when on parade, as well as at other times. In about one-half hour we were back and aboard our train. Here thousands passed through the train to shake hands and bid us farewell. This over, we again started on our way, passing southward along the Rockies. This was along the line we had marched to the target range; but how different everything seemed now. We soon reached Colorado Springs where thousands had gathered around the depot. Many of us stepped off the train to get a last glimpse of that grand old mountain—Pike's Peak, which appeared in the distance like a sentinel. We passed on toward the South and a few hours later were in the city of Pueblo. My comrade and I who had been here on furlough slipped away to the hotel, while engines were being exchanged. Here we met a number of acquaintances to whom we gave army souvenirs. They were much surprised and laughed heartily when we told them that the time we had spent there was only on furlough. We were soon back and aboard our train, and moving away across the plains of Colorado and into the state of Kansas.

After passing through the state of Kansas, we entered Oklahoma and were traveling the fertile Indian Reservations which a few years before were

opened to the public. We traveled for miles and miles across thousands of acres of wheat which was just heading; past large farm houses, new villages which no doubt had sprung up in a few weeks, then through the Comanche Indian Reservation. We passed the large Indian schools, and when we reached a fine timbered tract to our left, the train stopped and we stepped off to greet a white haired old Indian chief, White Eagle, who shook hands very warmly. He had perhaps led his band on many raids and no doubt the scalps of many had dangled from his belt. Now, he was our friend and wished us well in our undertaking. The engine whistled and we were on our way again passing through the beautiful and fertile reservation that our government had given to the red men for their hunting ground. It seemed to us unwise to leave this fertile tract lie waste, overgrown with weeds and brush. We passed many tepees where the red men had built their abode of poles over which was stretched ragged pieces of dirty old canvas. We often passed ponies to which were attached two poles, the ends of which dragged along on the ground and on which were fastened the papoose and their worldly belongings. Along toward nightfall we left the reservation, passing out into the white man's country. We were soon passing villages where we observed bands of cowboys, who fired their pistols, tossed their sombreros and cheered wildly as we passed by. When we arrived in Guthrie we learned the cause of this demonstration. War had been declared against Spain. Here our commanding officer received a telegram from the Secretary of War, who ordered us to proceed to Chickamauga Park by way of Kansas City.

We passed back over part of the way we had just traveled, and the next morning found us in Kansas City. Here we were transferred to the Kansas City,

Ft. Scott & Memphis railroad. We were to camp and be mobilized on one of the great battlefields of the Civil War. At Kansas City many thousands of people gathered to see us off. We were soon crossing the low swampy region in the state of Arkansas, passing through small villages which were built up on poles or piling along the railroad embankment. We wondered how these people could manage to subsist for as we went along we could only observe a few chickens and razorback hogs. As these animals walked along we were puzzled at how they balanced themselves for their heads were the largest part of them, and it seemed as though the nose would strike the ground and prevent them going farther. It looked to me as though it would be far easier for them to walk backwards. There was excitement all along the way and as we whirled by the cities and villages it seemed as though every one had turned out to cheer us on our way. Everywhere we heard the shout, "Remember the Maine." We soon crossed the Mississippi and arrived in the city of Memphis. Here we received a cordial welcome. All sorts of refreshments were offered to us. In the morning we arrived in Corinth, Miss. Here one of the many battles of the Civil War had been fought, and the man who later became commander of the Union forces had figured in that battle.

Many of the Confederate veterans welcomed us here, and gave us bullets and slugs, which they told us they had gathered from the battlefields. A few days later we arrived at Chattanooga, passing through a part of Tennessee where we beheld old southern mansions, around which stretched the broad fields of cotton. They appeared as in former days when the negroes worked under the hand of force. Looking southwest of Chattanooga we observed Lookout Mountain, where the battle above the clouds was fought. On the summit of this moun-



ARMY SIBLEY TENTS.

tain now stands a large hotel, and tourists may ascend and descend the mountain by railway. We now took the Georgia Central railway and proceeded southward and soon arrived at Lytle Station on the western edge of Chickamauga Park. Here we fell into line, marching off in columns of fours, till we came to the edge of a bloody pond, where we went into camp, directly between Lytle Hill, where General Lytle was killed, and Widow Glen's cottage, where the commander of the Union forces had his headquarters. Thousands of soldiers were now camping on the old battlefield.

Every branch of the service was represented here. Here we received news of the naval battle in Manila Bay. This came as a great surprise for no one had dreamed of the hornets' nest the first naval victory of the Spanish-American War had stirred up. Previous to this, thousands had been oblivious of the existence of the Philippine Islands, for they occupy a very small place on the map of the world. When the news of this victory was announced in camp, bands played and the boys cheered. We were separated in two divisions and brigades. Our camp was Camp General George H. Thomas, named for the hero of Missionary Ridge, and called Rock of Chickamauga. We spent hours observing the places of interest, which were all marked by monuments and large tablets on which were given minute descriptions of the principal engagements. Large towers have been erected upon elevations in the park and when you gain the top of one of these you can command a view of the entire park. The park contains many driveways, and all underbrush has been cleared away, making this an ideal camping ground. Our regiment was placed on war basis and this meant hard work for every one. Recruits began to arrive and we had much difficulty in drilling these men and preparing them for service. A rumor

reached camp that a great Spanish fleet had arrived at Cuba, and was then in the harbor of Santiago. We were very eager to proceed to the front and believed that we would be the first to embark for Cuba; for it was now conceded that that island would be the seat of war.

The recruits who arrived at camp were principally Americans; most of them from Boston, Philadelphia, Denver and other large cities. I now received my promotion as sergeant, and much of my time was devoted to drilling recruits. My first drill sergeant was now regimental color bearer. He had served in the Civil War and many Indian campaigns. We now noticed a change in most of our officers, in their attitude toward the men. They seemed nearer to them and could not be so precise in the execution of many duties, with the exception of a few, and no doubt their military training was the cause, and they were not favorites with the men. A number of them had received nick-names and when we heard these, knew for whom they were meant. After we had been stationed here for twenty days, a part of the volunteer army which had been organized and sworn into service, was ordered to this point. These men represented almost every state, and numbering about 300,000 were mobilized in different parts of the United States to be drilled and placed on a military footing, as it was believed that a large number of men would be needed for service in Cuba. One morning in the latter part of May we marched to Ringold, Ga., where we boarded a train for Tampa, Florida, thus making more room at the park for the volunteer army. We crossed Buzzards' Roost, a very high and rough hill, which had received its name during the time of the Civil War.

We followed the same ground which at that time had been a running fight, and after marching for several hours over hot sandy roads we arrived at

Ringold, which place still bore marks of the battle fought there. We could see where the shrapnel and shot had pierced the sides of the buildings. It seemed that no improvements had been made in the village since the war. East of the village were rough hills, where we were informed that hard fighting and bushwhacking had been done. Our trains were waiting for us here and we boarded them and were soon on our way south to Tampa. We shortly reached Atlanta, and passed on through Georgia into Florida. Here was pointed out to us the Suwanee River, from which the song by that name is derived. The country through which we traveled was now becoming more tropical in appearance; there were jungles of thick undergrowth, magnolias, and many curious plants that most of us never had seen before. We were eager to catch a glimpse of the alligators, but failed to do so until we reached Tampa, which we found to be a sleepy and quiet old southern city. Our camp was located about two miles west of the city. Here we were busy for several days erecting our tents and putting things in order. We were along side the Southern railway, which extended to Port Tampa, about twenty-five miles distant.

Troops began to arrive at Tampa from all sections and the town seemed alive with soldiers. In every direction could be seen the dotted lines of tents, which were occupied by the regular soldiers. Men from other cities now came here to start gambling places, and other devices to attract the soldiers. Every inducement they could think of was used to drain the soldiers' pocketbooks, and in most instances the boys were easy victims. Alligators were sold on nearly every street in the city. These were placed in boxes or cages and sent north to friends for souvenirs. One day about twelve members of my company, including myself, decided to take a

sail across the bay to Port Tampa, at which place we wished to observe the fitting up of the transports which were to convey us to the island of Cuba. We therefore secured passes and started for the docks, early in the morning, where we secured a small sail boat with two masts, and two experienced men to sail it, for our captain did not want us to undertake sailing the vessel alone. We were soon on our way, tacking from one side of the stream to the other. It seemed like a long distance out into the bay, but as we came in full view, how beautiful it looked, to those of us who had never seen a large body of water. The wind set the water in motion, causing beautiful ripples to appear on its surface and far off in the distance could be seen white sails which were flapping in the wind like large winged birds. As we neared the open bay the wind became stronger, and a wonderful sensation stole over us as our little craft glided so swiftly and smoothly down the bay. To us this was a novel experience, for we had never experienced pleasure of this kind before, and our sailors to whom the little bark responded so readily, guided her across the bay, the wind filling her sails which bulged out to their full capacity. We passed by the wreck of an old vessel which had been run ashore by her crew a few years before; it having been infested with yellow fever. We sailed for several hours, before coming in sight of Port Tampa. Here we sighted vessels of every description. Men of war, built of steel, which caused us to wonder how such masses of iron could possibly float. From its sides extend the large guns, pointing their noses outward, and which caused us to wonder again how they could withstand the recoil from these when fired.

As we neared the docks we also observed the large mercantile vessels which were also constructed of iron. Men were busy placing temporary wooden

bunks between decks on these vessels. There were dozens of these all being prepared in the same manner. We ran alongside one of these, tied our boat and stepped out upon the dock. An old fashioned vessel had entered just at that time and tied up. The name of this vessel was the Gussie. She had just returned from Cuba where she had delivered a supply of arms and ammunition to General Gomez. On board were two companies of the First United States Infantry. They informed us that they were not successful in their first attempt to deliver the ammunition to the Cubans. The Spaniards had discovered their intention and fired on them from shore. They pointed out many places on the sides of the vessel where the Mauser bullets had pierced her cabin deck. She had then proceeded along the shore and after signaling had come in communication with the Cuban soldiers, and landed their cargo in small boats, and after accomplishing her mission had returned to Port Tampa to be fitted up as a transport. We walked to the end of the pier where we saw men carrying meat, clothing and other supplies aboard the vessels. We also noticed a group of dark complexioned men, small of stature, who were talking very earnestly and rapidly, and with many gestures and much shrugging of their shoulders. We could not understand a word of their language and on inquiry found that they were Cubans who had been driven from the island by the severe and cruel treatment of the Spaniards who had followed their inhuman mode of warfare for several years. These men were returning to General Gomez, who was then in the province of Pinar del Rio.

Many of the wives and children of these men were here to bid them farewell, and doubtless hoping for the day that would carry them back to their native island. It was now time for us to return to camp and we returned to the boat and were soon on our

way, feeling very much pleased with our first sail. We were now assigned to the Fifth army corps, which had received orders to embark as soon as practicable and sail for Cuba. We were to land near Santiago to assist the navy in capturing the Spanish fleet, which they had bottled up in the harbor of Santiago. We were formed in divisions and brigades. My regiment together with the Twelfth and Seventeenth were placed in second division, third brigade. Our division and brigade commanders were both veterans of the Civil War, having continued in service after the close of the war, and had also served in Indian campaigns, as had also these regiments that were placed together in the third brigade.

We received several hours' drill each day. Our officers were busy securing servants, for in time of war they could not have enlisted men to attend to their wants. In time of peace they paid certain enlisted men small salaries for their work about the quarters which must be attended to. The men who performed these duties for the officers were called dog robbers, because the boys said they ate up the scraps and crumbs that were left at meal time, in that way robbing the officers' dogs of their portion. The cause of the ill feeling toward these men lay in the belief that they carried news from the company to the officers and it seemed to the other men that their attitude was that of servants, and therefore this work was never popular with the men. In the field it was hard for the officers to get enlisted men to do this work for they could not be regularly detailed for such duties. Some of the officers secured men to embark with them as servants, but the majority had to attend to their own wants. Our companies each had the full number of men and company I in our regiment had been organized. Commissioned officers were transferred from the other

two battalions. While yet in camp a long train carrying a new regiment of cavalry began to unload near our camp. This regiment had been organized in the west, and were called Rough Riders. The men in this regiment were principally cowboys, from the western plains and were mounted on bronchos. They went into camp almost opposite us, and across the railroad. They were fully equipped with arms and ammunition and spent whole days in drill. They made wonderful progress too, for they told us that they had only been organized a month before, and now fifteen hundred miles from the place at which they were sworn into service, they were ready to embark with us on the first expedition to Cuba.

It was believed that a few volunteer regiments—the Seventy-first New York, Second Massachusetts, and First Volunteer Cavalry or Rough Riders, together with the Regular Army would be sufficient troops for this expedition. While in camp here a large number of the men would gather around the Tampa Bay Hotel each evening to listen to the concert given by the band, that place being the headquarters of the commander of the Fifth Army corps. The grounds surrounding the hotel were very beautiful, and it was very pleasant to listen there on moonlight evenings. On the evening of the sixth of June we heard the general call, our tents were ordered taken down, and we boarded a train bound for Port Tampa, where we arrived next morning at sunrise. We marched out on the pier, where six companies of my regiment boarded a transport with brigade headquarters. The remaining three companies were sent aboard the chartered boat Decatur H. Miller. On our boat there was scarcely room to accommodate one-half of the men who had boarded the vessel. Men were scurrying everywhere, looking for sleeping quarters in every nook and corner. Some had secured hammocks and these were strung

up in all parts of the main deck, as there were not enough temporary bunks to accommodate them. I was very fortunate myself as four sergeants from each company were allowed berths off the saloon or dining deck. On the lower deck were placed three hundred and fifty army mules, which kept up a continual roaring and squealing. Some of the boys remarked that we would have battle before starting for every one was dissatisfied with accommodations. Company cooks were to prepare their meals in the mess galley, which was only large enough to accommodate the cooking for boat's crew, and was now to accommodate three hundred extra men, and this caused much discontent and poor meals were served. It was an interesting sight to see the boys of each company mess kit in hand moving along in line, to receive their portion of the rations.

Cornbeef, beans, tomatoes, hardtack and coffee one meal; the next beans, tomatoes, hardtack, coffee and cornbeef; the next, tomatoes, hardtack, coffee, cornbeef and beans. This was our menu for the next twelve days, and this we received regularly three times each day, and of course we enjoyed it very much when we had begun to get used to it. All around us boats were embarking for the island and two days later we backed out of the harbor and got under way, amid the loud cheering of our comrades, and continuous playing of the band. We were to proceed across the bay and out into the gulf, and there await the remainder of the fleet. The boats which composed it were numbered from one to forty-nine. It was necessary to have a large convoy of men of war to escort us, for otherwise we would have been at the mercy of the smallest gunboats or torpedo boats, which could have raised havoc among us, sending us all to the bottom; for our boats carried only heavy freight of human passengers. We were traveling along at a very slow rate when we



PALMER LAKE, COLORADO.

were overtaken by a United States torpedo boat which ordered us to return to Tampa, to our great surprise, and causing us to believe that the war was ended. But when we returned we were informed that a small Spanish fleet had been reported in the Gulf of Mexico, and it was necessary for the navy to investigate before we were allowed to proceed. We returned to the dock; the mules were unloaded but our quarters were to be on the boat. Here we spent several days, the boys passing away the time by bathing in the bay or wandering along the shore. We would have gladly welcomed the drill now, for we were cooped up like chickens. We were not allowed passes and were limited to docks and Picnic Island which was a short distance from the main pier. Men covered these places in groups at all hours of the day, telling yarns, playing jokes, and inventing all sorts of schemes to while away the time. One afternoon the mules were again brought aboard, and we knew this meant departure, and a cheer went up as we saw the transports filing away from the pier. We were not long in crossing the bay, and took our place in line; our boat being number 19. We towed behind us a large lighter which had been secured to aid us in landing on the island.

This fleet of sixty-five vessels made a grand spectacle. The battleship Indiana was to lead the convoy; the cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers were placed along side. At dusk we were out of sight of land, torpedo boats dodging here and there acting as scouts. These boats were very small; not much of their top was visible; some could attain the speed of 35 knots an hour, at a rate of one and one-fourth mile per hour on land. Thus they could travel at the rate of more than 40 miles an hour. There were about 19,000 men in this expedition, which included almost all of the Regular Army. Foreign countries had sent

military attaches who were on board a fine passenger steamer, with the general in command. The cavalry, with the exception of one troop that was to act as messengers and mounted orderlies, were to proceed without horses in the same manner as the infantry.

The weather throughout the voyage was very mild, which accounted for the small amount of seasickness. Within two days we were passing Dry Tortugas, a point off the southern coast of Florida; a small island which contains a naval station, and on which fresh water can be obtained, the water being transported from Key West. We passed to the north of Cuba, the Bahama Islands on our left. A good many of the boys were now sick but no extreme cases. We soon came in sight of Cuba, keeping miles to the north.

The weather was now extremely hot, and the stench which arose from the mule quarters was terrible. These were all loose in the hold, and kept up a continual kicking and squealing. The men all became anxious to land, some vowing that they would never again board another transport. This boat had been a cattle freighter and had been fitted up in about two weeks' time for our use. The water which had been taken on at Port Tampa was warm and scarcely fit to drink. We used salt water for bathing and as we had no salt water soap, had a trying time to keep clean. Our faces became shiny and greasy. The boats were kept together with difficulty as we neared the windward passage, which flows between Cuba and Haiti and through which we must pass along the eastern coast of Cuba into the Carribean Sea. It was impossible now to keep us together for it was windy and we had entered the rainy belt, receiving showers every few hours. As we rounded the southern coast of Cuba, the lighter which we had in tow became separated from the boat and was lost. The next morning when we awoke there were no

other boats in sight. We had strayed away from our fleet. A while after daylight we noticed a man of war approaching us, and the captain who had been observing the ship informed us that it was a United States gunboat. The commander ordered our captain to join the fleet at once. As we neared the rest of the fleet we noticed that they were nearly all lying at anchor. We were not far from the coast, and soon heard the report of heavy guns. This came from the direction of Elnora Castle, which was being bombarded by United States gunboats. The navy had sent an old merchant vessel into the harbor to blockade it and prevent escape of the Spanish fleet; the men who performed this work were captured and it was thought were held prisoners in this old castle on the bluff. We dropped anchor and awaited orders to disembark.

CHAPTER IV.

LANDING AT BAIQUIRI—OUR FORCE MARCHES TO LAS
GUASIMAS—THE BATTLE OF EL CANEY—
CAPTURE OF SANTIAGO.



AFTER waiting a day before Baiquiri, we noticed large columns of smoke ascending from on shore. At this little village an iron ore dock extended out into the water, there being large iron mines located near the village. All were anxious to land, as confinement on these vessels was very trying. On the morning of June 22d, thousands of eager eyes watched the shore, hoping for the command to land. We knew that there were hardships awaiting us, and that some of our number would never return, but we were only kept in suspense waiting here. Several gunboats passed between us and the shore, and in a short time we heard a booming of guns which caused great excitement among the boys. They were bombarding the shore where we were to land. A Spanish blockhouse was situated upon a high hill to our right, above the pier, and one of the gunners aboard one of the gunboats was trying his marksmanship on this. He was soon successful in his attempt, for after placing several shots very near, he at last sent one directly against it, and we saw a shower of dust and dirt thrown into the air. The sailors aboard our vessels were now lowering life boats and when the bombarding ceased we ran as near the shore as possible, our vessel anchored and a gangway was placed from the boat to the water's edge. We were taken on board the life boats, and a small steam launch which the navy furnished gave us a line and towed us in to shore, which was one mile distant.

While this was being done, the hold had been opened on the sides, and the mules were dropped into the water, allowing them to swim to shore. They seemed to be as eager to depart from their unpleasant quarters as we from ours.

As we neared the shore there were many there before us, and we noticed our flag floating nearby from the blockhouse which had just recently been bombarded. Our captain formed us in company and marched us on to join our regiment, which had preceded us a short distance. Six days' rations were issued to each one of us, and we were given to understand that each must do his own cooking from now on. We must now remain at the place to which we had marched until our brigade was formed, and this plan suited us very well as we wanted a little time to observe our surroundings. The smoke we had noticed was partly from the town of Baiquiri. The Spanish had fired the barracks before departing from the small garrison there, and upon learning of our intention to land had set fire to almost everything in sight. The Cubans now began to make their appearance, and very pitiful they appeared to us,—hungry and ragged, some carrying guns, others machetes, others wooden guns; nearly all with bare feet and bare heads. When we looked at them they shrank back like hunted animals, and a great feeling of pity swelled up in our hearts for them. We now knew that the stories that we had read and heard of the Spanish cruelty to the Cubans must be true.

With such evidence as this before us we no longer doubted. The land around us lay waste, nothing in sight in a state of cultivation. And the only thing we found that was eatable was cocoanuts, which lay around in immense piles; and we being fond of these, helped ourselves. Some ate too many and became very sick with cramps, which caused the remainder of the boys to be more cautious as to what they ate.

Our rations had all been landed now and on receiving ours we departed from Baiquiri, and began our march toward Siboney and Santiago. It was late in the afternoon and we did not expect to proceed far on the march that day. Our course led up a slight rise and over a trail surrounded by undergrowth of tropical varieties, past cocoanut trees, royal palms, and many with which we were not familiar. After marching for several miles we came to another rise in the trail which was clear of underbrush and near a stream of water. Here we halted for the night, every one bustling around trying to find wood with which to build a fire, where we might cook our coffee and bacon. After supper we pitched our tents for the night, and the rain began to fall in torrents. My "bunkie" and I found a small elevation on which we placed our tent so as to prevent the water from standing in it. But neither one of us could sleep. I felt as though I was surrounded by nettles. I thought perhaps I had come in contact with poison oak—a small tree which grows to the height of ten feet, and which has glistening green leaves. The Cubans had warned us of these, for when one comes in contact with them, the skin becomes irritated and swollen and this spreads to all parts of the body. I asked my comrade how he felt and he replied that he was miserable and could not sleep. After a while he arose and started a fire beside an old log, placed his poncho over his shoulders and bent over the fire. I lay inside the tent watching him. He sat there with hands and arms folded and as he dozed and nodded I sometimes feared his large hook nose would strike the fire. This would waken him still, but directly he would doze off again. The burning on my body increased so much that I felt sure I had been in contact with the poison oak. The rain continued to pour and along towards three o'clock I asked Jack why he did not come inside and

lie down. He replied, that he would remain outside if he drowned, that he believed the blamed thing was haunted. I began to think so myself, for as I rubbed my body it smarted and burned. I could not stand it any longer, so I crawled out and joined Jack by the fire. He informed me that the pricking and burning on him had ceased. I scratched around the log where he had built his fire, found some dry leaves and small limbs which I threw on the smouldering fire. As it blazed up brightly I opened my shirt and rolled up my sleeves. On examination I found I was covered with thousands of little red ants. I removed my clothing, placed them under the log and took a shower bath. Jack soon followed my example, but he had not so many on him for he had been sitting out nearly all night. As soon as daylight came we made an examination of our camping place and found that we had pitched our tent on an ant hill. The boys all came round to see the cause of the disturbance and quickly pronounced it the first battle in Cuba. But my comrade and I were fortunate after all for we had a good fire over which to prepare our breakfast, and then loaned it to the other boys, who were unsuccessful in their attempts to build one. After daylight the rain ceased and in a short time we continued our march over a trail or pathway, toward Siboney. The underbrush was sometimes so thick that those who were mounted were compelled to dismount and lead their horses along the pathway. Our blankets were soaked, and these together with the six days' rations, one hundred rounds of ammunition, rifle and canteen were very burdensome to us, and we continued at a slow march.

On the way we noticed large numbers of land crabs, some of which measured a foot or more across the back. They became very much frightened on our approach and as they scrambled out of our way their



CAMP AT BROADMOOR DURING DEPARTMENT COMPETITION.

joints cracked and squeaked—as though in need of oil. We noticed lizards and birds of many varieties that we had never seen before and bugs and beetles that squeaked, and which kept up a continual din. After several hours' march we reached the top of the hill which was free from underbrush. Passing down the other side of the slope we entered a beautiful grove, containing many trees of varieties which were unknown to us. They stood in rows, like ranks of uniformed soldiers. This pleasant place had once been a part of a beautiful plantation, the owner of which had probably been loyal to the Cuban cause, which resulted in the destruction of his property.

We learned that these trees were royal palms. They sometimes attain the height of sixty feet and resemble an umbrella, the long palm leaves spreading out at the top ten or fifteen feet in circumference. Four or five feet from the roots is a large bulge on the trunk of the tree which somewhat resembles a barrel or hogshead, the color of which is almost white. After marching some distance farther we entered a cocoanut grove, where we halted to camp for the night. The order to camp here was welcome news to us. We spread our tent halves out to dry and orders were given to the men, not to proceed far from camp. We then began to observe our surroundings. The tall trees, the trunks of which were free from limbs except in the top, very much resembling the royal palm, and the fruit bunched together at the top about forty feet above our heads, from which position they could not be secured except by climbing the trees, this being a rather difficult task. Some of the fruit was scattered over the ground but this was stale, and some of the nuts had burst in two, the shell and husk sprouting new trees.

About one hour and a half after halting a messenger came galloping into camp, his horse foaming and he himself laboring under great excitement. He

inquired for General Chaffee, our brigade commander and on approaching that officer handed him a rough piece of paper. A bugler was summoned and the call to arms was given, and we were hustled into line. The cavalry division which had landed at Siboney and preceded us toward Santiago, had been ambushed and were being cut to pieces, and we were to reenforce them. We passed through Siboney where the Second Massachusetts were busily engaged in intrenching themselves. They guarded the Siboney landing. Pushing rapidly on we heard volley after volley fired in the distance. There were Cubans along the trail we were now following, cutting poles and brush to fill in the swamps so our column could pass over. Our men were endeavoring to keep together in the line of march, some who were almost breathless throwing away knapsacks and other articles so as to be able to keep up with the brigade which was now on the run. Our companies were kept together in good order. The firing now became plainer and our brigade halted for a short rest; men cut open tomato cans and drank as much of the contents as they could, passing the remainder to the other boys so as to be relieved of a part of their burden. The bugle once more sounded forward and our column started on double time, our commander leading on horseback. The firing had almost ceased now but we rushed on, some of the men tumbling out of the line, overcome by heat. The trail now became narrow and our companies proceeded in twos. A small stream was reached which flowed between two steep hills, when the command to halt was given by the bugler; blanket rolls and rations were ordered removed and our companies were ready for action. All was quiet in front of us, and we marched again to the foot of a hill where we halted. The Spaniards had been driven back, and the first battle, that of Las Guasimas, was over.

Our rations and other articles were again secured and we started to follow the retreating Spaniards. We soon came to the field hospitals which had been erected upon the bank of a small but swift stream, and where the doctors were busily engaged in bandaging and dressing wounds amid the moans and groans of the wounded men. Some who had been overcome by the heat were raving mad. To the right of the trail the dead were placed, upon a green slope. They numbered twelve or fifteen, and had been among those who led the advance. We learned that the Spaniards were in ambush there, but had been located by some Cuban scouts. As the force advanced the trail became narrow; they allowed twenty-five or more of the advance guard to pass by before they opened fire, killing and wounding many of the American force. The troops were then formed, but the dense undergrowth which surrounded them prevented a direct advance against the enemy, who held their position on the steep hillside covered with underbrush and dense tropical growth. After flanking them they drove them from their position, the Spaniards retreating toward Santiago. Our brigade now advanced up this slope, and was not long in reaching the top. Before us spread a broad tableland where skirmishers soon advanced examining all places where it was believed the Spaniards might be located. After marching one and one-half mile, we came to the opposite slope of the hill, where as we glanced slightly to our left we came in full view of Santiago. No Spaniards in sight. Here on the edge of this plateau outposts were placed and here we went into camp for the night, several miles ahead of our main force and in plain view of a portion of Santiago, which was perhaps eight or ten miles distant.

The cavalry division remained behind where they had been ambushed, taking care of their wounded

and burying their dead. The little tableland on which we camped for the night had once been a plantation, but now lay waste, covered by tall grass, weeds and underbrush. We were in a favorable position against attack. The slope below us was steep and the paths which led down were narrow and rocky. Far off below us extended a beautiful valley in which we could see the ruins of a plantation. Here we remained for several days until the remainder of the troops had moved up and gone into camp. One evening a short time after this we broke camp and marched in the direction of Santiago. The edge of the valley into which we advanced was covered by thick underbrush and tall trees. Our entire force moved into the valley to prepare for the advance toward Santiago and El Caney. Our rations were brought by pack mules for it was impossible to forward them with the army transportation wagons. The Cubans were busily engaged along these trails cutting away the underbrush and our field batteries of artillery soon began to arrive, followed by ambulances, and then later by the transportation wagons with supplies. These moved very slowly and with great difficulty on account of the daily rains making the roads almost impassable. It was much easier to carry the supplies with the pack trains, as four or five men could handle a pack train of fifty or seventy-five mules, very easily; each mule was able to carry 500 pounds. The leader of a pack train has a bell placed around its neck and is led by a man mounted on another steed. If the rest of the animals stray away from this train the sound of the bell guides them back to the train; in this way they are easily kept together. These animals passed over the rough trails with apparent ease.

The headquarters of General Shafter, commander of the expedition, were now moved to this place, accompanied by scores of reporters and military at-

taches. Everything was placed in readiness for a great battle. One morning shortly after this, my company received orders to roll up tents and fall in. We marched out beyond camp and were soon following the trail. There were several Cubans with us, also our brigade commander. We followed the stream that flowed at the foot of the hill, for about one mile. Then we halted and outposts were placed at the intersection of two trails, one of which led to Santiago, the other toward El Caney. Several Cubans remained here also, as they understood the lay of the country around us. On the road leading to Santiago the outposts were ordered to halt no one, but fire immediately on any one who came from that direction. On the other trail however we were to be careful, as Cubans were located in that direction and scouting parties were sent out and returned from that direction. In camp here, we must be very careful about our fires. The company was some distance from the outposts who were relieved every four hours. The rain continued to fall, and owing to the very heavy downpour we remained on outpost duty here for two days. This is usually a disagreeable duty, for it is a strain on the men to be continually on the watch for the enemy. After two days we were relieved by company D of our regiment and we returned to the main camp, where we drew five days' rations.

It was not necessary to again pitch tents as our division under command of General Lawton was to advance in the direction of El Caney, bivouac for the night as near to that place as possible and at day-break make an attack on the place; then proceed to a small village several miles beyond, where the water supply station of Santiago was located. It was believed that if their water supply was cut off the city could be more easily captured. At about four o'clock on the evening of June 30th, we marched out

along a narrow road which passed through a rough and hilly section. About dusk a part of our division halted, our brigade continuing the march for several miles, where we bivouacked for the night—stacking our arms and lying down directly behind them. No fires were permitted as we were now only a short distance from El Caney. Sentinels were placed on the nearest elevations, and no one in camp talked aloud. Everything in camp was still. The second lieutenant of my company who was acting regimental quartermaster, had secured a mule which he rode when on the march. It was placed in a small hollow just a little to our right. We were all asleep and this animal broke away from the place where it had been tethered. After wandering around he had become frightened and came bellowing and roaring through the camp. This awoke us and frightened every one; the men made a dash for their guns. We all thought the Spaniards had made a charge on our camp, when some one called out, “hold on there! it’s a blamed mule!” They captured him and again tethered him in the hollow, some of the boys threatening to cut his throat. Again all was quiet until three in the morning, when we were quietly awakened, ate our hardtack and cold tomatoes and were soon in line, following a narrow trail single file. We were soon strung out for miles. We crossed over hills, through small valleys and across small streams. Light in the east became stronger, and we could now distinguish large trees on the hills. These were covered with yellow fruit, which we learned were mangos. The doctors had warned us concerning this fruit. They somewhat resembled an apple, were juicy and had a large seed in the center. They looked very tempting as we passed along, but we were not permitted to leave the trail. It had now grown lighter when suddenly we heard a loud boom from the cannon. Capron’s battery had opened fire on El Caney.

Our pace quickened. We were to attack on the right. The long, thin blue line of men crossing the hills and twisting around through valleys must have resembled a huge snake making its way over the surface. We could hear the sharp crack of small arms mingled with the continuous roar of the artillery as we neared the place. When we came to a ridge we could see men in blue far off to our left sticking their heads up over and firing. As we descended the slope of the ridge, our line advanced in full range of a block house, which was located across a small ravine on the hillside to our right. As we came in view their bullets began clipping the leaves around us, but we continued our march paying no heed to this. The battalion of Cubans following us was to attack this place and capture it, as it was believed that would not be difficult to accomplish. As we passed along a 45 brass Remington bullet struck one of my comrades above the ankle, shattering the bone and leaving an ugly wound. We halted for a moment to remove blanket rolls, blouses and rations, going on in our shirt sleeves.

As we neared the foot of the hill the firing became heavy. We could see nothing at which to fire, but noticed on the trees, large pieces of corrugated iron used to mark the range of the Spaniards. Under a large mango tree we found several dead, and a number of wounded. We had yet a small steep grade to descend where a little to our left was a large stone fort, over which floated the yellow and red flag of the Spanish. From the loopholes just beneath it, bullets were pouring out like rain. Men were dropping around us. We now came into an open space, and then we crossed a small stream. In this gully one was not exposed so much to the fire of the Spaniards. Along this stream a field hospital had been established and men were being carried in by the score. Our regiment was lined up and advanced up

a gradual slope to a pineapple field, and we were again exposed to the fire of the Spanish. The Twelfth Infantry on our left was now firing volleys into the fort. We had come within about four hundred yards; men were ducking behind ranges or anywhere to get out of the range of fire. It had become so terrible that one could not talk except by shouting. We crossed this pineapple field, gained the top of the hill and formed a line, along where it curved slightly to the west. Just across a small ravine on a low hill there lay El Caney, about two hundred and fifty yards distant. The buildings in this little village were nearly all constructed of stone and cement; one looking over it could see temporary loopholes opened in the walls from which a heavy fire was pouring. Directly in front of us were two or three blockhouses; the dirt was thrown up in front of these ten or fifteen feet high; in front of that were intrenchments. We were ordered to fire at will, and it was certainly terrible the racket and roar this was creating.

We could see nothing to fire at, except buildings and blockhouses, for no Spaniards were in sight. The two other brigades of our division were attacking on our left, continuing nearly opposite from where we were. We stuck to the top of the hill, lying prone; the Seventeenth Infantry to our right. Men were being carried back wounded. Every man was supplied with first aid bandages for the wounded and these were being used up rapidly. Our brigade commander would pass along with his field glass in hand, directing fire from time to time. There was no hope of charging, as barbed wire entanglements were strung in every direction in front of us, and it was certain death to any one who attempted to pass over the line of the hill. No smoke was visible, as our ammunition was smokeless powder, as was also the Spaniards'. No one was noticing time and it



CAPT. CHAS. A. WORDEN LOOKING FROM A DESERTED HOUSE.

was slipping away rapidly. Our artillery moved up closer and along in the afternoon a shell pierced the flag-staff on the stone fort and the Spanish colors fell to the ground. They began racking this old fort with solid shot and shrapnel and it began to have an effect; the fire had become weaker from that point.

In the central part of the village was a church. Orders had been given not to fire on this, but there was so much sharpshooting going on that the order was countermanded and the fire was directed against this cupola. And now we began to notice a few Spaniards dropping, but the fire was not quite so heavy. Soon the stars and stripes were waving from the fort. and a little later white flags began to appear in the village.

For a half hour our battalion had been firing volleys, for our ammunition was running low, and we must take the plan that would bring the greatest results. At dusk the battalion to which we belonged was ordered back off the line. The firing had almost ceased and we marched away to secure ammunition.

We marched back until we met a pack train at the fork of the road, where we secured a fresh supply of ammunition and then proceeded on our way back toward El Caney. Near that place we passed the remainder of our regiment, which had captured several hundred Spanish soldiers. When we reached the battleground, five companies were left there to take care of the wounded and bury the dead. The rest of our division and brigade marched on toward San Juan hill, where there had been severe fighting all day. They had called upon Lawton's division to support them and prevent retreat. My company remained at El Caney. We soon had our guards out, and it was not long until all were ready for sleep, for we were almost exhausted. When we awoke in the morning, we seemed to be in a dream,

for the results of the previous day's battle were yet visible in every direction. As we rubbed our eyes and looked toward the top of the hill we saw a line of men lying where our line of battle had been formed the previous day. About fifty bodies were lying there on the hill top and in the ravine below was the hospital, where several hundred wounded men were being cared for. Doctors and nurses were busy attending their needs. Men were at work building a large trench on the hill, and when this was accomplished the dead were placed in it, side by side, a slip of paper with name of regiment and company was placed on them, they were then rolled in blankets, placed in the trench, and covered over with earth. This took almost all day.

The dead in our company were Sergeant Jones and Privates Head, Sandburg, Vane, who was our company tailor, and Tomanus, the barber of the company. Tomanus had acted strangely for more than a week before the battle. He had with him several fine razors, which, together with his other belongings, he took one day to our lieutenant and told him how to dispose of them, remarking at the time that he never expected to come out of the first battle alive. Lieutenant Nichols told him that he was only a little nervous, but Tomanus insisted that he was not afraid, but felt that his first battle would be his last. So here, when the American flag was raised on the old Spanish fort, he became excited, rose to his knees and began to cheer. A Spanish sharpshooter, from the cupola of the church in El Caney, shot him through the heart. The shot pierced the corner of his wife's photograph, which he carried in the left pocket of his blue army shirt.

Our regiment suffered pretty heavily, having had forty-seven killed and one hundred and thirty wounded. After we had buried our dead, we began to explore the village of El Caney. The village was

filled with dead and wounded Spaniards. The church was turned into a hospital and a detail of men from our battalion was sent with several doctors to bury their dead and care for the wounded. The village was full of Cubans—men, women and children, who were half starved and half naked. The men were gathered up from around the village to help bury the dead Spaniards in intrenchments, around the blockhouses and town, from which places they had poured such a deadly fire. Almost everyone who had been in this garrison had been captured, killed or wounded. General Vera del Ray, who had been in command, with his staff of eight officers, were found at the edge of the town, dead. They had tried to escape, but had been shot by a volley from an American company. Some of the men who composed his staff were wounded in four or five places.

Cubans were set to work at clearing up the streets and we occupied the time in destroying the Mauser rifles and ammunition which we found. Many Spanish flags were found, but no one paid any heed to them, for we had very heavy loads to carry without trying to gather souvenirs.

The severe climate had now begun to tell on our captain; he acted queerly at times. A member of the company had captured a large Spanish mule, which the captain secured from him and loaded with souvenirs of every description. Some of the boys claimed that he even had a Mauser rifle tied to the mule's tail. One day the captain was missing, and several details were sent out to search for him. He was found about one mile beyond the town, near a Spanish blockhouse, sitting with his back against a tree, sound asleep. His mule he had tied to a small bush, after loading him down with all sorts of articles. He was almost sixty years old and the climate was too severe for him.

On the morning of July 3rd, we constructed stretchers from poles, blankets and shelter tents, to remove our wounded to a point about three miles from El Caney, which was as near as our ambulances and army wagons could approach to that village. The roads were impassable except by way of Cabeti and Santiago, but Spaniards lay between those points and El Caney, cutting off approach in that direction. It took all available men to hold San Juan hill at that time, so we were compelled to carry our wounded on improvised stretchers, to the point where ambulances were in waiting. From there they were conveyed to Siboney, where hospitals had been established.

About nine o'clock in the forenoon we heard the booming of large guns, which sounded like the roll of thunder in the distance. This continued for several hours and then the sound died away like the passing of a thunder storm. We were unable to determine what had happened, but thought that the navy had probably bombarded Elnora Castle, or had attempted to enter Santiago harbor.

As time passed by we became anxious about getting our wounded away, as the Cubans informed us that General Pando was marching toward Santiago with six or seven thousand Spanish soldiers. We were not far from their supposed line of march and were liable to be attacked at almost any time. But if this occurred, we expected to hold them back by holding the old stone fort upon the hill. There were five companies, numbering about 400 men. We had burned all of the blockhouses around the village, eight or ten in number.

It took the help of every man in the battalion to carry the wounded to the ambulances. We arrived at the wagons at noon. There we learned that Cervera's fleet had been destroyed when he had attempted to leave the harbor. Every boat had been

sunk or captured. Our wounded were placed in the ambulances and wagons and were soon on their way to Siboney, where they were to be taken on hospital boats, bound for the United States. When all except ten or twelve had been placed on the wagons, we heard firing in the direction of El Caney, coming nearer and nearer. Our wounded became frightened, a line was formed behind them, and soon a company of eight drunken Cuban soldiers appeared. They were mounted on Spanish ponies and shouting "Cuba Libre" at the top of their voices as they passed. We felt like giving them a volley, but let them pass on unmolested, for they were going in the direction of Santiago, and we knew if they proceeded much further in that direction would soon meet with a volley from the Spanish guns. We finished loading our wounded comrades and then waited for orders. They soon came. We were ordered back to El Caney, which point we were to hold until further orders were given. We marched back and went into camp on the battleground, a strong guard being placed around the fort. Large flocks of vultures had gathered around the place; they were perched upon trees and would sometimes fly so near that one could feel the air caused by the motion of their wings. They somewhat resembled the turkey buzzard, but were much larger. Dead bodies that had not been found in the underbrush were soon discovered by these evil-looking birds, which gathered around these places in large numbers, fighting and squawking—making a hideous racket.

A day or so after returning to camp, we saw a long line of people coming toward us from the direction of Santiago. Some carried white bundles of clothing, others furniture of every description; others came in carriages. These were refugees from Santiago. A truce had been agreed upon between the Spanish and Americans, and all non-combatants

were permitted to leave the city. Thousands made their way to El Caney, which had now been thoroughly cleaned and was in a respectable condition.

Here came the French and other foreign consuls, who established their headquarters in the village. All who came under their jurisdiction must be supplied with rations. They told us there was nothing to be had in Santiago and that the Spanish soldiers in that city were on half rations. This increase in population in the village would sorely tax our commissary department, there being 20,000 extra persons to be fed. Up until this time we had been well supplied with every article which came in our list of rations, except salt. That had been overlooked in transportation, and soon bacon was at a premium on account of the salt it contained, many of the men eating it raw. After the refugees had arrived, two troops of the Ninth Cavalry came to relieve us and we marched across the broad valley to the foot of San Juan hill, and joined our regiment just beyond, on a low hill which sloped toward the Spanish intrenchments in front of Santiago. Here we were supplied with picks and shovels and set to work digging intrenchments, with approaches extending back toward our camp, which lay along the hillside. These intrenchments were drained perfectly dry. Sand bags were filled and it was not long until they were in first-class condition.

The Twelfth Infantry was intrenched on our left; the Seventeenth on our right. The hill on our right extended almost to the bay, thus partly encircling the city. Intrenchments were being made all around the slope of the hill, artillery being placed in position about one-half mile apart. The truce still continued.

The Americans in the meantime were trying to persuade the Spanish to surrender, insisting that it was useless to try to escape from the city, being so

completely surrounded. One of the foreign consuls brought his influence to bear upon the Spanish, backed by the Catholic priests, and every argument was used to persuade them to give up the struggle. In the meantime, however, both Spanish and Americans were busily engaged in digging intrenchments, and every point of vantage was fortified and implacements for artillery made. To our left and between the two lines stood a large tree, and there floated the flag of truce. Every day officers from both sides assembled beneath it, trying to arrange some peaceable settlement. Our camp and intrenchments were now in very good condition. A clear stream of water flowed along the foot of the hill, from which we received our supply.

On July 10th, we were ordered into the intrenchments, and at four o'clock a signal gun was fired, and soon amid the booming of cannon our regiment began to fire volleys against the Spanish trenches. The fire was not returned and a diligent watch was kept throughout the night. A battery of Spanish artillery lay between us and the city. The next morning they opened fire on us; Capron's battery soon located them, and before an hour had passed, they silenced them. On this day very little firing was done except by the artillery, which continued to shell the city, assisted by the navy, which was eight miles away and which dropped shells in every part of the city. Re-enforcements began to arrive, consisting of volunteers. Our regiment was ordered out of the intrenchments, the First Illinois taking its place.

As we moved out the flag of truce was again raised. We marched about four miles to the right until we reached the Santiago and San Luis railway; a part of the division continued to march toward the bay, but our battalion must dig intrenchments in the low, swampy region surrounding the railroad.

This was a rather difficult undertaking, for each day we received heavy showers of rain. Our rations were diminishing rapidly, and men were searching every place for something to eat. I had to make several trips to brigade headquarters with my squad before I was successful in securing rations, and then the supply was small; the hardtack was first counted before it was passed to each man. The truce continued for several days longer, and during this time we received a visit from General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the army, who came to inspect our line of defense. He came with a large expedition from the U. S. It was decided that this expedition was not needed on the island, and they later embarked for Porto Rico. It was believed that the Spanish would soon surrender, for we had control of the water supply of the city, from which we had cut them off.

The evil effects of the campaign had now begun to tell upon the men of our regiment. They were suffering from the extreme changes of the weather, which occurred each day, usually a heavy downpour of rain, followed by the hot, glaring sunshine. Our position in the swamp, where we puddled in the water from day to day, did not improve us any.

One afternoon a messenger announced the surrender of the Spanish. This was welcome news to us, but we were still kept in the intrenchments for fear they should change their view in regard to surrendering. On the morning of July 19, 1898, we were marched out of our intrenchments, and amid the playing of bands and cheering of soldiers, the American flag was raised above the city, and the province of Santiago de Cuba had surrendered to the American army.



BATTALION RETREAT IN A FIELD CAMP.

CHAPTER V.

AWAITING OUR TRANSPORT—HOME AGAIN—SAILING FOR
MANILA.



AFTER the excitement caused by the surrender had passed, our boys seemed to collapse. Our camp was moved back several hundred yards to a slight elevation and orders were issued to build bunks off the ground. It was a very easy matter to issue such orders, but to see that they were obeyed, quite another thing. There were only two or three large axes and a dozen or more hand axes in the camp, but men were set to work with these, cutting poles. Sickness increased in camp, and a yellow fever doctor was sent for. After diagnosing several cases, he announced that our camp was infested with yellow fever. Orders were given to break camp, proceed along the railroad until we reached Cabeti; from there go into camp in the hills. Many of the boys could not stand the march, so were left there, and a temporary hospital was established. We bade our sick comrades good-bye—it was the last time for some of them—and proceeded to the hills around Cabeti.

We marched to the top of a long ridge, where we went into camp. We now received large quantities of fresh beef and an abundant supply of rations. Large tents were brought out from Santiago and new khaki uniforms were furnished to us. The camp was in good condition, but sickness still increased. Our regiment's loss was three and four each day. Many of the men had the fever, others malaria.

Men who had been left at the hospital began to arrive at camp and told us of the suffering and deaths

which occurred there each day. Some of the regiments had already departed for the United States, bound for Montauk Point, where hospitals had been established, and the sick were to be cared for. We eagerly awaited orders to embark, but were disappointed for many days. The two regiments, which with our own, formed our brigade, had been sent home, and it looked as if we were destined to stay on the island. Our captain became very ill, before the surrender, and was sent to Siboney hospital; our first lieutenant had been wounded in the foot and a lieutenant from B company was placed in command. Hospital tents were placed near the camp and the sick moved there. The boys dreaded being sent to these, as they received very poor attention there. Men were detailed from each company to act as nurses, the hospital corps not being able to supply a sufficient number.

All of the other regiments which had landed with the first expedition, had now returned to the United States, and one day we received the order to leave. We were to take the train at Cabeti for Santiago and there board the transport bound for home.

The following day we boarded the little flat cars which were drawn by a rough looking little engine. Everything was left behind, except rifles and ammunition belts. Our tents were to be destroyed. Before we had proceeded far, we saw hundreds of Cubans searching the tents for articles we had left. We passed our old campground, getting a view of the intrenchments which were alongside the railway, then of the Spanish trenches and blockhouses with all sorts of wire entanglements, but these were all deserted.

As we entered the city we passed the guards of the immune regiments, which were stationed in all parts of the city. Many Spanish prisoners roamed about, waiting for boats to transport them home.

They were very friendly ; many of them shook hands with us, making us understand that they were anxious to leave. The city was in a filthy condition and would require an immense lot of work to put it in good sanitary condition. We boarded the transport, Yucatan, and were to sail for home next morning. There were only half our number returning on the boat together, and a part of these were sick. As we moved out of the harbor next day our band, which now numbered only ten played Home, Sweet Home.

We passed the Merrimac and a sunken Spanish vessel which men were engaged in raising. When we reached the mouth of the harbor we turned to look at Elnora Castle, high up on a rocky bluff, and over which floated the stars and stripes. The last objects I remember seeing on the voyage were the wrecks of the Spanish boats, and then I remembered nothing until I was being carried from the boat at Montauk Point, six days later. I had a very severe attack of the fever, but now began to recover slowly.

Ambulances conveyed the sick from the boat to the hospital and there we were placed under care of Sisters. We improved very rapidly, and after a week in the hospital, I made application for furlough, and in a few days arrived at my home in Eastern Ohio. There I was sick for several weeks, but with good care, soon began to improve. At the end of two months I reported at Columbus barracks, and received transportation to Fort Wayne, Michigan, which is along the Detroit river, in the suburbs of the city. There, early in November, I reported for duty. Our company was small now, over half of the men being out on furlough.

There were many recruits to be drilled, and soon we were busy again, drilling the new men and putting things in shape. We had a new captain, and new lieutenants. Our former captain had died at

his home in Fort Logan, the climate and exposure in Cuba having been too severe for him. The boys of our company were sorry to learn of his death, for we thought no company in the army had a kinder hearted and better officer than our captain, Charles A. Worden, Company E, 7th U. S. Infantry.

Our lieutenants were promoted and transferred to other regiments.

Our regiment remained at Fort Wayne several months, and then companies were sent to different stations. Our company was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where we relieved the Twelfth Infantry, with whom we had been in the campaign in Cuba. They were now ordered to the Philippine Islands, where trouble was brewing among the natives, they having rebelled against American rule. Before the Spanish-American war was fully settled, our country was engaged in war against the natives of these islands.

We remained in garrison at Jefferson Barracks until March, when our company was ordered to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, near the shore of Lake Michigan, and the city of Chicago. There we relieved the Fourth Infantry, which was ordered to the Philippine Islands.

There I remained until May, when I received my discharge, having served my term of three years. I bade my comrades good-bye and returned to my home, where I visited a short time. I then journeyed to New York and on May 26th, 1899, re-enlisted in the corps of engineers at Albany, New York, where, with several others, I received transportation to New York City. From there we crossed to Willet's Point, Long Island, and found the battalion of engineers stationed there. I was assigned to Company B, first battalion, engineers. This company was being fitted for service in the Philippines. All men who had seen previous service were assigned to

this company. Much attention was given to pontoon drill, rowing pontoon boats, and building bridges. Very little of our time was given to infantry drill, as all had had experience in that form of service.

On July 5th, 1899, we received orders to start for the Philippines. Many of the boys had spent the Fourth over at New York City. On the morning of the fifth of July, we boarded a train at the Jersey City piers. We were to journey over the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. We soon reached Philadelphia, then Baltimore, and then Washington with its capitol and large dome, which we could see in the distance as we passed.

At Richmond our train stopped for a half hour, thus giving us time to stretch our legs and freshen us for the journey before us. We then passed on through Kentucky and arrived in Cincinnati, the next day after dinner. There our cars were transferred to the Big Four railway and that night we were whirling away on our way to St. Louis. We had been given tourist sleeping cars, and were just as comfortable as if we had been sleeping in the barracks.

We awoke next morning in St. Louis, and were transferred to the Missouri Pacific, which would carry us as far as Pueblo, Colorado. Soon we were speeding on through cities and villages, past farm houses, orchards and groves. The next afternoon we passed through Kansas City, crossed the state of Kansas and the following day reached Pueblo. There we transferred to the Denver and Rio Grande, and at sunset had passed Canon City and soon entered Grand Canon, one of the most magnificent scenes of its kind in the world. Our train rumbled on through Salida and over the mountains. Next morning we passed down the Royal Gorge and arrived in Glenwood Springs. This we found to be a beautiful little city in the mountains, with fine hotels

and bath houses, where patients spend months in taking daily baths to improve their health. We spent a half hour in this little city and passed away the time roaming through its streets. As I walked along, I heard my name called and turned to find a former comrade of the Seventh, who after being discharged had secured a position in a drug store of that city. We chatted about old times until my train was ready to leave.

We left for Grand Junction, where we were to transfer to the Rio Grande and Western. As we sped along we caught glimpses of high and rocky bluffs, and the Grand river, rushing madly down its rocky course. After leaving Grand Junction, we passed over the Great American Desert. As we rolled along over the burning sand, our eyes became tired and hot from gazing on this waste plain. We passed no villages now, only little stations, where were located the water pools, and we felt relieved every time we passed one of these green spots in the desert. All day and night we traveled through this waste land, which grew so monotonous, but next day we saw signs of civilization again.

As we neared Salt Lake City, green fields appeared along the waterways which have been made along the railroad. Before night closed in we caught a glimpse of Great Salt Lake away in the distance. In the morning we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the great Mormon tabernacle. We stopped in the city a short time and then proceeded on our way to Ogden, where we again transferred, this time to the Central Pacific, and then continued on our journey westward through the desert. The next day we reached Nevada; the desert wastes were now fast disappearing and our train whirled through large grazing tracts, past towns filled with cowboys in their broad brimmed hats, flannel shirts, buckskin trousers and high-heeled boots with spurs extending

back from heel and large pistols buckled to their sides. Oftentimes we saw large numbers of them following the herds of cattle which dotted the plains as far as the eye could see.

We next neared the mountains, which appeared less formidable than the rugged Rockies, and which were covered with vegetation. As we came along the mountain side we arrived at a division where engines were changed and cars inspected. Everyone tumbled off the train on to the platform to limber up for the next ride. A short distance from the depot we noticed a large wooden cage on which was painted in large white letters:

THIS BAT WAS CAPTURED IN YUBA CANON.

Everyone was eager to see it and walked up to the cage. On bending over so as to view the bottom of the cage, we saw a large red brick-bat. The boys never gave away the joke, but went back and sent others out to see the wonderful bat. This furnished amusement for us while waiting here. The sign caught the captain's eye, and he walked out to the cage, the boys laughing and shouting when he discovered the fake. But the captain took it good humoredly.

We again moved on our way and soon neared the summit of the mountain, where snow sheds extended for miles and miles. They were constructed of large heavy timbers, and during the winter season, when the snowfall is heavy, they must resemble large tunnels. After leaving these we soon entered California, and as our train descended the mountain side we could see thousands of acres of fruit trees—pears, peaches, apricots and figs. In the villages one could purchase large quantities of fruit for an exceedingly small amount of money.

After leaving the foot of the mountains, we traversed the Sacramento Valley. This was very fertile and productive; large wheat farms were

passed as we went whirling by. We next passed through the city of Sacramento, the capital of the state, and in a short time arrived at Benicia bay, where the train was separated into two sections and pulled onto the large ferry boat to be carried across the bay. We arrived in Oakland at dinner time.

It had taken us seven days to make the journey from New York, which in former years required a period of nine months. At Oakland we boarded a small boat and were taken across San Francisco bay to Angel Island, where we must remain in barracks until our transport was prepared to sail for Manila.

Angel Island is a high, rough and irregular island on which is situated the artillery barracks and quarantine hospital. Any vessel entering the harbor and infested with any contagious disease, such as small-pox, yellow fever or bubonic plague, must deposit crew on shore at the hospital until the vessel has been disinfected and disease stamped out. Here, in the evening, as the sun sank between two high points of land, we beheld the Golden Gate. It certainly deserves the name that has been applied to it, for the sunset is a grand spectacle on a bright, clear evening.

The weather was then very chilly there, although it was the month of July, and we could see many wearing overcoats. Passes were issued to us that we might visit the city of San Francisco. A large number of us took advantage of this and crossed over to the city. On the way we passed Alcatraz island, where is situated the United States military prison. Here, soldiers who have committed crimes are imprisoned for terms exceeding five years. Stories were told to us there of many who attempted to escape, but, if successful in slipping past guards are usually drowned in the bay. After reaching the city we made our way to the Presidio where we had friends we wished to see before leaving for the Philippines.



SOLDIERS TAKING REFRESHMENTS AT A MOUNTAIN INN.

We found the contour of the city to be very rough, the streets running up hill and down, which made us wonder how the street cars were able to ascend and descend them so successfully. At the Presidio, temporary hospital tents were placed along the hillside, and there, hundreds of sick soldiers were cared for as they arrived from the Philippines. These men told us wonderful stories of the severe campaigns and hardships they had endured in those islands. Some of our comrades were disheartened by these stories, for in two days we expected to set sail and be gone for three years. Those of us who had experienced foreign service in Cuba, laughed at these stories for we knew they had been exaggerated. We knew that many things we would have to face would be severe, but were willing to face it for the sake of adventure and travel it afforded.

Thousands of soldiers were waiting here to be transported to the Philippines. We were to sail on the transport, City of Para, in company with two troops of the Fourth Cavalry, and five companies of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who were colored. This was rather a mixed company of passengers, about one-half being colored. We spent the next two days in sight-seeing and on July 15th, 1899, boarded the transport bound for the Philippines. About four p. m. the boat backed away from the pier, and crossed the bay. The Twenty-fourth Infantry band which was on board our boat played "The Soldier's Farewell." On the way out of the bay we passed two boats containing volunteer regiments which were returning from the Islands. The weather was very rough and as we passed through the Golden Gate our vessel began to rock and heave, and we soon retired to our bunks on the berth deck. The weather continued to be rough and in the morning there were many who did not care to leave their bunks. That day the clouds cleared away and the

sun came out brightly, and our boat plowed through the heavy swells of the Pacific. There was now no land in sight, and in every direction were large rolling swells which appeared like small mountains approaching us, causing us to think it impossible for the ship to ride over the white capped waves. Groans were now issuing from all parts of the ship, and as I passed up to the cabin deck with mess kit in hand, I decided to postpone my breakfast, for my toes were tingling and there appeared to be a lump in my throat, making it difficult to swallow. Many of the boys were lined up along the rail with heads bent over, "feeding the fishes." Those who were not sick stood by laughing, with such remarks as "spit it out if you don't like it." I sought a quiet corner and sat watching the rolling waves, wishing I were anywhere but on the Pacific Ocean.

A friend came with his breakfast and sat near by, eating. He insisted on my drinking a cup of coffee, and taking my tin cup with him soon returned with the steaming beverage. Several swallows of this turned me upside down, and I was soon hanging over the rail, many of my comrades laughingly telling me to "spit it out," that I would soon be all right. Sickness continued for several days, and then our appetites returned, and it seemed impossible to get enough to satisfy our hunger. Each morning after decks were scrubbed we had roll call, and then an hour or more was passed in setting-up drill, on deck. Everything was soon well regulated, this being a splendid ship of its kind. It had formerly been a passenger steamer, plying between San Francisco and the city of Para. It had been chartered by the government to transport troops to the Islands, and had already made two voyages across the Pacific. The crew consisted of captain, who understood navigation thoroughly, and who commanded the boat; his assistants—first, second and third mates, whose

duties it was to see that all of the captain's instructions were obeyed; a chief engineer, who must see that fires and engines were in first-class condition; a chief steward, who must look after the commissary department, and cooking for the boat's officers and crew. The entire crew was in two sections—one whose duties were scrubbing decks, overhauling life boats, raising and lowering anchor, and keeping decks in good condition; the other, a fire crew whose duties were to fire boilers and pass coal from bunkers.

The engine room and boilers were in center of ship. They were first-class marine engines, and ran a shaft which extended to the stern. Here beneath the water was the propeller which was built of steel and which consisted of four blades, eight or ten feet long. It seemed hardly possible that this could force the large craft through the water at the rate of 300 or 350 knots every twenty-four hours. Directly behind the propeller was the steering blade which gave the ship the course, and which was manipulated from the pilot house. The steering was done by the boat's quartermasters, who had directly in front of them the chart or map, with route to be taken plainly marked thereon. In front of this and in plain view was the compass. On board this vessel was an electric light plant, which furnished light for every part of the ship. Also a condensing plant which separated salt from the sea water and made it fit to drink. We also found bakeries, a laundry, and an ice plant on board. On the sleeping decks were electric fans, which forced drafts of air through our quarters, making them more comfortable in warm climates.

Time dragged slowly by on this long voyage, and all kinds of schemes were invented to while away the time. We made friends with the men of the cavalry and infantry. The men assembled each day

in groups—some telling yarns, some reading, others playing cards and gambling. We had a man in our company who was a typical Jew, and on whose countenance could be traced nearly every feature of the Jewish caste—hooked nose, sharp eyes, and cunning look, were all present. His name was Ravenscroft, but he was known as “Ravenscamp.”

The colored troops were very fond of throwing dice, and “Raven” started a chuck-a-luck game. He had marked the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 upon his poncho, and placed two dice in a tin cup. The men then placed their money on any one of these numbers, and the dice were shaken and then rolled out on the board. The money that was placed on the number shown by the dice must be paid then by the man who conducts the game. But if the number covered by the money did not correspond with that shown by the dice, the man who conducted the game took possession of it. “Raven” was very ambitious and we could hear him at all hours in the day calling loudly as he shook the dice—“one, two, and three—come see the old gamekeeper.” He continued this for several days, and was well patronized by the colored boys. But at almost every time “Raven” was the winner in the game. One day “Raven” was busy with his game, and had a large crowd around him, which rather excited him as he raked in the money, and at times paid out bets. Finally some other members of the colored regiment approached, and a large colored boy said, “boss, let me see dem bones.” “Raven” replied “all right, look at them,” he being busy. The colored man inspected them and said, “dem is all right,” and passed them back. The Jew continued to rattle them in the tin cup. The new comers walked away, and after a while approached him again. They asked if there was any limit on the game, or if they might wager any amount they chose. “Raven” told them they might.

He noticed that several staked their money on small numbers, but all the large money was placed on five. This soon became very noticable for each time this number won. The Jew's pile of money began to diminish, and he soon became nervous. He was compelled to pay from his pocketbook, and soon slipped away with his outfit under his arm. On examination he found that the colored man had switched dice, and had exchanged for one with fives on each side, therefore making it impossible for number five to lose. The "old gamekeeper" was not seen for several days, but finally opened up again, this time placing a limit on the bets and allowed no one to meddle with the dice. The men of our company did very little gambling, for they had all experienced previous service, and understood their duties and went about to fulfil them willingly.

We had several peculiar characters in our company. One whom we called "Circus Charlie," who could imitate clowns, whistle like a bird and talk like a lady; when he tried to walk like one, it caused a great deal of amusement as he went swinging along the deck. He had been very seasick, and one day while hanging over the rail he straightened up very suddenly, began to hawk and feel his throat. One of his comrades asked what troubled him, and he bent over to examine his toes, remarking at the same time, "I believe my toe nails came up that time." Every one laughed as "Circus" walked gingerly down to his bunk. Our favorite story teller was a member of the Twenty-fourth Infantry whose name was Sam. Sam would keep us roaring with laughter for hours as he related some of his exploits in the prize ring, or, of his travels with Barnum & Bailey's circus side show, representing a wild man from some cannibal tribe, being obliged to eat five pounds of raw meat each day to make him look savage. He was the champion liar on board the ves-

sel, and we spent many hours listening to the wonderful tales which he told.

Seven days after leaving San Francisco we began to notice birds flying and the sailors told us we were near land. Soon after we wended our way into the port of Honolulu. Scores of native boys, clad only in breech clouts, filled the water around the dock, crying in shrill tones, "dive, dive! throw money and watch me get it." They were out now in deep water, and when the coins which the boys threw struck the water they followed its course downward, secured it and then rose to the surface like a porpoise, holding it up in the hand for us to see, and then swim off again calling, "dive, dive." Soon their mouths were bulged out like squirrels carrying nuts. Many people began to gather on the dock, some with wreaths of flowers placed around the hat and almost every one wearing a bouquet. This was called the "land of flowers." A short distance back of the city was a large volcano, from which smoke poured constantly, and which we found on inquiry to be the volcano Mauna Loa, twenty-five miles distant from Honolulu. I was doing guard duty on the morning we arrived here and was compelled to remain on the boat while the rest of the troops marched off for a holiday. Our boat was to remain here three days, to take on board a supply of coal, of which it took large quantities. The next two days I was allowed to go ashore, and passed many bathing in the waters or strolling along the roads beyond the suburbs of the city. We found that the people cultivated rice, and pineapples, and that cocoanuts and various other tropical fruits were grown. The natives were very friendly, these islands having become a part of the United States the previous year.

The city contained many Chinese and Japanese traders and merchants, and the section of the city inhabited by them was in poor sanitary condition.

Many of the buildings in the city were built of rock or cement, in the residence portion, though, most of the houses were made of wood. Three days after our arrival our vessel slowly made its way out of the harbor, for there were many reefs near the island and the pilot must be familiar with every turn. A few hours after leaving the harbor we passed Leper Island, which contains a colony of lepers. Any one who visits this place or lands on its shore is never permitted to leave it, for the people of this island are quarantined against the world. Supplies of every description are landed here but nothing is ever removed.

As we passed along we saw tracts of land which seemed to be covered with ripening grain, and we speculated as to how these people lived and under what form of government they ruled their colony, afflicted with the most dread disease known to the human race. We were told that the climate here was extremely mild and pleasant, the average temperature being 70 degrees Fahrenheit, sometimes varying 10 degrees either way.

Once more we were out on the great Pacific, but the air was calm and the water as smooth as glass; not even a ripple marred its surface, except where our boat plowed along leaving ripples, which broadened for miles behind us. We now noticed small schools of flying fish which our vessel had frightened. They had wings like the birds and flew for hundreds of yards to our right and left. Also large bunches of jelly fish of beautiful rainbow colors could be seen. Then we passed large schools of porpoises which the sailors told us attain a length of ten or twelve feet, their bodies being very heavy and weighing hundreds of pounds. They appeared very beautiful as they rolled over the surface of the water, their dark brown bodies glistening in the sunlight. A school of these followed us for hours, play-

ing like children. Presently we came in sight of a fin above the surface of the water, and which moved ahead as though drawing a straight line. This we learned was a shark. Large, white sea gulls followed us for miles picking up the scraps which were tossed overboard from time to time.

No one became sick after leaving Hawaii, and we rolled along day after day, over the glassy, smooth blue water, with no land in sight. After some time we occasionally sighted a great roll of smoke, and every one watched eagerly as this came nearer and nearer. Then small sticks seemed to appear above the water, and presently we could make out the masts of a vessel. As we passed by the steamer, both ships saluted by lowering the flags on the masts at stern. By this emblem we could tell to what country she belonged and by looking at top of the foremast, to what port vessel was bound. There had been no land in sight for eight or ten days and one morning we were surprised to see a small rock peeping above the surface of the water. And as our ship advanced we could discern a small rocky island, which we learned was called Midway Island. A few hours later we passed a volcano from which flashes of light were emitting and we wondered at this strange phenomenon in the middle of the ocean. The weather now became sultry. So far we had had no storms on the voyage.

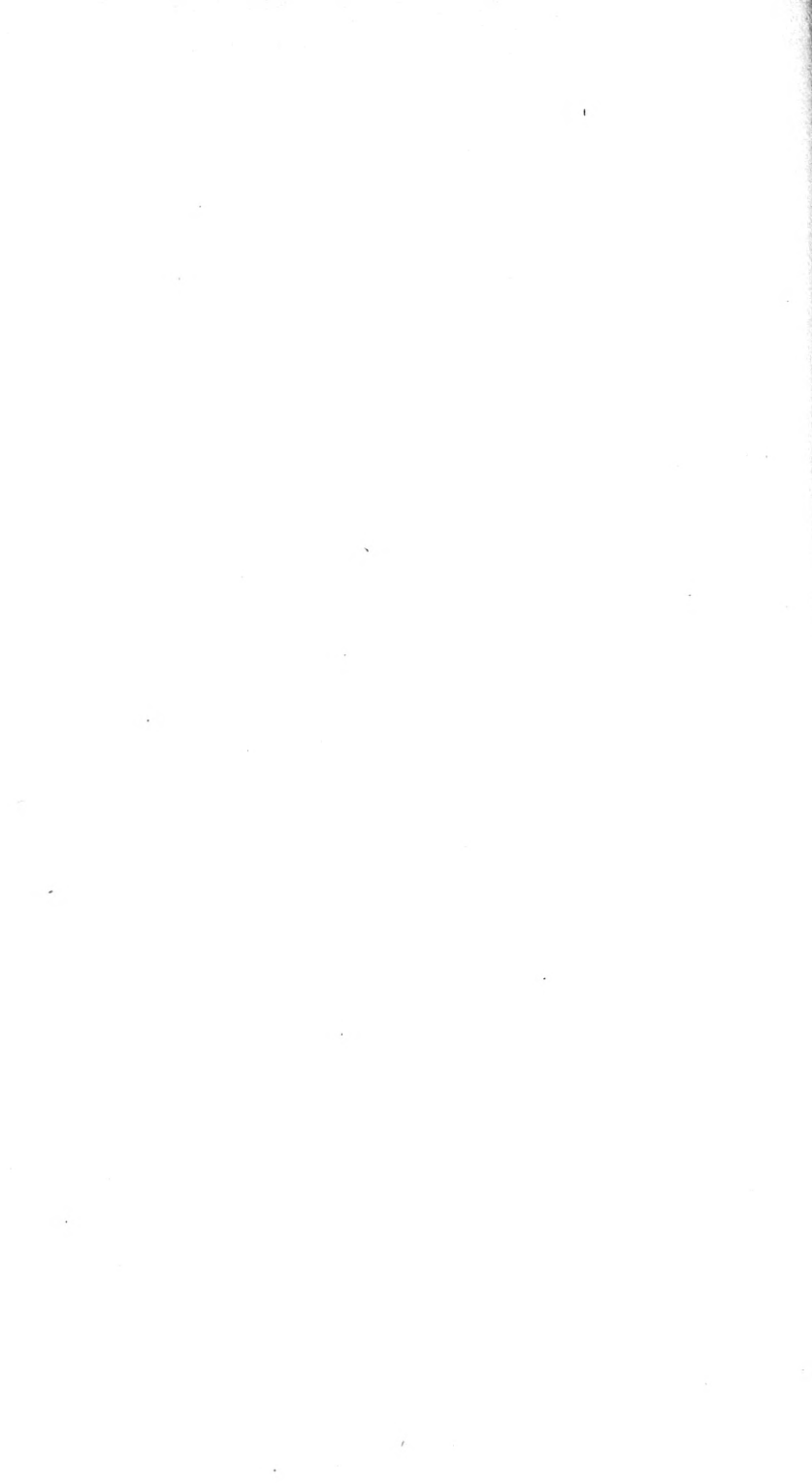
A few days later we observed water spouting up, off to our right; this we were told was the work of whales; but our vessel did not approach near enough to get a glimpse of these monsters of the deep. Now drifts of sea weeds came floating by, flocks of birds were seen, and all knew that land was not far away. Our boat was passing near the Ladrone Islands, but we kept on our course toward the Philippines.

It had now been twenty-six days since we left San Francisco, and in two more days we should arrive



FUNERAL SCENE WITH NATIVE BAND, NAICE, CAVITE PROVINCE, P. I.

in Manila Bay. The following day land was sighted, and we passed near the northern point of the Island of Luzon. We followed this shore line the next day at times going close enough to distinguish houses and villages on shore. In the evening we passed through the entrance to Manila Bay, passing Corregidor Island, which divides the entrance into northern and southern channels. Our vessel took the same course as that of Dewey's fleet, when they entered on that memorable day of May, the previous year. It had now grown dark, and shortly after this our boat was anchored along side several others. About five miles away we could see the electric lights sparkling along the shore, and this was Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands.



CHAPTER VI.

LANDING IN MANILA—CAMPAIGNING WITH GENERAL
M'ARTHUR'S DIVISION—ON THE NORTH LINE.



ALL were up bright and early on the morning of August 13th. This voyage had lasted twenty-eight days; we had all grown restless and were tired of drinking condensed sea water. Each one was eager to be on land once more. Lighters appeared around our boat, the infantry and cavalry were soon aboard and their tugs towed them in to shore, which was about five miles distant. Large vessels could not get nearer, as the water is too shallow.

Men aboard the tugs had informed us that there had been hard fighting the day before with General McArthur's division on the north line. Eight or ten men had been killed and many wounded. Our captain had gone ashore, and on returning, orders were given to fall in and our company was soon filing down the gangway filling two native cascoes. These are boats about forty feet long and perhaps ten feet wide; as we got into these, they would rock and row as though they would tumble upside down. A tug threw us a line, and we were soon towed into the Pasig river. In a short time we landed near the walled city of Manila, and marched up a fine driveway along the shore to Malate barracks, which is in the suburbs of Manila. Here we took up our quarters in the nipa barracks. These were long buildings, the roofs being made of palm leaves, and the sides of matting, which was woven from bamboo. Our company was to remain here for several days, until all our property was brought ashore, then join General McArthur's division on the north line at

San Fernando. This was on the Manila & Dagupan railroad.

Malate was a very beautiful place, being situated on the shore of Manila Bay. The majority of the foreign consuls had their residences here. This place was well guarded by American soldiers and native police, which had been established in all parts of the city. There were thousands of natives living in and about the city, the men being of small stature, black hair, and dark brown complexion. They wore white clothes, made of a very light material; they wore no shoes and many were hatless. All were clean shaven and one would scarcely see any beards or mustaches. Some were nearly white, while others were very dark. The chief material worn by the women was calico, in varied colors. The greater number of them were barefooted and without any covering for their heads.

Passing along the streets we saw here for the first time the caribou or water buffalo. These animals have large heavy bodies, short legs, and are of a gray color, having scarcely any hair at all. Their large horns extend backward two or three feet; these are the beasts of burden. They draw a two-wheeled cart with a pair of shafts, and a yoke hooked over front end of shafts, which fasten over the top of the necks of the animals; a small line fastened underneath to keep it from slipping off. These animals are very powerful, and can draw a load of a ton or more with apparent ease. They move along very slowly. The boys remarked, that you had to look twice to see them move. They must have water every twenty minutes or half hour; this must be poured over the body or they must be released and allowed to wallow around in the water, as they absorb it through their hides. If they are not permitted to have water within an hour they become maddened and raise havoc in general.

Numbers of small ponies are also found here, many of them being hitched to two-wheeled carriages; these are covered and called "carrrometos." These little animals travel very rapidly. Their driver will haul you to any part of the city or one hour for one peseta, which is worth ten cents in our money. It took us some time to learn how to make exchange of money, as one dollar of United States money is equivalent to two dollars Mexican money.

Manila is situated on the east shore of Manila Bay. It is built on low ground, on the banks of the Pasig river. This river is the outlet to Laguna de Bay or lake of the bay, which is about twenty miles inland, southeast from Manila. At high tide the water runs back nearly to the lake; at low tide the river is swift and rapid. It is a treacherous stream and many men while in bathing were drowned. It is navigable, and boats drawing ten feet of water can follow to its source and enter the lake. The walled city of Manila is built on the south bank of this river. The wall is built of stone, being about twenty-five feet in height and about fifteen feet thick. It has stood for centuries and is surrounded by a moat which is filled with slimy green water. There are four entrances into this city, one each from the north, south, east and west. To enter these gateways you must cross drawbridges over the moat. The walled part of Manila is the highest point in the city. This place contains the Governor General's palace, various convents, soldiers' barracks and many Catholic churches. All buildings inside of the wall are built of stone and cement, each two stories high. The inhabitants all live in the upper story, as it is too damp on the ground. The lower story is used for business places. In the residence portion of the city this story is used for stables for the ponies and carriages.

Passing out of the west gate you are on the shore of Manila Bay, extending from the river, at the end

of which is located the Santa Cruz monument. Going south along the shore is a fine driveway, with beautiful palm trees on either side; this continues for about one mile. At the southwest corner of the wall is a large monument, built in memory of the great Spanish explorer, who discovered these islands, known as the Magellan monument. Here begins the Luneta, where native criminals and insurgents, who rebelled against the authority of Spain, were marched and shot. This place has now been remodeled; beautiful lawns have been made, trees planted, seats erected and fine driveways built around it. Here are two band-stands and electric lights reaching every part. Concerts are given here by American military bands. In the evenings this place is alive with people and the driveways filled with carriages. Standing here in the evening you may see representatives of people from every part of the world promenading in every conceivable costume. This is a very interesting place and one may stand for hours gazing on this grand spectacle. Continuing on is Malate, and on the northeast, towards the river is Saint Anna. Here is Paco cemetery, where the dead are laid away in vaults. This cemetery is under the control of Spanish friars. People rent these vaults to place their dead in. They are built from cement and stone, being sealed up. When the rent is not forthcoming, the bodies are taken out and thrown in the boneyard, which is a square surrounded by a high concrete wall. Ascending the steps to this is a small platform and one looking down in can see thousands of human skeletons piled up on top of one another.

As you reach the river you come to a large toll bridge, which spans this river. To the left of this bridge is a large market under roof; this has fine concrete floors and is scrubbed daily. Here thousands of natives are selling their goods. Such as

tropical fruits, bananas, plantain, cocoanuts, pine-apples, oranges, limes, lemons, guavas, mangos, bread fruit, grape fruit, vegetables of all descriptions, sweet potatoes, onions, garlic, fish, shrimp and grasshoppers. These are considered an extra dish in this country. In certain seasons of the year you can see people making large nets and gathering them in and selling them by the quart, or any quantity you wish to buy. The legs and wings are removed and they are fried or stewed. This is not a favorite dish in America as it does not please the palate of the American. The natives are very fond of this dish. Meat is also sold at this market, beef being a luxury, often selling for seventy-five cents per pound. Pork is plentiful as there are large numbers of hogs in these islands. Chickens are not sold on this market, as they are raised for fighting. Cock fighting is the native sport in the Philippines, Saint Anna having the largest pit on the island of Luzon. Among other articles for sale at this market are corn, peanuts, sugar and molasses.

Crossing the river to New Manila, passing San Polac, one can see thousands of native houses. They are built of bamboó. Four poles are placed in the ground, steps being built up about ten feet high. Here the floor is built from boards or split bamboo; a door and windows are cut out of each side. The roof is made from nipa or palm leaves woven together in bunches. The sides of the house are made of matting woven from long thin strips of bamboo. Everything is lashed on with rattan—a sort of vine which is as tough as whale bone—a nail not being used in the entire construction. In the poorer section beds are unknown, for natives sleep on the floor. Knives, forks, spoons and dishes are not seen here. The meals all are cooked in a large cast-iron pan, after which the family gathers around the pan each one helping himself, eating with his fingers. Often-

times you may see the family squatted down around this pot rolling up a ball of rice, placing a small piece of fish on top of it and then putting it in their mouths and eating it. This looks odd and filthy to us at first but one soon grows accustomed to it. Wealthier natives have large buildings with several rooms, their houses being furnished with beds, chairs, tables and chinaware of modern style. These are nearly all imported, and, of course it takes a wealthy family to have these luxuries. The well to do Filipino dresses in modern fashions, many wearing clothing of latest style, shoes and straw hats. The women dress mostly in black, the goods being woven out of thin material. This section of the city is the largest portion of Manila. It contains the Bonondo district, which extends to the shore of the bay. The Americans have divided the island of Luzon into two parts. North of the Pasig river the north line, and south, the south line. The population of Manila is over 400,000 inhabitants scattered over a great area of ground, as the majority of the people live outside of the wall.

The American army had captured this place from the Spanish in August, 1898, being assisted by the natives under Aguinaldo as their leader and general. The Americans secured thousands of arms and rounds of ammunition at Cavite, where the Spanish fleet was destroyed. Here the American army had landed and supplied Aguinaldo with these arms, he arming the natives and drilling them, and organizing them into a small army, thus assisting the Americans in capturing Manila. After peace was declared between the Americans and Spanish, Aguinaldo had declared the Filipinos must have independence, and continued to organize a large army. The Americans did not look favorably upon this movement. Conferences were held for several months. The natives were excitable and passionate, and in



A GROUP OF SOLDIERS OFF DUTY IN AN ARMY TENT.

January, 1899, they had elected Aguinaldo president of the Philippine Islands and declared it a republic.

On February 13th, this same year a clash came between the Americans and Filipinos. The Americans held Manila, the Filipinos holding almost everything outside the city. They were driven back and the Americans now held the section north of Manila, the line extending about forty miles. West of Manila to the waterworks, which was about sixteen miles distant, the Americans held Cavite, Immuslacoor, which is along the shore of Manila Bay and Par-anake, which is about six miles south of Manila. An American soldier did not need to venture far from Manila to get into trouble.

The first capitol of the Philippine Republic was at Malolos, which is located on the north line. The Filipinos were driven from this place after the first day's fighting in February; they then moved their capitol to San Fernando from which they were also driven. General McArthur had his headquarters now at San Fernando, his army holding positions a little farther north. Here one of Aguinaldo's principal generals had advised Aguinaldo to surrender. One evening as he was going to Aguinaldo's headquarters he was shot by a sentry. His friends and family became very bitter toward Aguinaldo, or "Aggie," as he was known by our soldiers. This general's name was Luna, and he was a favorite among the Filipinos. Many blamed Aguinaldo for this man's death, which caused them to become loyal to the Americans. The Spanish soldiers in outlying districts had been captured or surrendered to the Filipinos and were now held as prisoners by them. This had increased their supply of arms and ammunition, so it was now thought they had an army of about 75,000 or 100,000 armed men, and there was quite a task before the Americans, who were trying

to capture their Spanish prisoners and transport them to Spain. Our company remained at Malate, drawing rations and khaki clothing, which was of light material and of a yellow color. This clothing was used in field service, as blue clothes are too warm in tropical countries. It was now the rainy season of the year and the rain seemed to fall in torrents.

The government was building a large ice plant, and cold storage on the banks of the Pasig river, where fresh beef could be stored away, and ice furnished for hospitals and troops around in the vicinity of the city. One thing noticeable was the respect the natives paid to their churches. They would never pass these structures without stopping, bowing and crossing themselves. The churches throughout these islands were Roman Catholic and you could see the cross extending from the cupolas of each one. There were no public schools established here and any one desiring an education must secure it through the church. The natives showed very little friendliness toward the Americans and they would pass the soldiers "looking daggers" at us. Volunteer regiments were leaving here for home every day, they being state troops from the western states. They were glad to get away, as many of them had been here for one and one-half years, and had seen hard service. One day our company fell in and was marched off to the Bonondo district, where we went aboard cars and were soon on our way to join General McArthur's division on the north line. We were soon passing the line of intrenchments around the city. These were all guarded and held by American troops, as it was necessary at this time to keep a strong guard around the city. Our train soon passed through Calumpit, where the railroad shops were, which had a heavy guard of American soldiers. This road was operated and under the

management of American soldiers. We passed along through Malolos, the former Filipino capital. These towns were filled with natives, and had strong garrisons of Americans, every one of them being under martial law. We made our way along slowly and soon crossed the Rio Grande river over a large iron bridge, which had been wrecked and had been repaired by a company of engineers.

We passed along and could see natives at work, planting out their rice crops. Around these fields were "paddies" or small banks thrown up. Here the rice is transplanted or set out. Water must be kept over it until it begins to head, then, the water is turned off and the crop is allowed to ripen. When it is harvested you can see thousands of natives taking in their crops. We now came to Colocon, which is on the bank of the Bagbag river. Here Colonel Funston, of the 20th Kansas volunteers had crossed with a number of his regiment on a raft, flanking the Filipinos and driving them from their strong intrenchments. In the afternoon we arrived at San Fernando. Here we marched to a large dwelling house of a wealthy native; this was to be our quarters. We were soon engaged in putting up our canvas folding cots and arranging our mosquito netting. It is very necessary to have this netting as it is impossible to sleep where the mosquitoes are so numerous. This dwelling house could not accommodate our entire company, so a part of them were sent to another building not far distant.

About an hour after getting our bunks in proper condition an order came for our lieutenant and twenty-five men to guard a wagon train, which was carrying rations and supplies to the front, a distance of about eight miles. A detail was soon made up and we were issued a day's rations and were soon marching away to the commissary building, where four or five army wagons with four mules each, and

forty-five carts with caribous were strung out behind one another, each having a native driver. Soon we were marching along muddy roads and crossing swift streams. Our progress was very slow, traveling at the rate of one mile every two hours. The natives were compelled to stop and allow their animals to wallow in the water every twenty minutes. Our course was along a railway which had been completely demolished. We passed intrenchments from which the Filipinos had been driven a few days before. It was now growing dark, the rain coming down in torrents. The native drivers holloing at their animals and chattering like droves of monkeys. At about twelve o'clock that night we arrived at the little village of Kulukit; there we bunched our carts together and sought a shelter. We were awakened in the morning, and were soon busy getting our breakfast, making coffee, frying bacon and eating hardtack. We were informed here that the day before Colonel Smith had advanced with his regiment, the 12th infantry and a battery of artillery upon the city of Angelus, capturing it after a hard fight. We could now hear the booming of large guns, as we marched along.

The guards informed us that a large detail from our company had passed through that morning at daylight intending to place several engines on the track so the natives could not destroy them. We learned later that this firing which we had heard took place while our men were at work in readjusting these engines, the Filipinos attacking them and trying to prevent them from accomplishing their work. Our wagon train now returned to San Fernando and we were soon in our quarters once more. We were now busy on reconnaissance duty, scouring the country in every direction. These sketches were sent into Manila where our draftsman would complete them into maps. It being the engineers' duty

to furnish maps for the army in times of war. The 24th infantry now arrived here and we met many acquaintances whose comradeship we had formed while aboard the transport. The "old game keeper" was soon busy, as it was hard to get him out on detail for he could play sick almost any time he wished.

To the north was a large mountain about fifteen miles from San Fernando, known as Mt. Aryat. This was covered with trees and was a stronghold for the insurrectos. Between this place and San Fernando was the village of Mexico. The 24th was now stationed here. One day a corporal and I were sent out there in company with our second lieutenant, where a reconnoitering party was made up from the 24th infantry, to proceed in the direction of Mt. Aryat. We were soon marching along through mud and over streams with a small Igorote as our guide. These are a mountain tribe and average about four feet in height, of a dark complexion and woolly hair. This guide was to lead us where the Filipinos were located, as we desired to find out how near they were. The corporal and I were making a map of the country, being equipped with sketching boards and compasses, keeping the direction, marking roads and streams, pacing the distance as we passed along.

Our small detachment had advanced about four miles and were following an embankment thrown up for irrigation. We had now overtaken the colored troops. The advance party with the sergeant and several men who were leading called back to their captain, saying, "there is a man up ahead of us with a gun." The captain said "take it from him." About that time the Filipinos in the village ahead opened fire, the bullets rattling through the bamboo, chopping off twigs. Our detachment became panic-stricken, shooting in every direction and running back, we having difficulty in keeping them from getting behind us and shooting over our heads. Their

officers could do very little with them and had to return to Mexico again. One of their number had lost his gun and belt, and had pulled off his shoes so as to be able to make better time. When we met him a few miles back, we all laughingly asked him what the trouble was. He remarked: "I tell you boss dat was a close shave." This was the first time he had ever been under fire, and he became so excited as to scarcely know what he was doing.

We were soon again in San Fernando and now our company was placed on various duties. Headquarters guard, outpost duty, guarding wagon trains and patrolling the railroad between San Fernando and Apeliet, where a large detail was made up to guard the old railroad depot, the town being about two miles distant up the river. Here the Filipino scouts had informed our boys that a large band of Filipinos were near the town, and were coming over to capture the depot, where our boys had their bunks and mosquito nettings placed for sleeping quarters. This was a disagreeable night and all were fast asleep when about ten o'clock it came the turn of a young member of the detachment to go on post. The post extended one hundred yards forward along the railroad embankment and across a rice field. Opposite this was a long row of tall bamboo trees, having thorny branches extending out from the body and covered with small leaves, resembling willow leaves. This sentry was pacing up and down keeping a diligent watch, as he expected the Filipinos to attack any minute. The wind had begun to blow and as he was walking along looking across the line of embankment he saw the tops of these bamboo trees waving backward and forward in the wind. He started on a run for the quarters where the men were asleep, calling out loudly—"Here they are! Here they come!" The men tumbled out of their bunks, taking mosquito nets, some buckling on belts over their

underwear and many going out in comic attire. On examination there were no Filipinos to be found, and the sentry continued on his post, feeling very much ashamed. The boys retired, once more rearranged their bunks and nets and were soon asleep. The railroad had been repaired by hundreds of Chinese coolies as far as Angelus, there being thousands of these orientals in the islands. A great movement was now being planned to capture Aguinaldo and his army. General McArthur was to hold the line of railway with a large division, General Lawton was to take the right flank around Mt. Aryat, and General Wheaton with his expedition on water was to proceed to the Gulf of Lingayen, and land at Dagupan. In this way the Filipinos would be surrounded on three sides, forcing them to the west coast into the mountains, where they would be compelled to surrender.

Large numbers of volunteers were now arriving from the states. These new regiments numbering from the 26th to the 49th, the 36th being organized from ex-volunteer soldiers, who were discharged in the Philippines. This was commanded by Colonel Bell, an energetic and dashing officer, who had formerly served as lieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry. General Wheeler now arrived from the United States to take command of a brigade in General McArthur's division. About eight or ten miles from Angelus lie the mountains. At the foot of these was Porac, a boasted stronghold of the Filipinos. A detachment from my company was ordered to join General Wheeler's headquarters at Sanareta, where his brigade was to advance against Porac. This brigade consisted of the 9th infantry, 36th infantry, one battery of artillery, and our detachment of engineers. General McArthur accompanied this column. Our detachment was fitted out with cooking utensils, as our company would now be split up in detach-

ments from this on. A few days before this three of us had been on guard in the general's headquarters.

This was a fine building owned by a wealthy Filipino planter, who now had a temporary residence in Manila. The ground floor of this building was covered with tile, and in the center was a fine billiard table. As we passed back and forth by this table the floor would sound hollow, and as we stamped upon it wondered the cause of it. A day or so later the Filipino owner arrived. After getting permission he removed the billiard table, lifted up a few tile and took up a box which contained \$40,000 in jewelry and gold. When the boys heard of this we could see them digging everywhere, around buildings, and old sugar store houses, but no doubt what they found could be easily taken care of. One evening as we were marching to Sanareta we found empty houses, these offering us a shelter. We soon had our bunks in readiness and in a short time all were fast asleep. Many shots were fired into this town this night, but no one heeded them. The next morning found us on our way to Porac before day-break.

After a few hours' marching we came to sugar cane, and rice fields. Firing could be heard to the right, the direction in which Colonel Bell had advanced. The 9th Infantry now advanced in double time; coming to a large broad field, they threw out a skirmish line on either side of the road. But we remained with the artillery keeping the road and advancing down it, firing shrapnel and often advancing three or four hundred yards at a time. An hour later Porac was captured and about one hundred prisoners taken by the cavalry, which had large American horses that covered the ground rapidly. Our brigade remained here all night, the next morning marching to Angelus, where General McArthur's headquarters was then established.



WATER BUFFALOS AND NATIVE.



This was a large town on a high sandy point, there being very few natives living here. For as soon as they would come in, Colonel "Jaky Smith" put them to work, he having been commander here for over a month. The native men had been set to work cutting down weeds and brush, thus making the town as clean as if it had been swept with a broom. Here our detachment was to build a railroad bridge which had been destroyed. The Filipinos were stationed on one side of the river and the Americans on the other. The Americans did not care to make an advance now, as they were waiting for General Lawton's column to advance along the right flank. So we had to continue building our bridge under the Filipinos' fire. To protect us there were two pieces of artillery placed along side of us, and a watch placed in the church tower, with a powerful glass. A telephone was strung from this to the artillerymen, and when a band of Filipinos would come near us the watchman would telephone the direction from which they were approaching, then they would drop shrapnel near the Filipinos scattering and keeping them back.

Infantry regiments were having target practice, placing targets out in every direction from the town. They kept firing away day after day while awaiting completion of Lawton's flank movement. Our bridge was now finished, and on the night of October 17th the insurrectos made an attack on the town. This lasted from one o'clock in the morning until after daylight, the insurrectos getting no closer than six or seven hundred yards. Tarlac the Philippine capital was about 35 miles north of Angelus along the railroad. Spanish prisoners coming in to our lines informed us that Banban on the edge of the mountains was very strongly fortified. Here the hardest fighting would take place. We knew that there were strong forces of Filipinos in front of the

river, and of course it would be quite a task to drive them back. One morning all the troops were ready for the forward move. Scouts sneaking down and crawling across the river made their way along on their hands and knees to gain the large Filipino intrenchments. Not a shot was fired, which led us to believe that some of their scouts had been in the town and had got news of our movements and had all retreated. The army continued on, passing through Mabalacet. There were no signs of Filipinos, but the railroad was torn up and the Macabebe scouts passed on to locate the enemy on the banks of the Banban river. Here our detachment joined the 17th infantry under Colonel "Jaky Smith." We were to be placed on the right flank, make our way in rear of Banban and try to cut off their retreat, at a small town by the name of Capas. We had a running fight all day, several of our men being killed and wounded. We advanced onward and crossed Banban river and arrived in Capas that night about dark.

The train had passed through there about one hour before we reached that place. Here we captured hundreds of Filipinos; on the retreat from Banban, our detachment captured a large band of them, securing forty or fifty guns. Among these we recognized a native barber, who had shaved us in San Fernando. We had to build a bridge here to get the wagon train across, taking us all day. The main column was now following the retreating Filipinos as fast as possible, capturing Tarlac their capital without firing a shot. This broke up the army on the north line. Aguinaldo, slipping by Lawton's column with a small body guard, was chased into the mountains by several troops of the 4th Cavalry, they capturing the Filipino capitol, which was traveling over land on a caribou cart. With this were quite a number of the cabinet officers and many Filipino generals.

The railroad was now under American control. We were soon busy repairing bridges which had been destroyed. Natives and Chinese coolies were employed to lay track and fill in washouts. Our detachment then returned to Banban, built a large trestle work and repaired the largest bridge on the system, which had been partly wrecked and destroyed. Here we worked for about one month, and in December were able to run trains from Manila to Dagupan. Trouble was now arising south of Manila, and on the 20th of December we were ordered back into Manila to take part in several expeditions over the south line.

As we were returning along the railway, natives were harvesting their rice, which resembled oats somewhat, when ripening. This grain is harvested by cutting off the heads with knives, no machinery of any description being used. Thousands of natives could be seen on either side of the railway, gathering this golden harvest. About one foot of straw is allowed to remain to the grain; it is then flailed out, the hull resembling barley, still remaining on the grain. They then have large tree trunks sawed up into about four feet lengths, hollowed out on the top in the shape of a basin. The rice is then placed in here and pounded out with a heavy sledge. This is made of heavy wood, large at both ends and cut down in the center.

We were soon in Manila taking up our quarters at Malate. Here clothing was issued. The remainder of our company having arrived with Lawton's column, we now were getting ready to go with General Schwan's expedition on the south line. Here the insurgents were busy and there were thousands of Spanish prisoners who must be released. One evening news of General Lawton's death was announced, he having been shot dead while commanding his troops near San Mateo, about forty miles

northeast of Manila. Several new regiments of volunteers being under his command, he became very anxious and was commanding the attack in person, wearing a white helmet and white duck suit, which made him very conspicuous. He was picked off by a Filipino sharpshooter. This was a great shock to our boys, as he was one of the favorite generals in the American army. His body was brought to Manila and placed in a metallic coffin, to be returned to the United States for burial.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMPAIGNING ON THE SOUTH LINE WITH GENERAL
SCHWAN—THE WONDERFUL VOLCANO AT LAGASPI—
WITH GENERAL BATES' EXPEDITION TO THE
PROVINCE OF CAMARINES IN THE SOUTH-
ERN PORTION OF LUZON.



MANILA is known throughout the world for its wonderful rope. As you pass along the river front you can see thousands of bales of hemp being unloaded from small vessels and hauled away on carts.

A small canal runs from the river, north through the Bonondo district; here small vessels and cascoes are run in where there are large rope manufacturing establishments. There the natives make this rope.

Large quantities of tobacco come into the city thus furnishing employment for thousands of men in the large cigar factories. Many of these factories employ as high as 2000 cigar rollers, consisting of men, women and children. The cigars are packed in boxes and shipped to all parts of the world.

Manila contains the largest prison in the Philippine Islands. This prison is called Bilivid and is far out in the suburbs of the city; there, thousands of prisoners were in custody many of them murderers and some of them, leaders of the insurrection, were placed there for safe keeping. These were transported later on to the Ladrone Islands. There they were held until they were willing to take oath of allegiance to the United States. The great Mabina, called the brains of the Filipino republic was held prisoner there. He was a paralytic and was unable to walk without crutches. This man was given the

honor of planning the insurrection against the Americans—plans which would eventually have made Aguinaldo emperor of the Philippines, had his schemes been carried out.

It was now the first of January and our great expedition had been fitted out for campaigning on the south line. Our detachment started on this day, marched out of Manila, keeping to the south side of the Pasig river, and arriving at San Peter Macarti. Here this great column was being mobilized, six or seven regiments of infantry, fourteen troops of cavalry, several batteries of artillery, and one mountain battery. These mountain batteries are arranged so as to take apart, place on mules' backs, where they can be transported over mountains and hills, thus surprising the enemy.

We advanced onward and soon left the main road and started across in the direction of Laguna de Bay. It was our duty to cut roads through and build bridges as they wanted to take a new route and surprise the enemy. Our first night's camp was on the edge of a swamp or lake. This was one of the most miserable nights any of us had ever passed in the Philippines. It was impossible for any one to get a minute's sleep, some one remarking that the mosquitoes carried augers and bored holes instead of biting. They swarmed around us in millions on the banks of this swamp, and all we could do was to take the punishment, which they inflicted upon us. The next morning we made our way over hills and high ground along the shore of the lake. Behind us our column was strewn along as far as we could see. The next evening we came along the lake shore camping at night in a fishermen's village. The enemy was located about three miles farther on, along the lake shore.

After daylight we heard the firing of guns and booming of cannons, and about noon we passed into

Binyan, going over a beautiful level country, where there were thousands of acres of rice. The city had been taken by surprise and everything had been left behind, the natives leaving on short notice. This city was built on the lake shore, it being a place of about 50,000 inhabitants. The insurrectos had retreated across the mountains in the direction of Ceylon. We remained in this city this night. Many of the boys secured fine straw hats. These were made from swamp grass, which is secured near this place, the hats being very valuable. They are also expensive, many of them costing five and six dollars.

We had fresh pork here, having come across several large porkers which had been fattened on rice. Many of the boys here had found Beno distilleries. This is a drink distilled from rice and resembles whisky, except it contains more alcohol, is flavored with anise, and it certainly must be of great strength as it wonderfully affected our fellows, some declaring they could whip the whole Philippine army themselves. The next day found us following the Filipinos, passing through a village at the foot of a mountain. Here we saw stocks for the first time. These were made of two pieces of wood. A place was chiseled out for the neck and for each arm, and a bench placed in rear. The neck and arms being placed in the top piece extending over and being locked. This mode of imprisonment was still in practice here.

It now became a race with us and the Filipinos; for we had overtaken the rear of their retreating army and had captured prisoners and guns—secur-ing quite a number of pieces of artillery and hundreds of Spanish prisoners. They were very joyous, as this meant their freedom and they would soon again be in their Spanish homes. As they passed us they would pat us on the back, remarking, "You are all right." We were now high upon a

plain, and towards evening we halted and sought a place for rest in a small, scattered village.

Here were large quantities of nuts resembling hickory nuts; of course everyone was soon busy helping themselves. A German corporal of our company filled his haversack with these nuts. They are very delicious, but contain a large amount of oil. It was not very long until everyone became sick, quite a number sitting along the roadside, pale and miserable, looking as if they had been deserted by all friends. Fritz Otto, our corporal sat there, rolling his eyes and groaning. We asked him what the trouble was and he replied, "dem nuts, dem nuts." An entire regiment had eaten of these nuts and could not proceed any farther, being compelled to remain here in camp for the night, many of them vowing they would never eat another nut.

The next morning we started on, passing through two deep canons, and arrived in Ceylon about dark, the cavalry having preceded us, thus driving the Filipinos ahead of them. We remained here for two of three days, unable to get our wagon trains across these canons with supplies. It was necessary to draw them up the mountain sides with ropes, often taking a hundred men to accomplish it. Through these mountains were large droves of monkeys. Often we could see them hanging with their tails twisted around limbs, chattering, jabbering and making faces. It was impossible to catch them, as they would scamper away, wild and excited. Oftentimes we would secure pets at native houses, these being deserted by the owners, who had left everything behind.

In this country were hundreds of cocoanut trees. Here we seldom drank water, as the boys would chop down these trees and secure the green cocoanuts, cut the tops off with a sharp knife and drink the contents. The milk of these nuts is very delic-



A GROUP OF ARMY CORPORALS.

ious, some of them containing over a gallon. This is really the pure cocoanut milk, as it is in the husk before the cocoanut is formed. After the cocoanut is formed with the hard shell, the milk all forms into meat, leaving the water the milk contains inside the ripened cocoanut. Many people are of the opinion that the cocoanut after being shipped has been tapped and the milk removed, but this is not true, as the three round holes which appear on the ripened shell is where the stem fastens which holds them to the tree. It did not take us long to learn the way in which to obtain this cocoanut milk, as it must be secured from the husk before the nut is formed.

Our column now was proceeding to the southwest, leaving a garrison of soldiers in each town or village. We were marching to Lake Taal, as there was a hotbed of insurgents in that vicinity. In the center of this lake was a small volcano. We were now marching over a tableland where there were acres and acres of tobacco under cultivation; acres of corn, which was now about knee high, and large quantities of sweet potatoes.

As our column moved across this stretch of land, white flags were displayed from every house and village, thus signifying that these inhabitants were not hostile to the Americans. As we passed them, they were very friendly, bidding us the time of day in Spanish, which most of us understood. Upon being asked if there were any insurgents through this district, they would shrug their shoulders, remarking, "Insurrecto much a marlowe," which meant, insurgents are bad.

Along in the afternoon our column arrived on the edge of a high, rocky bluff. On stepping to the edge of the high point of land you could observe one of the most beautiful landscapes eye had ever beheld. Directly in front of us and far down below is Lake Taal; every point of it can be seen from this place.

In the center of this lake is a small rock from which oozes a thick stream of smoke, gas and steam, rolling upward in the air. Between us and this volcano and on the shore of the lake, is the village of Tallasie. Formerly this had been a city, but had been destroyed by an eruption of a volcano. It is now built up with native houses. The ruins of the old city are still visible. We advanced down this steep mountain side and were soon camping on the shore of the lake. There were a few natives remaining in the village, but the greater part of them had fled with the retreating insurgents. We remained here for the night, and in the morning were on our way to Lipa, the capital of the province of Batangas. This city is second in size on the island of Luzon, Manila leading in population. This province is considered one of the richest in the Islands. We now passed through rice and cane fields, the cane fields having sugar houses on the edges. These sheds contain large earthen jars, holding about fifty gallons of molasses. The juice ground from the cane is boiled into syrup, placed in these earthen jars and shipped to Manila, where it is refined into sugar.

About noon we were halted in a large orange grove. This was the orange season and the trees were covered with golden, ripened fruit; everyone helped himself, and the fruit was certainly delicious. Many of the trees were of the navel variety, therefore the fruit was seedless. As you remove the thin rind, the quarters all fall apart.

We arrived in Santa Tomas in the evening. This town is situated in the central portion of a large orange district. Oranges were now our principal diet. Our wagon trains joined us here from the direction of Colombo, which is on the shore of Laguna de Bay, in the direction of Manila. Spanish prisoners now arrived in our lines and were sent to Manila. The road was a fine macadamized highway,

and it was easy to pass over this. Along the way were fine fields of tobacco, now under cultivation. The leaves of this plant were large and broad. Along this highway the country was thickly populated, but the houses were all deserted and our wagon was soon covered with monkeys and chickens. The chickens were of the game variety, but this does not affect the soldier when he has been without fresh meat for several weeks. The monkeys jumped up and down and were very friendly. When you get near them they will jump on your shoulders, throw off your hat, clutch you by the hair and begin to look for lice. They really are not looking for lice, but dead hairs. The ends of these hairs contain a small oil cup of which the monkeys are very fond. On finding one of these they jabber and chatter and continue their search. One thing is very peculiar about these animals. After an American has been about them for a few days they seem to detest their former owners, the Filipinos, and if one approaches close enough they will not have anything to do with them, but attack them, biting them and squealing with all their might.

We were now approaching Lipa, which is on a high tableland. This indeed is a beautiful city, but was now nearly deserted by the native population. Here are large convents and churches. Many of the Spanish friars, priests and sisters have remained in these convents. Our detachment went into camp here for the night, occupying fine residences. This was the home of the great Filipino general Malver, he being in command of the Filipino army south of Manila. The walls of his home were covered with beautiful paintings and mirrors. This home contained a beautiful piano, which was at our disposal. After supper, one of our boys, who was a musician, furnished us with music, and we had a stag dance over finely polished mahogany floors. Nothing here

was molested in any way, and in the morning, before taking our departure, the floors were swept and everything was left in good order, and in charge of an American sentry, a member of the garrison, who was to remain there.

The Filipinos thus far had shown poor fighting ability, but as for running, they could not be equalled. Their main army had retreated into the mountains to our left, and held a strong position at Majajay, about fifty miles distant; but our column proceeded in the direction of Batangas, which is on the Bay of Batangas. Here transports were awaiting us, and we were to be given a fresh supply of rations, clothing and ammunition. As we advanced over this road the cavalry attacked small bands of insurgents, driving them into the mountains and capturing many.

This day we made our record march, covering a distance of thirty-five miles, from Lipa to Batangas. Some of our boys captured a nice young beef along the way, and we slaughtered this, taking the meat with us. Arriving in Batangas in the afternoon, we secured a large residence for quarters. There we were to remain until supplies were furnished. The next day we went out to the bay. The natives who had all deserted the city were now returning, bringing with them their worldly possessions. As they approached our guards they waved large white flags, placed on the ends of sticks. They were permitted to take up their dwelling places again, following their former vocation. These cities all have a large population of Chinese, some of the wealthiest merchants being Chinamen. Many are married to Filipino women.

As we gained the shore of the bay, we saw a long pier extending out into the water. Several boats were tied up here and unloading large quantities of supplies. Near by was a small gunboat which

guarded it. Too many boxes were placed on the old dock at once and it broke through, many boxes tumbling into the water. They called on the engineer detachment, and they were soon busy repairing the break. The whole column was fitted out and were soon under way again, going in the direction of Majayjay. The roads were rough and it was very difficult to get our wagon trains over many places. Our column was now advancing over hills and mountains. White flags were again prominent and we were forced to build a bridge across a swift mountain stream. There was not enough room for all the detachment to work, so while one part rested the other part worked.

We were now in that part of the village where the natives were very friendly. A member of our company, a Jew, whose name was Gynsburg, poked around some of the houses, and on removing a plug from the end of a bamboo, he discovered that on the inside of the hollow was a sword. This interested us and all were soon searching in every direction. The men of the village now disappeared, their wives and children remaining. After an hour's searching we discovered four or five guns and fifty or sixty bolos. This was a Filipino bolo company, and our column advancing so rapidly, they had secreted their outfits, placed out their white flags and remained at home. These bolos were about three feet long, with a handle; the back of the blade is made of heavy steel, the edge as sharp as a razor. They have often attacked American outposts with these, on dark nights, creeping up very cautiously and making a rush on them soon had them overpowered before they were able to defend themselves. The bolo men had now disappeared; our bridge was finished, and soon our column was making its way over the rough mountain country.

In the afternoon we passed a large town which the

natives had fired, burning it to the ground. We went into camp in the next village, it being deserted. The next day, marching to San Pablo, the infantry passed us, as we were not able to keep up with the wagon trains, the roads being so rough. Night overtook us in a thickly wooded country, about four or five miles from San Pablo. The infantry guard was now a mile in the rear as it was impossible for them to keep up. We bunched our wagons together, placing outposts in every direction. The guards had been ordered to keep a sharp watch, as an attack was expected any time in this place. On this main road there were two Jews and one American placed on watch. We were awakened along in the night by the Jews challenging some one, one of them saying, "Halt! who is dare?" The other one saying, "Halt! who stopped?" the American challenging between. These challenges remained unanswered and the post opened fire, using their magazine fire, eighteen shots being fired in less time than it takes to tell it. Our detachment all hustled out with rifles and belts ready for the attack, but no fire was returned and we were soon back asleep again. The moon now arose and the outposts could hear a racket out in front, and upon investigating they discovered a Filipino pony which had two large packs of rice on its back. It was probably one of the pack trains which was carrying supplies to the Filipino army, and on being fired upon this one had become frightened and turned upside down, the bags of rice holding him on his back. This caused him to kick the air with his feet, creating all this disturbance. The animal was released. In the morning, after passing through groves of cocoanut trees, we arrived in San Pablo, where great excitement prevailed. A large detachment of men who had been sick in the hospitals in Manila were returning to join their regiments, which were stationed here. They had been ambushed by a strong

force of Filipinos; some were killed, some wounded, others captured. The enemy was located on the top of a mountain, which was well fortified. This was about five miles east of San Pablo, on the main road from San Pablo to Santa Cruz, which is at the end of Laguna.

About 10 o'clock our advance guards were fighting their way up through underbrush on the mountain side. The battle lasted until evening. This was called Santiago hill and the Filipinos had put up a hard fight, but we had flanked them, forcing them to retreat. Our loss was heavy. Here our column went into camp on top of this hill or mountain, where our outposts were attacked through the night. The next morning the Filipinos retreated in the direction of Majayjay and Santa Cruz, the column following as rapidly as possible.

Everyone was now out of rations and began skirmishing for pigs, chickens and rice, when near Majayjay, the main column going to that place, and the wagon trains, artillery and one battalion of infantry and a troop of cavalry going to Santa Cruz. Our wagon trains were attacked several times in the afternoon. Night overtook us near a hill where the Filipinos had expected an attack from the direction of Santa Cruz, but our column coming in from the rear, they had deserted it, going in the direction of Majayjay.

This hill was well intrenched; at the foot was an intersection of roads, one leading to Majayjay, one to Santa Cruz and one toward San Pablo. There were large bands of Filipinos scattered in every direction, all making for Majayjay, their main stronghold. Our outposts were attacked again this night and an exchange of shots continued throughout the night. Early in the morning a messenger arrived from General Schwan, ordering every man to Majayjay. The fourteen troops of cavalry, which

had been operating near Tyabas, southwest of Mayjayjay, began to press in around this boasted stronghold, where the day before Filipinos had been walking up and around their intrenchments daring the American soldiers to attack them. This day they retreated without firing a shot, our troops not having time enough to make the complete movement before they had escaped. Upon examining this stronghold, General Schwan declared it was the strongest position he had ever seen, and ordered a complete map made of it and had it sent to the war department.

General Malver had retreated to the east with his Filipino army. We began the march again and passed back to Magdalena, taking Santa Cruz without firing a gun. Here the cavalry and pack trains came in and rations and clothing were distributed. After being here two days a flag of truce was seen approaching along the main road, and in came three or four Filipino officers with their guards, approaching General Schwan's headquarters. The presented him a note, which informed him that if he did not surrender his complete army at once, the city would be attacked, and he, Malver, did not wish to have the responsibility of shedding blood on his shoulders. General Schwan informed his officers that he would welcome an attack at any time.

The following day, the Fourth of July, General Malver marched his entire army, numbering 10,000 men, into the city, each one taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and making a complete surrender.

Here an order reached our captain and our detachment returned to Manila. Our captain had been promoted to chief engineer of the Philippine Islands and he now held the rank of colonel.

We placed our equipment aboard cascoes, and our monkey detachment was also brought aboard. We



UNLOADING HEMP FOR MANILA, NAICE, CAVITE PROVINCE, P. I.

now had almost as many monkeys as men, eight or ten fine ponies and several game cocks. We were certainly a laughable sight as we marched through the country, our lieutenant remarking, "we had better quit soldiering when we reach Manila and travel as a circus company." We were all day in crossing the lake, being towed across by a tug; the distance was about one hundred miles. No cooking could be done aboard the cascoes and we were compelled to eat anything we laid hands on. Among our rations was a large can of dried apples. One of the boys cut the top out, and we were soon helping ourselves, eating dried apples and drinking water. In a short time the apples began to swell and we were thinking we had more than we bargained for. Some of the boys said they had to jump around to keep from exploding. Our cascoes arrived in Manila that night about twelve o'clock, and we marched to Malate, again joining our company headquarters, which were stationed permanently at this place. We were now issued new clothing and were ordered to proceed with General Bates' column to the extreme southern portion of Luzon.

It was necessary for this expedition to travel by water, as the southern part of Tayabas is crossed by a mountain range, extending from coast to coast. South of this range are three large provinces, viz., Albi, South Camarine and North Camarine. In these provinces the largest portion of hemp is grown, therefore making this part of Luzon a desirable tract to be under American control.

Our detachment was placed on board the chartered boat Athenian. Near this boat were several men of war and several other vessels. We made our way across Manila bay, passing Corregidor, and headed for the south. After two days sail, passing between islands of every description and always in sight of land, the sailors one moonlight night pointed out to

us the Southern Cross. This is composed of five bright stars and is as perfect as though marked out by a line. It can not be seen north of latitude 4 degrees, but can be observed throughout southern latitude. We ran into the cove of Albay, which is on the west coast of the islands, and there landed a garrison. The next morning found us in the bay of Lagaspi. As we came on deck we beheld rising up before us on the edge of the water, the volcano Mayou, which is nearly 10,000 feet high. This volcano is very perfectly shaped, the cone culminating in a point, from which issues a large column of smoke; streams of lava wend their way downward. To the left is the city of Lagaspi, and there a regiment was landed. The gunboats shelled the shore, driving the Filipinos back.

Our boats continued on their way, passing out of Lagaspi bay, going around the southern portion of Luzon, and passing up its eastern coast to San Miguel Bay; there preparations were made for our landing. The water is shallow and boats can only come within several miles of the shore; therefore, it was necessary for us to make our landing by being rowed in life boats to the shore. We were soon driving the Filipinos back to Nueva Caceres, the capital of the province. Here they resisted very stubbornly, but were forced back.

Small gunboats and several transports proceeded to the mouth of the Vicol river, which is navigable for a distance of fifty miles, to the capital. As the gunboats passed along this river, shelling the shore, the natives began to retreat, the army following them out. Two days later we were in the capital of the province of South Camarines. Directly across the island the volcano appears, being forty miles in the distance.

Rations were brought up by boat and the general's headquarters established at this place. Directly

across the island from San Miguel bay to the west, where lies Pasacow bay, the island was only fifteen miles wide from one shore to the other. A garrison was now placed at Pasacow, on the bay, and our detachment ordered to repair the road and make a ferry across the river, so rations could be carried from Nueva Caseres to Pasacow. This was a very difficult task, as there were many streams to be bridged and we had very little material to work with. After two weeks of tedious work, skirmishing after lumber, we covered the distance of fifteen miles, building forty-five bridges.

Pasacow is a very interesting place, as it is located in the mountains and on the shore of a beautiful bay. Here large droves of bats can be seen flying hither and thither. They are very large, being as large as the crow or hawk. At dusk as they flew about flapping their wings, creating an awful noise, the soldiers imagined the Filipinos had attacked them in flying machines. These mountain sides were covered with fine mahogany trees. They were of a great height and free from limbs, except in the tops, the trunks being straight. Beautiful boards are sawed from these trees. The water here in the mountains was very pure, there being many springs. Here some of us saw for the first time the largest birds in the world, the condor. This magnificent species of birds, as they sit on these mahogany trees, with their red, white and gray spotted heads, gray bodies and white wings, make a beautiful picture. Oftentimes we have tried our marksmanship on them, but never were cunning enough to secure one. They would fly off, screaming, and cause one to gaze after them in astonishment. Here in deep ravines we often saw a large animal resembling an alligator, except they have longer legs and a pointed nose. Their skin is dark, smooth and slimy, resembling a snake. Some of the largest are perhaps eight or

ten feet in length. They are of a sneaking nature and as their small eyes glisten in the distance, they give one the creeps. They are known here as the lagarto.

There are lizards of many descriptions, one specie being transparent and the color of the object upon which they perch. Here also grows the sensitive plant, which, on being touched, the leaves close up and wilt, reviving again after darkness.

After passing two days in this mountainous country, we returned again to Nueva Caceres. One Sunday great excitement prevailed here. The sentry while on outpost, which is in the suburbs of the town, had a deck of cards, playing solitaire; his comrades were upstairs, asleep, it being his turn for duty. A native approached him with a large basket and asked him if he wished to buy some eggs. "No," replied the sentry, and continued playing the game. The native stepped back, drew a bolo from under his clothes, slashed him across the back of the neck, severing the head from the body, and then ran away. The remainder of the guard hearing the noise, ran out, but were too late to see the retreating insurrecto. The alarm was given, scouting parties sent out, who secured several natives who had climbed trees to be out of the way, but were never certain if they had got the proper one.

The volcano, Mayou, now had begun to show signs of unrest, the atmosphere became full of soot, and it was now impossible to see the sun. The natives informed us that it had been thirty years since the last eruption. It had then destroyed several villages and towns. This haziness continued for one week or more. The atmosphere then became clear again, but the smoke continued to roll out in greater streams than before. About a week later, late in the night, we were all awakened by a tremendous earthquake, there being separate shocks, one lasting about two

minutes. Nearly everyone ran down stairs, all thinking the house would turn upside down. This was probaby caused by the filling in of the cavity caused by the soot and ashes, which came out of the volcano.

Our detachment was now ordered to Iriga, which is twenty-five miles distant, at the foot of Mt. Iriga. Here we were to repair roads and build several bridges so our wagon trains could carry rations to this place. Approaching Palestine, which is about six miles from Iriga, is a leper hospital. What pitiful beings they were, as they came to the gateway which was the entrance to their grounds, to watch us pass by with our mules and wagons. About three miles further on we were attacked by a small band of insurrectos, but we soon had them dispersed and passed on to the village of Peli and remained there several days, repairing bridges and roads. Here we captured quite a number of insurrectos and put them to work on the roads. This is in the hemp district. These plants or trees are called paco, resembling somewhat a banana tree, being about ten or twelve feet in height, with large leaves extending from the tops. The body is soft and juicy, being about one foot thick. They are cut down with bolos in three and four foot lengths, and then split in quarters. These are full of fine fibers. There is a wooden bench made with wooden teeth extending up and down, the ends being placed between these teeth and drawn through, thus separating the fibers from the meat or juicy pulp. These fibers are then hung up and dried, placed in bales and shipped to Manila, where they are made into rope. The finest and whitest of these fibers are woven into cloth and make a beautiful, thin goods called pina. The natives make shirts from this, which serve as coat and vest also.

Near here is a large, pointed mountain, called Isarog. This perhaps, one day was a volcano. It

is now covered with vegetation and trees. This is a stronghold for the insurrectos and they cause a great deal of trouble, coming out and terrorizing the peaceful natives, robbing them and then returning to their hiding place in the mountains. We now came to a swift mountain stream, the bridge across which was old, had fallen in and it was necessary to ford this stream. It would have taken one year to bridge it, even if we had had the proper material to build it with. Near here are low rolling hills, the road running along the foot of them. This is fine grazing ground, and thousands of large cattle can be seen here. We secured fresh beef, as the owner informed us we might help ourselves whenever we wished to. We passed through large cocoanut groves and here natives were busy baling hemp, cutting and separating it. We soon arrived at Irigo. The natives had set fire to this town, burning it nearly to the ground, but had returned again and were building it up. This is a health resort and there are many mineral springs boiling up at the foot of the mountain, the water being pure and clear. At the foot of these mountains are several perfume factories. Here a small flower grows on long, thin vines. The scent of these is so strong that one approaching may detect the odor hundreds of yards away. This is called Lyanglyang. From this, perfume is made and shipped into Manila and other large cities.

Passing on to the left, we traveled ten or twelve miles, passing through a district where there are large mounds, some of them attaining quite a height. They are about one mile apart and continue in the direction of the volcano as far as the eye can see. Returning in the direction of Irigo, we took up our quarters for the night in a Filipino barracks, constructed from bamboo. We were awakened at midnight by a number of shots. Holding a number of Filipino prisoners, we thought they were attacking

us to recapture them. In the morning we were informed that a wealthy Filipino, living near, had disposed of his hemp crop and a band of Ladrones upon learning this, had attacked him, robbing him of his money and then killing him and his family. Authorities had been notified in Irago and were now searching for the robbers, who had made their way to the mountains and there was little hope of capturing them.

We now returned to the capital of the province. The insurgents here had grown very bold, as there were not sufficient troops to garrison small villages and the insurrectos would come out, rob the inhabitants and cause them to flee to larger cities, where there were American troops. Upon arriving in this town we found very few troops here, as the majority were out chasing bands of insurrectos. Guns had been issued to the military band of the Forty-fifth Infantry and they were doing guard duty. As soon as we arrived we were placed on guard duty, relieving them. About six miles up the Vicol river, above the city in the bend of the river, the insurgents had intrenched themselves and allowed no one to pass up or down unless they paid toll. Large quantities of hemp came down this river to the town; they would hold up these cascoes and if the owner did not pay a certain amount on each bale, they would dump the lot into the river and send the owner to return home. A detachment of the Forty-fifth Infantry was sent to drive them out, and instead of accomplishing this, the insurgents drove them back into town. Our commanding general sent our detachment, which consisted of forty-five men, fifteen mounted men, and two mountain guns. On Sunday morning we received orders to proceed. Crossing the river on the ferry which we had built, passing up the right bank, we were soon nearing the bend of the river, where the insurgents were intrenched. On

the way we passed through a large deserted town, from which the natives had fled to the capital so as to be under American protection. A comrade and I were in the advance on the point and when we came to the bend of the river the insurrectos fired a volley from the opposite side. Their aim was poor and the shots whizzed far above our heads. Our lieutenant came riding up and inquired what we had been shooting at, when about that time another volley came by and he dismounted, getting behind a rice paddie, and asked no more questions.

Our detachment of artillery was now brought up and a fight ensued across the river. Our cavalry detachment, passing in the rear, slipped across the river above and attacked their left flank. The Filipinos were now approaching across a large rice field; these were their re-enforcements, and after several hours of firing, they were driven out, retreating toward the mountains. The cavalry, on crossing the river, had left their horses on our side and now a band had attacked them, and our detachment had to double time across to where they were tied. After separating, the detachment executed a flank movement, one part charging across a long field, the other attacking on the right flank and driving them back and dispersing them. An order had been given that to any village from which the Filipinos were firing the torch should be applied. This was done, and soon there was a line of smoke pouring up in every direction and the president or mayor of Nueva Caceres, who had accompanied us, also several native police, were now in high glee, and as we returned they executed all sorts of side-steps, dancing along in front of us like a band of braves on the war-path. It was after dark when we arrived in town, and there an order was awaiting us to proceed to Pasacow at once. A detachment in the company at that station was going to the capital for rations,



A GROUP OF SOLDIERS WITH AN ARMY MULE.



and while crossing a long bridge which had been constructed by us, a large force of Filipinos had taken a position on a steep hill to the left and fired from ambush, wounding several and killing one. Being unable to drive them out, and the telegraph line being cut, they were unable to send messages, therefore they sent a force in a roundabout way, who had brought us the news. Furnishing ourselves with rations and ammunition, we hurried off through the dark, as our detachment was familiar with every part of this road, having worked over it a month or so previous. At daylight we divided into squads and approached from side paths from every direction, and cautiously crept up on their position. As we gained the top of the hill there was nothing to be seen but the remnant of their camp. "The bird had flown." These hills and mountains were hotbeds for the insurgents and they could slip out and ambush a small squad of soldiers, return and hide in the mountain caves and canons, where it was nearly impossible to find them. There were not sufficient troops here to handle the situation and a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry had been ordered here. All plans being carried out to try and capture these hostile bands, we returned to the capital. There were scarcely any troops there at all, as most of them were out chasing bands of insurgents. Here we went into quarters again, cleaning up, and awaiting another call to go out and chase bands of insurrectos.

CHAPTER VIII.

BACK TO MANILA—SAILING FOR CHINA—THE BATTLE OF
TIENTSIN.



NATIVE police had been organized in the towns surrounding the capital and presidents or mayors appointed. The police were armed with Remington rifles so as to be able to protect themselves against insurrectos. At Calibanga, there were a large number of native police. The city government had four thousand pesos in the city treasury. A large band of insurrectos had learned of this by two spies who were around in the village. They had attacked the town at night, drove the natives all out and robbed the treasury of the money.

The chief of police held his ground, but the odds were against him, and they secured the money and fled, he firing on them with his Winchester rifle as they withdrew. An order soon reached our detachment, and we were on their trail, capturing eight or ten of them. One of the lieutenants of the band was among the captives. These we turned over to the civil police. We took up our quarters in the edge of the village and consulted with the chief of police. We then began a rigid search for the money. He declared that they had not been able to carry it off with them, and that it surely was hidden there. He suspected a native woman, who was the wife of the captain of the band. They had a fine residence here, she staying at home while he was out with his band of thieves. A number of us, in company with the chief approached their home and surrounded it. The chief then searched every part of the premises, but did not discover the money. The woman pleaded

ignorance in regard to the matter. We kept close guard through the night, but found no clue whatever. The next day the chief appeared again at their home and informed the woman if she did not reveal the hiding place she would have to go to prison. This did not appear to frighten her and placing her under arrest, we took her a short distance from the house. Then the chief secured a large bunch of dry grass and after lighting it started in the direction of her home, saying to her, "You know where that money is secreted, and if you don't tell me this minute, I will burn your house to the ground." She began to scream, "I'll tell you! I know where it is!" and after going about five hundred yards in the rear of the house to a cocoanut tree, she removed a large amount of brush and grass. Then digging in the ground for a few moments the money was produced with a number of papers which gave the names of the members of the insurrecto's company. She was now told to tell her husband that if he did not come in and surrender, there would soon be a large number of troops there to scour the whole mountain until they found him. We returned the money to the police headquarters and after counting it, discovered several thousand pesos more than the amount stolen. This money was turned over to the general's headquarters, where it was used in remodeling bridges and roads, hiring natives to do this work.

The prisoners whom we had turned over to the police were in a pitiful condition. They had used bolos, cutting the leaders above the heel on the left foot. We shamed them and told them this was a cruel practice, to cripple men in this way. They told us this had been a Spanish custom and they thought it would be all right, as these were three of the most desperate characters they had in their community.

A cavalry regiment had now arrived and we received orders to return to the capital; from there to Manila. Arriving in Nueva Caceres, we found a small boat awaiting us. This was to take us out into the bay to the transport, *Lenox*, which was to convey us to Manila. Having been in this portion of the island over three months, most of us had many acquaintances among the natives. They were very sorry to see us leave and shook hands, bidding us good-bye and asking if we were returning to the United States and what kind of a country it was. As our boat pulled away from the dock, we gave them three cheers, and waving them adieu, passed out of sight. A few hours later our small craft brought us alongside the *Lenox* and we were soon aboard. The anchor was lifted and our boat passed out of San Miguel bay for the island of Masbate.

This boat was used for the transportation of horses and mules to the Philippine Islands. It could accommodate about eight hundred animals on one voyage. In the hulk were thousands of bales of hay and we had to stop at the island of Masbate and Marinduque to deliver hay for animals at these places. When we arrived at the principal port a regiment was just landing. The insurgents had made a complete surrender, delivering their arms and ammunition to the American forces.

The next day we arrived at Marinduque. Leaving here the following day we arrived at the entrance to Manila bay at sunrise. Crossing the bay and dropping anchor, we were soon with our company headquarters at Malate. Here new clothing was issued to us and we were soon in respectable condition again.

News was now brought from China, of a great movement there, to drive all foreigners from that country. An outbreak was expected almost any time. A large expedition of marines had been landed

at Taku and were making their way to Peking to protect the foreign legations which were located at the capital. This was known as the great Boxer movement. And now every one was reading of the murder of missionaries in the interior of the country. Many missionaries were making their way to seacoast cities, and stories were told of their hardships and trials.

The movement seemed to be spreading over all China. Foreign countries were concerned, as all powers had ministers with legations in Peking. The Chinese government had declared they were unable to protect the legations. They notified them to leave Peking and proceed to the coast where they could be protected by men of war. It was thought that each country would have to land an army and proceed to Peking to protect their legation and missionaries, which had poured into the legations at that place for safety and protection.

Manila was making great strides toward improvement. A civil commission from the United States had arrived and public schools were being established over the city; one could observe a decided change for the better. Natives were becoming more friendly and many were beginning to learn our language very rapidly. One disappointment was they appeared to learn the bad part of our language first. About the first thing they learned was to swear.

Oftentimes upon asking them a question they would reply with a filthy remark, not knowing what it meant. This could be easily overcome with proper education, and the civil commission was using every means possible for their education and enlightenment. At this time the city seemed infested with saloons and low dives. A street running parallel with our quarters was named the Bowery. Here on one block were ten or twelve saloons. Native musicians were

in these places with mandolins and guitars, and passing along this street it would remind you of the great Bowery of New York. Many soldiers frequented these places. We noticed in our company a certain portion of the men were never out on expeditions, but on our return we would see them around the company headquarters, neat and clean, spending most of their time in these dives, fighting their battles and having their skirmishes with one another over glasses of beer, while the Filipino musicians furnished them with music. Efforts were made to get these men out on expeditions with us, but after the first day or two they would appear before the doctor, with such pitiful faces that they were sent to the hospital, then transported to the First Reserve hospital in Manila, where after a week's treatment they were sent back to their company and did such guard duty as was necessary. These were soon named "coffee coolers" and "home guards."

Of course there were some who really were sick, but on recovering they were ready to do their share of duty. A certain per cent. of our company and I suppose of others also, were men who never did very much real work, and had fine hospital records. One thing remarkable among the natives was that not many were seen carousing or dissipating. On a Sabbath morning we could see them attending services with their families. After these services were over they returned home, and gathered up their game roosters and proceeded to the pits for the day. Here they made bets on the fighting qualities of these birds, and one could see money changing hands very rapidly. Sunday appeared to be the day for this sport and on holidays this is also a favorite pastime. There appeared to be a holiday once a week, and at times they had fiestas lasting one week at a time. Almost every village or town we passed through had pits for rooster fighting. I suppose if this fa-

vorite pastime was to be stopped instantly, it would cause a general insurrection throughout the island. Perhaps the proper plan would be to educate and teach them gradually, and show them that this is not right.

It was now certain that an expedition would be called to China. Communications were cut off from Peking and it was not known whether the envoys were alive or not. The Ninth Infantry was brought into Manila and fitted out for this first expedition. General McArthur was now commanding general in the Philippines, the former commanding general, Otis, having returned to the United States. This Ninth Regiment of Infantry had been through the north line with General McArthur's division. They had seen hard service for nearly two years, were a good regiment, and were now to go on the first expedition to China. A detachment of twenty men from the Engineer Corps and a detachment of Signal Corps were to proceed also. It was supposed another regiment and artillery would follow as soon as possible.

One morning a list was hung up on our company bulletin board, and looking over this I saw my name, ordering us to equip ourselves with clothing and be in readiness to leave in a day or so. This was a select detachment and no names could be seen of "home guards" or "coffee coolers." Many were very anxious to go but if they had gone, they would probably have lasted about two days and they then would have been in the hospital.

The Taku forts had been attacked and captured by the foreign powers. The Americans had not taken part in this, the government wishing to keep out of difficulties as much as possible. This had broken the last straw and the whole Chinese Army had now joined forces with the Boxers, and the Chinese government was now helpless so they had to join forces



SOLDIERS IN FULL DRESS UNIFORM.

also with the Boxers to save themselves. The marines which had proceeded in the direction of Peking had retreated back near Tientsin. Here they were surrounded in an old Chinese fort and it was not known whether they would be able to escape or not. Along about the 8th of June we marched down to the docks along the Pasig, stepped aboard a tug and were soon on board the great army transport Logan. This great vessel had been fitted out for American soldiers. This was the largest boat we had ever been on, and every effort had been taken to make it as comfortable as possible for the men. She was about 500 feet in length. The bunks were neat and comfortable and everything was clean. We were furnished with a mess deck, tables being arranged so one could eat with comfort. There was a library on board and if you wished to read you could secure a book at any time. The Ninth Infantry was now on board and there was plenty of room for every one. We were soon crossing the bay taking a look at Mount Aryat, as this was a land mark we all recognized.

Passing by Corregidor, turning to our right we started our course across the China Sea to the northward, sailing for the harbor of Nagasaki. This great vessel plowed through the waves, there being no rolling or rocking and it seemed as steady as a clock as we made our way along. Every day the Ninth Infantry band gave us a concert, which was well appreciated. We would talk together with the infantry about our campaigning on the north line, as our detachment had been with them on many expeditions and skirmishes. Many pleasant hours were passed in this way. After three days of uneventful sailing our lookout reported land, which proved to be the island of Formosa. At first it appeared like a mighty cloud in the distance. This island is controlled by the Japanese, they having

acquired it after the war with China, about ten years previous. We followed the shore for two days and then sighted the island of Kinshu on which Nagasaki is situated. In the morning at daylight the pilot appeared in his boat stepped aboard and took charge of the wheel and we were soon entering one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. A boat with a yellow flag approached, our speed was diminished and the quarantine doctors came aboard. The troops were all lined up along the decks and these two neat little men in uniforms passed along the line of large American soldiers, peering into their faces for marks of sickness or disease, looking like schoolboys. They were very polite to our doctors, conversing in broken English. Directly our quarantine flag was hauled down from the foremast and we were making our way slowly past the forts on high bluffs; we soon passed into the harbor.

Here high hills and mountains can be seen in every direction, and our vessel was soon passing boats of every description. As our anchor was lowered about three miles from shore, small boats approached from every direction, swarming around us like bees. In these were Japanese selling souvenirs and trinkets of every description, and tailors with samples of clothing, soliciting your orders for tailor made clothes. It appeared as though one did not need to land and go into the city, as these little brown men could supply you with anything you wished from their small bom-boats. Soon small vessels laden with coal were run along side and hundreds of natives, men, women and children, many of the women with their children tied upon their backs were brought along side in large lighters. Then small round baskets woven from tough straw appeared, a small gangway was placed up against the ship from the coal bunkers, a double line was made from the coal barge to our vessel, the baskets were filled with coal

and passed along from hand to hand and soon the coal came streaming up. These were then passed back to be refilled, and passed on again on the opposite line. Men, women and children were engaged in this, and it was certainly amusing to watch them—talking, laughing and singing all the while. Many of the small children who are tied on their mothers' backs pass the time away and amuse themselves by biting on chunks of coal.

Perhaps no harbor in the world has a more ancient custom of coaling ships than this one. We received passes to go ashore and look over the city. Entering a bom-boat we were soon ashore, where there were hundreds of Japanese with "jinrikishas." These were two-wheeled carriages, very small and neat, with a top, and were drawn by men. One at first feels uncomfortable but they are so eager to haul you, that one can hardly refuse them. Stepping into one of these carriages, the two little husky brown men are soon drawing you over smooth pavements. One does not feel very comfortable, but then you can console yourself by the old saying "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." But it does seem hard to see these human beings making beasts of themselves.

We visited several places of interest, several temples and a park where General Grant on his tour around the world had planted a tree. This is prosperous and is well cared for; they point it out with great pride. Their method of architecture seems odd. Most of the buildings are very small and neat. The streets are patrolled by police, who carry swords. Carriages were not seen as the "rikishas" take their place. Small horses or ponies were used for draying purposes. There were no street cars here at this time, but a railway runs from this place into the interior of the island. The Japanese government has a shipyard here where small gunboats

were made, and dry docks where larger vessels could be repaired. Quite a number of Americans were in business here, many of them being ex-soldiers from the Philippines.

In two days our vessel was coaled up, the United States cruiser Brooklyn coming into the harbor while we lay there. The battleship Oregon passed out just ahead of us bound for Taku. Several of the Japanese men of war were being repaired as they had been damaged while attacking the Taku forts. Every one was now aboard and we left this beautiful little harbor, making our way out into the Yellow Sea, sailing to the northwest toward Taku, and after a day or two we passed into the Gulf of Pechili. The water now had a yellow cast, caused by the rivers of China emptying into this gulf or sea, their banks being of yellow clay. This is why it is called the Yellow Sea. We now passed in sight of Port Arthur. This great Gibraltar of the east had been captured by the Japanese during their war with China, but was now under Russian control and is the termination of the great Trans-Siberian railway. We now sighted the masts of many vessels and as our boat approached near, one imagined that the whole gulf was filled with these vessels. We passed many Chinese junks. Their sails were the square rigging and they were perhaps modeled after the ancient type of two thousand years before this time. They looked much out of place as our large steamer went rolling by them waiting neither for wind or tide.

Our boat now passed vessels of every type. Our band was on the main deck playing the national airs of England, Germany, France, Russia, Italy and Japan. As we passed by these flags soon the Stars and Stripes were sighted and the band took up the tune of The Star Spangled Banner, the men cheering and waving their hats. The Jackies on board appeared on deck answering our salute. The an-

chor was lowered and we were lying off Taku, China, where every world power was represented, and a mixed army of nearly every country was landing to go to the relief of their missionaries and envoys, who were now besieged in the capital of the most densely populated country in the world.

Our commanding officer was soon in communication with the navy department, and they sent out small steam launches in search of lighters that we might land as we could not get nearer shore than ten miles. There were many Japanese transports, and they were landing soldiers by the thousands, the English government landing many East Indian troops, and the Russians sending over many troops from Port Arthur. After searching for one or two days lighters were secured; and now the transport Port Albert with mules, horses, army transportation wagons and ambulances arrived and we were transferred to this boat, loading up lighters with horses, mules and wagons.

The Ninth Infantry had already disembarked and gone towards Tientsin. Mules were taken into Taku and we made our way in there at night, in life boats towed by small launches, arriving at Taku about daylight. What a dilapidated place it is. Everything resembling mud. The water in the river is so muddy that it looks thick. We searched every place for water to make coffee; at last we found it aboard an old United States gunboat, Monocracy, which had been in service here in the Peiho river, around Tientsin and Taku, since the Civil War.

A railroad runs from here to Tientsin which is about forty miles distant. The Russians had charge of this, and it was operated to within ten miles of Tientsin, where a large bridge had been destroyed by the Chinese. That was as far as they were able to proceed until it had been repaired. The native portion of the town here looked as though it was

all mud, most of the houses are constructed from clay, the roofs being woven in with cornstalks and mud placed over the top, which is baked in the sun and allows the water to run off. There were no Chinese here now except a few servants of officers. Many missionaries were passing down the rivers on lighters and barges. Many going aboard the transport Logan. There was a Russian garrison in this town and many of their wounded were now coming in here from Tientsin, where they had been fighting. We soon had many wagons and mules loaded aboard the train, traveling in the direction of Tientsin.

For a distance the country is low and swampy, very few trees are to be seen and it makes one about half homesick. After traveling several miles there was a rise in the surface of the ground, and to the right about two miles on a point there is a Chinese village, which looked like a large chunk of clay in the distance. No Chinese were in sight and a little farther on we passed a Russian guard. These were "Cossacks" and were patrolling with their Siberian horses. The horses somewhat resemble mustangs. These soldiers were rough looking fellows, heavy set and well proportioned, many having beards and being coarse featured. We passed many of these detachments along the railroad; now they consisted of Russians and Japanese. They camped within a short distance from one another.

Looking off several miles to the left one could discern long rows of green trees. The soil is now covered with green grass and it begins to look more like a civilized place to live in. Boats are visible on the Peiho river. The ground seems lower and one imagines they are crossing the land on wheels as the water is not visible. Small villages can be seen dotted among the trees that have a more respectable appearance. They are constructed from bricks, many of them being well designed. Our train had

now reached the wrecked bridge, where a large force of Russian engineers were at work repairing it. Here we unloaded and began hitching the mules to the wagons and ambulances, loading them with rations and supplies. Here were Russian and Japanese guards. Our commander had a Japanese interpreter, and they were soon consulting in regard to the wagon road to Tientsin. The Japanese officer furnished us with a mounted guide as they were familiar with the country. As our large army transportation wagons with their white canvas covers and large covered ambulances drawn by four clean and sleek mules passed along, the Russian and Japanese guards stood staring at us with open mouths. Perhaps wondering where these curious looking outfits came from. The road was good and solid and our mules made good time. This country was under fine cultivation, and large gardens with straight rows of many different kinds of vegetables were seen. To the right a short distance was a large Chinese arsenal, which the Russians had captured. They had a strong guard here and a Russian general was inspecting his troops. As we approached they gazed at us with wonder, the inspection was suspended and a sign was made for us to stop. A general and a large number of his staff approached us. One of our teamsters could speak the Russian language and he acted as interpreter. This general wanted to inspect our outfit; then with our commander he observed every part of it, and declared it the finest army field transportation he had ever seen. He inquired what four mules like those would cost. Our commander told him in the United States they would cost about seven hundred dollars, but after transporting them to the Philippines and China it doubles their value and probably now, they would be worth fifteen hundred dollars. He remarked that our government must be wealthy. We now pro-

ceeded in the direction of Tientsin, where a great battle was being fought. We were now in a large Chinese village at the edge of the wall of Tientsin. There lay several dead Chinamen, and a large pack of sneaking, ugly dogs were eating away at them. This gave me a hatred for Chinese dogs and I never could bear sight of one thereafter. The sound of guns came nearer and we crossed a pontoon bridge over the Peiho river, passing many Japanese and Russian guards. Here brick structures had been pierced by artillery. No Chinese were in sight for they had all been driven inside the walled city of Tientsin, where the fighting was raging. Russians, Japanese, English, French, Germans and Americans were fighting side by side. Our wagon train stopped at the American headquarters in a large Chinese coffin works. Gates had been battered down and troops were now forcing their way into the Chinese city of Tientsin, around which is a wall 35 feet high and 25 feet thick.

The tops of these walls are loop-holed and Chinese artillery had poured a murderous fire from the top of this wall. The colonel of the Ninth Infantry had been killed and several hundred officers and men killed and wounded. These soldiers had advanced against this wall and had got within two hundred yards of it; it is surrounded by a large moat filled with water. The Chinese had gathered their forces on the wall in front of the attacking party, they being behind a mud embankment and were not able to advance or retreat. The battalion of marines under Major Waller in company with a force of English, had forced their way through the gate on the left. The Japanese forcing their way through the right gate and thus relieving them. The firing still continued for a week longer in every part of the city. The Chinese had left everything behind and looting was done in every part of the city. Men, women and

children were shot and the soldiers fired on any one who resembled a Chinaman.

This was a terrible spot for the next two weeks, and it was estimated that 30,000 dead Chinamen were in and about the city. Colonel Liscum's body was placed in a Chinese coffin, placed aboard a boat and taken to Taku, where it was buried. This was the greatest battle of the allied forces' advance toward Peking. Thousands of Chinese non-combatants were beginning to make their appearance around the city. The fighting here was over, and the Chinese army had retreated to Peisang, where they were intrenching themselves. This place is on the Peiho river, in the direction of Peking. Detachments were sent out to secure Chinese, bringing them into the city, and setting them to work cleaning up, and burying the dead. These were pitiable looking objects with their blue cotton clothing, long cues and cloth shoes, many of them being filthy and dirty. This was the poorer class of Chinese, and they were the ones who suffered greatest at this time.

Large quantities of rice had been secured in store houses and all Chinese working under American guard, were fed and received ten cents per day. This news soon circulated and the Americans had more laborers than they could take charge of.

Tientsin is built along the banks of the Peiho river. This is a dirty, filthy stream, the water is at no time clear and is not even fit to bathe in. Small gunboats and boats of light draft can navigate as far as Tientsin. Junks are used north of Tientsin towards Peking, these being built with flat bottoms and about thirty or forty feet in length. They can carry heavy loads and are polled up the river or a rope is placed to the front end and men from the shore draw them along. Tientsin is built in two parts, the Chinese city and the foreign city. The Chinese population is about 1,000,000. It is surrounded by a

high wall constructed from large gray brick, which are placed on the edges, the center filled in with clay, which becomes baked, and tough and it is almost impossible to break through this. There are four principal streets, two running north and south, and two east and west. The side streets are very narrow, some of them hardly permitting two men to pass. These streets cross each other and run in every direction, and of course it will take an expert to keep from getting lost in these places. People live in here like rats and after one visits these places it does not surprise you at the amount of plagues the country contains. Wealthy Chinamen have more room to live in and finer residences, and in this country one may see what power wealth has.

Foreign Tientsin is south of the Chinese city. This part is built on modern plans; fine broad streets and avenues, shade trees, and it seems like going from darkness into light as you pass from one to the other. Foreign Tientsin is inhabited by Europeans and Americans. Large missions have been built and missionaries gather in native children, educating them and teaching them Christianity. A great many missionary societies are represented here from all parts of the world. This city is spread over a great area of ground and at the southern portion along the banks of the river is an immense structure called the Tientsin University. This was built by the Chinese government and English, German and American instructors employed. A certain number of Chinese scholars are placed in here each year, where they take a course and graduate. The president of this university at this time was Professor Tinney, an American. It was rumored that the Chinese government in order to save and preserve this building had transferred it to this man. Our detachment needed several draftsmen for completing our maps and upon recommendation from the professor of

this college our officers employed a graduate by the name of Chang. He remained with us all through the service in China. We gained very much valuable information from this man, he being one of the most intelligent Chinamen we had ever met, and able to speak English very fluently. The city now had a cleaner appearance, and thousands of soldiers were arriving daily, mostly Japanese, Russians and English. The English soldiers were East India troops, transported from Singapore and other points in India. They were tall, dark and neat in appearance, very superstitious, most of them being Moham-medans. It appeared as though every officer and soldier had a servant with them, they being in their native dress, with their large turbans bound about their heads and scarcely any clothing covering their bodies, looking as though they had too much head. The tribe most largely represented was Sikhs and we nicknamed these bands of servants, which followed their army in droves the "Ragged Sikhs."

The Japanese army was very neat and when a regiment was lined up every man looked the same size, and as our boys remarked when you see one Japanese soldier you have seen the whole army, they resemble one another so much. The Russians were large, heavy, awkward looking fellows, moving about very slowly and clumsily, wearing boots and when a company went marching down the street, their boots striking the ground, made a sound which would echo and could be heard quite a distance. The French soldiers were neat, with the exception of their uniforms, which looked as if they had been made for clowns, instead of soldiers. The Germans were well uniformed and pleasant looking men, but on seeing them walk or march about you could plainly see the very severe training and you would imagine they were machine soldiers, everything they did was precise and had a military air about it.

The real English soldier somewhat resembles the German, as their walk shows military training, and you never see them out of their tents without their blouses buttoned up, and when out on an ordinary walk, or when turning to right or left executing flank marches as though they were under orders, or on the drill ground. It seemed odd to see the American soldiers mingling with this mixed army; these tall fellows in their shirt sleeves, their light shoes and leggings taking their long easy strides, their broad brimmed campaign hats, making them look more like civilians. These could be marked as far as the eye could see. We had several Germans in our detachment and many German soldiers asked what America was doing with all these civilians over here.

Here we were, all mingled together awaiting more troops so as to proceed to Peking and relieve our legations there. Several Chinese converts made their way from the legations in Peking, bearing notes from several of the ministers there, thus informing us they were hard pressed and had fortified themselves around the legations, and were fighting for their lives day and night. There were eight or nine hundred marine guards there, many of them were wounded, ammunition and rations were running short, and if help did not come soon, they would be compelled to surrender.

The Fourteenth Infantry had now arrived from Manila and Captain Riley's battery of light artillery also. The Sixth United States Cavalry had come from the United States and with them General Chaffee, our commanding general. I had served under this man in Cuba, and knew that the government could send no better man to take command of their army under these circumstances. As he stepped from the tug which brought him up the river, there were those lines of determination in his face, which one does not forget after seeing men of this type.

We knew something would happen now and it would not be very long in coming either. The next morning after his arrival all foreign generals held a council of war. The majority were in favor of awaiting more troops declaring that it would be impossible to capture Peking with this number of soldiers—18,000 in all. General Chaffee informed them that his government had sent him there to proceed to Peking and relieve their minister there, who was in deadly peril, and that in four days he intended to depart from Tientsin if he had to take what American soldiers he commanded there and make the attack himself. This threw a different light on the condition of affairs, and they finally decided to depart with him. So everything was now in a rush, and hurry. Junks were secured, rations loaded on them, and every one was busy working away, for in three more days, we would start on the advance to the great Capital of China.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVANCE FROM TIENTSIN—THE CAPTURE OF PEKING
—RELIEVING THE LEGATIONS.



It had been decided on this advance that the generals of the different powers would consult with each other each day, and there would be no regular commander of the allied army at this time. General Waldersee had been chosen commander of the allied army, but he had not arrived yet and it would be better for the expedition to be made without a chosen commander. The largest number of soldiers was the Japanese, then Russians, English, Americans, French and Germans, respectively. One evening about four o'clock we proceeded through the foreign city, across into the Chinese city of Tientsin, passed beyond the walls about three miles and went into camp in front of Piesang.

The next morning the Japanese were to lead the advance and in the morning about two o'clock we were awakened by the Japanese artillery shelling the Chinese position. The Chinese artillery returned the fire and one could hear the whizzing of shells as they passed through the air, some dropping near, others going far above our heads. Now we could hear the popping of small guns, and soon there began a general roar. The Chinese were stubborn and hard to drive back, but after seven hours of hard fighting they retreated toward Yangsung. We now advanced through Piesang going several miles beyond and going into camp on the banks of the Peiho river, where a large pontoon bridge spans the river. There the junks began to arrive from Tientsin, floating every manner of flag. These were loaded down

with thousands of rations, which were to supply the army. The American army had the only real first-class transportation on this advance, we being able to carry supplies enough on our wagon train to carry us through to Peking. Other countries had two-wheeled carts, with small mules and ponies, and they could not furnish their troops with more than two days' rations at a time.

In the morning every one was up bright and early, for this day the Americans were to lead the advance. It was expected Yangsung would be a hard battle. Marching over a dry sandy plain till about half past nine o'clock the Chinese outposts opened fire from a small village, about three miles in front of Yangsung. Here the Tientsin and Peking railroad crossed the Peiho river. There was nothing left of this but the embankment. Railroad ties and depots had all disappeared and the Chinese had begun to carry away the big iron bridge, which spans the river at Yangsung. Their outposts were driven back across the railroad embankment, and there a great artillery duel took place. American, English, Russian and French batteries shelling the Chinese positions. The Fourteenth Infantry, Ninth Infantry and two battalions of American marines and the English Sikhs charged the railroad embankment, driving the Chinese back through the city of Yangsung, the artillery following them up, shelling them as they retreated, the Fourteenth Infantry losing very heavily. After four hours of fierce fighting, the Chinese retreated in the direction of Peking, the East India Royal Bengal Lancers following them and capturing quite a number. Here it was necessary to remain a day, to send our wounded back and bury the dead. The Japanese continued following the retreating Chinamen. On the following day we left Yangsung crossing the river again, making for Howsoun. We passed through many Chinese villages, following



TARGET PRACTICE ON AN ARMY RANGE.

close on the heels of the Japs. A line of smoke could be seen ahead and they were burning everything as they passed along. This night we camped near Howsoun, the Japanese still in the lead. The Chinese army was now making a run of it to Peking, many of them scattering to the right and left. We were passing through a rich fertile country, where there were thousands of acres of broom corn and fine gardens. No Chinamen were to be seen through the country. The next day found us in Matow on the banks of the river again. Here in the evening we found thousands of firecrackers. The boys took them out and lit them for amusement. We were passing hundreds of Japanese unable to keep up with their column. This day we crossed a long low line of sand hills, where the English Royal battery of artillery lost many horses, overcome by heat.

Our army mules passed over these very easily. At night we camped near a walled city. The next day we arrived at Tung-Chou, seventeen miles from Peking. This city is on the banks of the Peiho river and has a population of 800,000 inhabitants. There is a canal running from here to Peking. We could now see the mountains in the distance. A long range running from the northwest to the southeast. We had now overtaken the Japanese and this night all troops were marching towards Peking. The attack was to be made on the south wall of the city. There are four gateways or entrances in the south wall of the city. The Japanese taking two gateways on the right, the Americans, Russians and English the two to the left, and two on the east wall.

M troop of the Sixth Cavalry had now overtaken us coming from Tientsin. They were sent out in advance to scout and they soon ran across a large body of Chinese soldiers. They were attacked and sent a messenger back for re-enforcements. The Chinese were driven back into the city and our artillery was

soon battering away at the walls of Peking. The Russians were pounding away at the gateway on our right, and the English on the left. We could hear firing across the wall in the city where the legations were defending themselves, the Chinese making a last desperate effort to capture them.

The Fourteenth Infantry leading the American troops now advanced up against the wall and a trumpeter of that regiment crawled up the corner of a projection on the wall fastening ropes for the regiment to crawl up on, he being the first American soldier on the walls of Peking. They were soon advancing against the pagodas at the gateway, the Chinese retreating to the walls which divide the Tartar city from the Chinese city, running through the center of the city from north to south. We soon passed through the Chinese city in the direction of the legations and arrived at Chinmen gate in the evening about four o'clock. Near this gate on top of the walls were hundreds of people of all descriptions, missionaries and ministers cheering and waving their hats wildly. One of the marines slipping down to the gate opened it and a strong American guard was placed in the pagoda above the gate, which is the main entrance to the imperial and forbidden city of Peking. We went into camp outside the wall opposite the American legation. Here is a large open sewer, which runs through in under the wall, which had been closed up and fortified by the legations. This was now opened and we had access to the legations.

The Chinese were still firing on the legations, but no one heeded this. Everyone who had been besieged was overjoyed and an American missionary woman got up on a high point and made a speech to the American soldiers. The boys all cheered her and everyone wanted to shake hands. There were certainly a great many light hearts that rested peace-

fully that night. We were informed that the German Minister von Ketteler and the Japanese minister had both been killed. They were all gathered in around here in the American, English and French legations, holding the wall which divides the two cities, as a background. On the following morning of August 17th, Captain Riley proceeding with his battery placed them on the wall to the left of Chinmen gate. They began bombarding the imperial and forbidden cities from this wall. An hour later this great American artilleryman was killed, being shot through the mouth. The Americans were now fighting hard, making their way toward the forbidden city. The Japanese were pounding away at the northwest part of the city making their way to the forbidden city, from that direction. In the evening about sunset American guards were guarding the entrance to the forbidden city, they being the first soldiers of the allied army to enter.

A large guard was placed around here, and our wagon trains returned to the former camp near the legations. There was still a great deal of firing being done by the Chinese, but the main force had retreated to the mountains in the southwest part in the direction of Housang, whither the Emperor and Empress Dowager had fled. The next morning we proceeded down Chinmen road through the Chinese city to the east gate. Here on the right, inside the wall was a large park, called the Park of Agriculture, surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high. There in this park we went into camp and were soon cleaning up and making ourselves as comfortable as possible. Directly across from our camping ground was the Park of Heaven. In this the English went into camp.

The city was allotted into districts and each power represented took their district, patrolling it and placing it under martial law. Guards were soon pa-

trolling the streets and after a few days the Chinese began to return to their homes. Looting was carried on in every part of the city. The Chinese army was now powerless, and the poor were robbing the rich, and about the time they would accumulate a large sum, some soldier of the allied forces would come along and take it all. Our commander gave us strict orders about looting and the guards were notified to arrest any soldier caught committing this crime. Several Sikhs, who came across to our district were robbing a Chinese woman of her jewelry. She screamed, and a sentry of the Fourteenth Infantry appeared in sight, they began to run and he ordered them to halt. They did not heed, so he fired wounding one and killing another. This caused quite a little ill feeling between their troops and ours for a while. But the American guards were trying to protect the Chinese citizens, and soon our district was overcrowded. One could see thousands of Chinamen carrying American flags for protection. Many of these were manufactured by the Crinamen themselves and were very odd. In many of them the stripes ran in every direction and sometimes the stars were made in the shape of shamrocks.

We now began to straighten our camp up. This park which we were in was forbidden ground; here the Emperor came to worship and offer up sacrifices for the success of crops. There were many altars through here and large temples, which had images carved from wood, such as dogs, chickens and animals and fowls of every description. We soon had these temples cleaned out, fitting them up for hospitals, quartermaster storehouses, commissaries, clothing storehouses, and our commanding general's headquarters. Supplies were brought up the river as far as Tung-Chou and these old temples were soon filled up with all kinds of army supplies. Large tents came on, and this ground was soon covered

with rows of these tents lined up in perfect order. Canvas cots were placed in them and we soon had a respectable camp. There were several fine wells in these grounds. A filtering plant was put in, a bath house made, bake ovens built, and the commissary department were buying large numbers of cattle and sheep, and this no doubt was the ideal camp around Peking.

Large numbers of camp followers were now arriving and canteens or saloons scattered along the street. Our commanding officer would not allow any of these in our district. Soldiers would gather in these places and there would be rough fights among soldiers of different nationalities.

It had now become difficult to pass through the streets. The Chinese were lined through here selling all kinds of articles, such as silks and furs. The populace had returned and the streets were crowded. Chinese women could be seen with their little crippled feet, which are broken back when they are infants, thus stopping the growth of the foot. This is done by the wealthy class and these poor little children are tortured and crippled for life. As you see these little women hobbling along the street almost unable to walk alone, you feel very sorry for them and wonder why these people are so foolish. The commander of the allied army General Waldersee had now arrived and thousands of German soldiers could be seen throughout the city. The old legations were being cleaned up and plans for new ones were being drawn. Many Boxers were captured and the powers were trying to come to an agreement in regard to a settlement with the Chinese government.

The great Chinaman, Li Hung Chang, had arrived here and he represented his government, trying to secure as good terms as possible. He visited our camp inspecting every part of it and everything had to be explained to him as he was very inquisitive.

The Americans seemed to get along well with the Chinamen and many times as we passed through the streets they would get down on their hands and knees, butting the ground with their heads. This seemed very foolish to us and oftentimes the boys would stop and approaching them get them by the arm and raise them to their feet, giving them to understand that they did not care for that kind of homage. They stared at us then and wondered why these tall fellows did not care for this kind of homage. Large caravans of camels were now arriving, bringing in coal, furs and nuts of many kinds from the mountains. Hundreds of these came into our camp with coal, and it was supposed we would remain here for the winter.

There are two gateways or entrances into the park on the north side of the wall. The park is laid off in squares, walls dividing it inside. There are long rows of cedar trees through the park and our detachment had our camp under two large cedars; our cookhouse being under one. In one of these trees we had noticed bees swarming in and out, but we were afraid to cut it open and get the honey, on account of our camp being so near. Facing south from the outside of the park, and near the left entrance of the gateway is a bell tower, two stories high, the bell being on the top story. Our lieutenant secured a permit to move our quarters into this for the winter, as we were a small detachment. On the ground floor there are four large entrances or saleports; one passing through from north to south, and the other from east to west. We moved our belongings to this tower. Around the bell is a wide corridor; in the center hangs the bell on four large beams. Measuring across the bottom this bell is twenty feet and about twenty feet high.

We placed our bunks in this corridor around the outside of the bell, thus having a fine sleeping apart-

ment. The north, south and west entrances we closed with bricks placing windows in the center of each. This gave us three fine rooms, one we used as a kitchen, one as a dining room and one as a store-room for our rations and engineer outfits. The east entrance we closed with wood and placed a large door in the center for passing in and out. We built a large furnace in the center and had plenty of room as there were only fifteen members in our detachment now, several members being sent home sick and several having been discharged. After we had moved our camp, one evening we slipped over to our former camp and with an ax and several of us were soon at work chopping for the bees. They were located and smoked out. We secured a large five gallon bucket full of honey, many of the bees sticking fast to this. As we removed it we did not brush them off, but placed the honey in the bucket at once for it was dark. After our pail was filled, we proceeded to our quarters in the bell tower, placed the bucket on a large table in the kitchen, washed our hands and went to bed. Our cook was a large German by the name of Huber, and when he arose in the morning to get breakfast he spied the bucket of honey. He had never had much experience with bees and selecting a large piece with several bees on it, began to sample the article. About his first mouthful four or five bees landed on his lips, stinging him in the mouth in about a dozen different places. We could hear him growling and kicking pans around, and when the rest of us came down for breakfast, his lips were about three times as large as their natural size. He blamed it all on me and said I had no business to bring those blamed bees around in the kitchen where they could bite the cook. The boys laughed at him and told him he was so sweet they wanted to kiss him. Every one had a good laugh and Huber, who was a good natured fellow, was soon over his

angry spell and joked with the rest of us over the matter.

On leaving Tientsin we had secured twenty Chinamen to assist us in our work. These had been picked out and the most of them were large husky fellows. One of them, known to us as John, was very well developed, being over six feet in height. He was very bright and soon learned our ways. We soon had them all nicknamed. We called one "Liz," one "John the Baptist," but the greatest one was "Washy Washy." He was very stupid and everything we told him to do he would say, "washy-washy!" thinking that everything we told him to do he was to wash. So after an attempt to teach him we had him put in the kitchen to help the cook, allowing him to wash pans. This was the place for this fellow, for he kept everything scoured up bright and clean. For the first few days we guarded them, but after they learned our ways, they never needed watching as they were glad to remain with us.

We had a large tent put up near our quarters for them and they were soon comfortably situated. They were paid ten cents per day and given their rations. This was enormous wages for these fellows, as the average pay for a common laborer in China is two cents a day. We allowed them one of their men as their cook, and this was all he had to look after. They were nearly all willing to work and soon became experts with picks and shovels. Our wagon trains were hauling in supplies from Tung-Chou, for the winter. They were brought up in junks to that place, then transported from there to Peking with wagons. Several places in the road had become impassable and we were ordered out to repair them, so we started off one morning with our Chinamen, taking several days to repair chuck-holes. We passed several large temples along the road, most of them Confucius temples. In these many images

were built in honor of the great Chinese prophet, they coming here and worshipping these idols and paying their priests who generally have charge of these places.

China has a great many different kinds of religion. Followers of Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Brahma and Llamas, the latter being nearly extinct. There are many converts to Christianity along the seacoast towns, and larger cities, where missionaries can be protected. These people are very superstitious and it is very dangerous for one to be out in Chinese settlements where there is no protection of any kind. We became well acquainted with our Chinamen and tried very hard to learn what their religion was, but were never able to accomplish this. We often watched them as we passed by temples where idols were destroyed, but they would pass by without noticing them. You never saw any Chinamen around these places. One thing we did notice about the Chinese here, they appear to be very fond of their children, the most of whom are healthy and robust, a great many having clear complexions. They were very backward and timid. We spent several days on the roads, and on our return secured quite a large number of sweet potatoes and vegetables, purchasing them very cheap. We were in our quarters again in the bell tower. And now it was our duty to make a map of this great city. Peking is surrounded by a wall forty feet in height and about thirty feet thick. This wall is built from large gray brick, placed on either side, the center is filled in with mucky clay, which is dried and has become baked. It is built north and south; and east and west. The length of the walls running east and west are twelve miles, north and south they are nine miles. The tops are paved with brick making them smooth.

On the outer edge is an extension five or six feet in height and about the same thickness; this is loop-

holed. About every five hundred yards a projection is built out from the wall, and in case the enemy should advance against the wall a flank fire could be poured out from these projections. In the east and west walls are three gateways each entering into the city. The north and south walls contain four gateways each, thus making fourteen entrances into the city. Beginning at central gateway on the east wall passing south, then west and then back again to the starting point, the distance is forty-two miles. Outside surrounding the wall is a moat and upon entering the gates one must cross a bridge which is built arch-shaped and constructed from granite. Each gateway is built with double gates, at the top of which is constructed a building called a pagoda. These are used for guards, or soldiers' barracks. Peking is divided and walled into four different parts, viz:—the Forbidden city, the Imperial city, the Tartar city and the Chinese city. Starting from the east wall going westward three miles is the Chinese city. At the central or Chinmen gate is the Imperial city, which extends north and south three miles each way. Here are government buildings and temples of many varieties, where government offices are maintained and conducted. Passing through three gates and saleports to the west is the wall of the Forbidden city. This city is about three miles square and is forbidden ground. No one enters here, except members of the royal family, concubines of the emperor and servants, the males all being eunuchs. In the direction of the west wall are parks and temples. Here are monuments built to the different religions. In these grounds is a large hill the base of which is several miles in circumference. This is an artificial structure, built from coal, dirt being placed on the outside, and covered with various kinds of trees. The former Emperor had this work done and the coal

placed in. During his reign his country had been at war. The city had been besieged during the winter and the inhabitants suffered severely from the cold. After a settlement and terms had been made, this precaution had been taken in case of another war. North, south and west of the Imperial and Forbidden cities is the Tartar city. After the great wall of China had been built, the Manchurians had crossed this wall and captured Peking, killing the Chinese Emperor and placing the Manchurian Emperor on the throne of China. The city was then divided and natives from Manchuria took up their residence in this portion of the city, so as to be near their Emperor, in case of a rebellion.

The Manchu dynasty is still the reigning power of China, the present Emperor, Quangsu, being a descendant of that race. This first Emperor, to make the Chinese loyal subjects, had offered each one a dollar for raising a cue; that is, allowing a portion of hair to grow over the crown of the head. This custom is still practiced, and you might as well offer to cut off a Chinaman's head as to cut off his cue.

Peking had no sewerage system whatever, except a few old ditches. Waste of every description is gathered up by the Chinese and used as fertilizer on their gardens. An effort had been made to put it in a sanitary condition, but this was nearly impossible, as the population is very dense and people come and go from the city every day by thousands. Our quarters were near the Chinmen road, on the central street, which passed out the east gate of the Chinese city. We had made a ladder so as to get up on the wall, and here we would sit for hours, watching the people pass by.

Along this street dozens of funerals passed every day, as there was a large burying ground east of the city in the direction of the Imperial hunting park. We noticed that in some of these funeral processions

the coffins were placed on two long poles and accompanied only by the bearers, or men who carry the coffins. Our Chinamen told us this was a poor man and his family was not able to have an elaborate funeral. In a short time another procession passed along, headed by a fine band, making a hideous noise by banging instruments of every kind together; then in line came the bearers with the coffin and behind them a long line of mourners, scattering fine pieces of paper, and last the family. The mourners were crying and making quite a noise. This was a rich Chinaman and these mourners are hired for this purpose. A certain amount of things are placed beside the body of the dead Chinaman, and also articles for his convenience in the hereafter. The wealthier the man, the larger the funeral.

Jinrikishas can be seen here, sedan chairs and Chinese ponies, which are very short legged and have heavy bodies. Vehicles are all two-wheeled carts; many of them are covered and drawn by mules or ponies. There are hundreds of donkeys in and about the city. All labor, such as garden and small field work is done by men, as it is cheaper to hire men than to keep animals.

Pears and persimmons are the principal fruits which come into the city. Vegetables can be secured very cheap, and poultry and eggs can be had at a reasonable price. A large chicken can be had for ten cents, and seventeen dozens of eggs for fifty cents. As you pass through the villages you never see any poultry, and wonder how the Chinese manage to keep chickens secluded.

The wealthy people dress in silks and fine furs; the poorer class in the cheapest of material, such as light cotton goods, which is padded for the winter and resembles a large quilt. Hats or caps are scarcely worn. A great many Mohammedans wear the fez. The fuel is principally coal, as wood is very scarce

in this country. Coal is pulverized into dust, dampened and mixed with clay, rolled into small balls and burned in small clay stoves, the top being open and the draft passing in from the bottom, keeping these round balls red hot. These stoves are placed in the rooms, in which, if not properly ventilated, the sleeper is often overcome by the gas fumes. Houses are mostly constructed of brick made from clay and sun dried. The richer homes, government buildings and temples, are all calcimined, the roofs being made from glazed tile of many fancy colors and the corners ornamented with clay animals and birds. The inner walls are frescoed in fancy colors, which never seem to fade. The poorer homes are very scantily furnished, the beds being built from brick and dirt. The windows, which are few, are covered with paper. In the wealthier sections they are furnished with beds, chairs, tables and fancy dishes of every description.

Chopsticks are universally used by all classes; many of them are silver mounted. Gambling is carried on everywhere, games of all kinds being used for this purpose. Opium is used in preference to drink. Sanshu is the Chinaman's most popular drink. This contains large quantities of alcohol and has a very detestable flavor. Prisons are unknown, and a man committing a crime is beheaded, except in petty offenses, and then he is tied to a post and sentenced to stand in the sun or cold with his hands lashed and the principal part of his clothing removed. Men of wealth and position have very little difficulty in removing a man or having him executed if they wish him out of the way. Executions are made public and thousands of people turn out to witness this spectacle. The work is done with a large, heavy sword used by the executioner, and assisted by two helpers. The prisoners' hands are placed behind him and tied; he then kneels on the

ground and a long cord is placed in his mouth and the cue drawn forward. The helper then draws the cue and cord to the ground and the blade passes over the back of the neck and the execution is over.

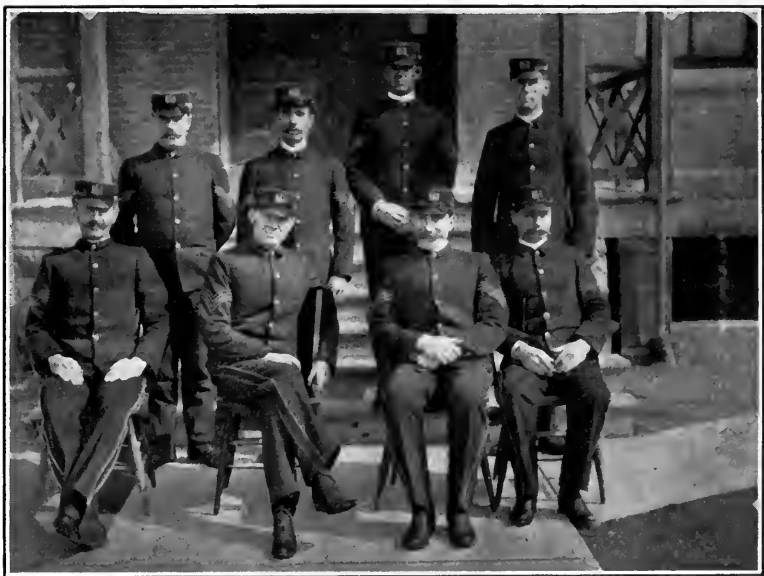
There was once a rebellion in the central province. A body of troops was sent out to put down the rebellion. After executing 30,000 Chinamen in this way they returned to Peking, the general being considered a hero, having ended the rebellion so easily.

We were now issued fur caps, gloves, overcoats, shoes and blue uniforms. We had enough rations to last us one year. The English were rebuilding the Tientsin and Peking railway, which had formerly come within eight miles of the city, this being as near as the Chinese government would allow them to approach the wall with their locomotives. A street car line had been built from the terminus of the railway to the east gate. Every part of the powerhouse and street car line had disappeared. The English were now blasting a hole through the wall and expected to run their trains into the city. The road was to be in operation the first of the year. Our mail was being sent every day across the country from Yang-sung, which was as far as the railway had been rebuilt towards Peking.

We were now ordered to stake out a road as direct as possible from Peking to Howsoun, this making their mail route about twenty miles nearer. The engineer detachment and about ten members of the the Sixth Cavalry mounted, and forty Chinamen were to help us. We started out the east gate, following a sunken highway, which had been pounded down into the surface from continuous traffic to the depth of about thirty or thirty-five feet. This was in November and we were having a terrible dust storm, which frequent this country in the winter season. Traveling east about eight miles, we arrived at the Imperial hunting park. This is a game re-

serve, where the Emperor goes on hunting trips. It is enclosed by a high wall and contains over ten square miles of land. We passed in through a gate, following our road to the northeast, putting up markers printed in black letters, "Peking and Howsoun," to mark the road. After crossing about eight miles of this park, we passed through a gate, arriving in a large city on the edge of the park. Here the Mandarin of the city with our officers, furnished us quarters to sleep in and ordered the natives to bring us wood and water and any articles we might desire. He was very friendly and the natives gathered around us in large bunches, examining the brass buttons on our coats, feeling our clothing and inquiring of our Chinamen all about us. We all had light buckskin gauntlets. These they greatly admired, and we were careful not to lay them down. Sleeping here this night, we were compelled to have fires, as it was very cold. We now started out west, crossing the country, marking out the road, and making a map of the country. This day we covered about thirty-five miles, passing through hundreds of villages where the Chinamen flocked out, having water all ready for our animals, offering us eggs and chickens, but no one took anything without paying for it. This night we put up just outside the wall of a large city, the Mandarin coming out and getting quarters for us and supplying us with wood. Hundreds of Chinamen came out of the city to look at us.

The next day we arrived in Howsoun, here remaining two days, then returning to Peking. The mail boys would now be able to follow the route which we had staked out.



A GROUP OF ARMY SERGEANTS.

CHAPTER X.

A WINTER IN CHINA—BACK TO THE PHILIPPINES.



It was near Christmas, and many of the missionaries who had returned to their home countries were now coming back, or new ones coming in their places. Nearly all foreign envoys who had gone to their home countries were returning for duty again in China. We had formed an acquaintance with a Norwegian missionary, who could speak broken English. He was an independent missionary, that is, he did not represent any missionary society, but carried on his work by popular subscription from friends in his own country. His building and school had been destroyed during this trouble, and when we first formed his acquaintance, a short time after the legations were relieved, he appeared in our camp with one shoe on and one boot, bareheaded, hair long and shaggy, and attired in a linen duster. While we were talking to him, he told us his trouble. He was trying to regain what he had lost by buying up goods, and then selling it.

We obtained an old pair of shoes and a hat and gave him these, and his dinner. He still had a mule and a cart and one of his converts, who was mounted on a Chinese pony. He remained with us all afternoon and gave us an account of the siege at Peking. He had been captured, but was released, as he could speak the Chinese language fluently. Several years before this he had made a trip from Peking to St. Petersburg, crossing the mountains and the great Mongolian desert. After he had formed our acquaintance, he visited us about once every week, remaining at our quarters all day. He often furnished

us with eggs and articles of this kind, buying up old jewelry and selling it to the Chinese.

He was undecided whether to rebuild his mission or not, as he had no means to accomplish this with. His brother was in the interior of China somewhere, he being a missionary also. He did not know if he was alive or not, and this seemed to trouble him wonderfully. He told us other missionaries would have nothing to do with him, as they called him "the crazy Norwegian." His country was not represented here by an envoy, and he was without friends. We helped him along as much as was possible, but told him he had better stay at his missionary work and not get too deep in business; but as time passed by he accumulated quite a sum of money.

Rumors were now spread that the Chinese general was marching towards Peking with a large army of Chinamen, but no one was concerned, as there were troops enough here to defend the city against any number he could march against us. The Boxers had begun to get troublesome, and on the 26th day of December we were on our way to a walled city, about fifty miles away. It was very cold now, and we carried our Sibley tents and stoves with us, making forty miles the first day. The next morning we crossed the river on the ice and about noon reached a walled city, where the Boxers had been disturbing the peace. Here Germans, English and Japanese were coming in from every direction, but the Boxers had disappeared.

The next day we started on our return to Peking, by the way of Tingchow. There had been quite a thaw and we had to build pontoon bridges to get our wagon trains and artillery across. We returned to Peking after being absent six days. The Chinese were not frightened now and remained in their villages and cities as we passed by, and they were still willing to accommodate us in all our wants.

New Year's night we were all awakened by shouts and cries, across in the English camp. Getting up and looking out the windows we could see large flames and soon learned that a large number of the Sikhs quarters had been burned down, destroying large quantities of ammunition and rations.

The railroad had now been completed, and on the first day of the year trains were running from Taku and Tientsin to Peking. We now had no further use for our Chinamen, and secured passes for them to return to their homes in Tientsin, where they had families. Two of them we kept, Washy Washy and Pete, they not having families, desiring to remain with us. On the evening before their departure, they came into our quarters, all in a row, each carrying a bundle. They proceeded to our table, undoing their packages, and filling the table with nuts, fruits and many Chinese dainties. Then their spokesman, speaking to Chang, our draftsman, informed him to tell us they thanked us very warmly for our kind treatment and told us they had been far better treated by us than by their own people. In the morning, as they were ready to leave our detachment all passed outside, shaking hands with them and bidding them good-bye.

We had many Chinese acquaintances in the city. A Mrs. Wung, who lived in our district, had invited several members of our detachment to the wedding of her niece. She could speak the English language, as she had been employed as a servant in the American legation. Her nephew was employed as a servant by our lieutenant, thus spending much of his time around our quarters.

Several of us decided to attend the wedding, and it proved to be an interesting affair. The bride and groom were both nice looking Chinese, she being about fifteen and he seventeen years of age. They went through many forms of Chinese custom. Pieces

of fine paper were scattered over them, and they were then pronounced husband and wife. After this came the feast. They had Chinese dishes, chop suey, meats of many kinds, some of it resembling dog meat. We did not sample the meat, but ate of the fowl, Chinese cakes and puddings. Mrs. Wung was acquainted with the American customs and had knives, forks and spoons provided for her American guests, the other members using chopsticks. Fine tea was served, as the Chinese do not use coffee, tea being used in every home, rich and poor alike. It is never sweetened and is drunk pure. The wedding was a success, and our hostess chatted away, trying to make things as pleasant as she could. We thanked them for their kindness, bade them all good-night and returned to our camp.

Our lieutenant received orders to survey a new American legation, and soon we were busy with our instruments and chains, driving stakes and running lines north and south, east and west. All legations were to be built close together, a large wall built around them, and barracks constructed for guards. Soon hundreds of Chinese were busy at work on these, tearing down old buildings and leveling off the ground. The foreign powers and China had now come to an agreement, the Chinese paying an indemnity for the cost of the war. Five members of the Chinese council who were so bitter against the foreigners and who were at the head of the Boxer movement, were to be publicly executed. The Chinese general who had taken a great part in the attack on the legation, was also to be executed. The court could now return to Peking, as the integrity of China would be upheld.

The execution part of the agreement was now being carried out, and on the one of the main streets of the Chinese city, thousands and thousands of people had gathered. These five members, under a guard of

Japanese soldiers, were now awaiting execution and were to receive the same punishment which, probably, they had been instrumental in handing out to their subjects. Here they stood, amid the cheering of thousands of their countrymen. Some of them were not able to stand and had to be carried up to the place of execution. They were men of wealth, and this was something unusual to these poor, ignorant Chinamen, for men of power like these were to receive the same punishment as had been inflicted upon them for committing some petty offense. Large rugs were placed on the ground by their families, and one after another they were executed, placed in coffins and borne away, the crowds cheering as the last of these passed out of sight. The Chinese general could not be found, as he was far out in the interior with a large army, and the Chinese government could not secure him.

Many stories were told here of the Chinese Emperor; how he was under the power of the Empress Dowager. He had been brought up under her care and was still influenced by her. Missionaries told stories of how servants came from the Emperor's palace, asking them for books. He desired very much to learn the English language and was fond of modern literature. This he had to read secretly, many of them believing that if he could have his way, great reforms would prevail in China, as the Emperor appeared friendly to the foreigners. The Empress Dowager had a bitter feeling against them, she being afraid of modern civilization, knowing that if Christian ideas and principles were taught, the power of aristocracy and nobility would be broken. It was plain for any one to see that the power of the dynasty is held through superstition and fear. Their Emperor is worshiped. If he passes through the street, a subject dare not look upon him, but must bow his head on the ground, closing his eyes

until his ruler has passed by in his fine sedan chair.

Our troops had to remain here until the wall had been built around the legation, so that the guards remaining here would be able to protect themselves if necessary. After this was done the troops would again return to the Philippines and General Chaffee would then become the commanding general of the Philippines. Every kind of amusement had been invented in camp to pass away the time. A baseball league had been organized and different branches of the service had been represented in this league. The officers, infantry, hospital corps, cavalry and artillery each had a team. The weather now was fine and a ball ground was prepared and the games became exciting, and many an afternoon was passed pleasantly away in this manner. The Chinese and foreign soldiers came to witness the games, many wondering what these excited soldiers were cheering for when a close and exciting score was made. The infantry had the best team, and after dozens of games had been played, the best players from the other teams were selected and they endeavored to defeat the infantry, but this seemed impossible, as the infantry again came out victorious.

Many hours were passed away on the wall, opposite our quarters. As the days became warmer, dozens of Chinese children gathered outside and we took hardtack, cans, and other articles which we had no use for, and pitched them out in front of the wall, watching them scramble for these. They had learned to know us, and of course watched us closely, and whenever we gathered on top of the wall they put in their appearance. Oftentimes large crowds of Chinese stopped and watched them scramble for these articles.

The Chinese are fond of dogs, and there were hundreds of them through the cities and towns. A great

many of them were large, having long hair, and making an ugly appearance. Many were covered with sores and were so thin they could scarcely walk. Cats are seldom seen, and few rats and mice. Game comes into the city, such as rabbits, Mongolian pheasants, wild ducks and geese. We made sketches of the country within ten miles of Peking, oftentimes going out without any gun. The Chinamen appeared friendly, and when we stopped in villages they offered us tea to drink and pieces of corn-bread. They seemed to know the Americans and in passing, many of them held up their thumbs, which meant we were all right. The troops had target practice, using the walls for a background, our artillery taking old pieces of captured Chinese guns out into the hunting park. Oftentimes the English artillery accompanied them. They had contests and the English had to do good shooting to keep in place with our boys, as the battery here was one of the best in the American army.

The weather had become warm now and we could see soldiers drilling, many of them drilling in front of our park or camp, as there was a long, level tract between the American and English camps. Here Germans, English and Americans spent hours each day drilling, the cavalry often causing quite a sensation as they went galloping over the smooth, even surface. There had been little snow during the winter season, but the weather had been cold. Oftentimes there would be winds which would blow the dust into clouds, these storms sometimes lasting for a week. As the warm weather approached, there were hundreds of cases of smallpox among the Chinese. It is a great wonder the soldiers did not take this disease, as we often passed Chinamen with the scabs falling off their faces. We were lucky and only had one case in our camp. You could see large numbers of foreign officers going through our camp

and hospitals, inspecting our system. The Japanese were very much interested and spent several days inspecting equipments, artillery, cavalry and quartermasters' transportation. The weather was fine and our troops had parade every evening. Hundreds of spectators from the legations turned out to witness these parades.

Large metallic coffins had arrived, and the bodies of dead soldiers were taken up and placed in these, sealed and sent back to the United States.

The Chinese have one of the oldest observatories in the world, which is built on one of the walls there at Peking. The Germans were taking the instruments from this, which were of very ancient pattern, packing them up and shipping them to their home government. The Chinese protested, but they were not heeded. They appealed to the American commander and he notified our home government and directed a note to the commander of the allied army. This caused quite a little trouble. Our government protested and these articles were all returned. A large delegation of Chinese came to our camp and presented our commander with a large silk umbrella. This is one of the highest honors which they can bestow upon anyone. Their interpreter made a speech, thanking our government and the commander for the kindness they had shown them in this trouble.

Our Norwegian missionary friend still visited us. He would now appear with his bible and would oftentimes preach a little. A few weeks later some one robbed him of the money he had accumulated, and he was afterwards found by a company of German soldiers, wandering over the country, insane. He was placed in a German hospital, and later transported to his home in Norway. The strain had been too much for him, and he broke down completely. We were now almost ready to leave China, as the new legation had been built, a large wall constructed

around it, with loop-holes for artillery guns. Company B of the Ninth Infantry, 300 strong, was to remain as legation guard. Our camps were being torn up and the buildings placed in the same condition as we had found them. Our troops marched to the train, led by an English band. At the depot were thousands of soldiers, foreign ministers and generals of the different armies who had participated in the war, waiting to bid us farewell. Our train slowly pulled away, amid great cheering and waving of hats. The last band to play was the Japanese, and their general stood by with hat removed, bowing and smiling an adieu, amid the strains of Auld Lang Syne. As we passed through the Chinese section hundreds of Chinamen collected near the gate and watched us pass, probably very much puzzled at the trainload of cheering men that passed through the great wall of the city.

This railroad was garrisoned by English soldiers, and at every station were crowds of them. Our train often stopped giving the officers of each army an opportunity to say farewell. The English and Americans were on very friendly terms and had been very friendly during the entire campaign.

As our train rolled along the plain we could see thousands of natives at work in their gardens. The water for irrigating purposes was drawn from wells by hand, as there was not sufficient rainfall in this region for the growing crops. All crops, except corn and broom corn, were irrigated. Weeds were used for fuel, and almost every article was utilized, nothing being allowed to waste. We seldom passed a habitation in the country, as nearly all congregate in villages. We often wondered at the large population of some of the villages through which we passed, oftentimes passing through throngs in villages which covered no more ground than that occupied by ordinary farm buildings in our country.

As we passed, they popped out like ants from an ant hill when disturbed by some intruder.

Previously we had visited the Great Wall, which is one of the Seven Wonders of the world. This is about 40 miles from the city. This great wall, beginning at the Gulf of Pechili at Shanghai Gaum, extends over the mountains for a distance of 1,500 miles. It is built of large, gray brick, is about 28 feet high and 14 feet thick. In some places the wall is forty-five and fifty miles from water. This must have taken many hundreds of years of labor, but one does not wonder so much when you consider the large population. Some of the boys secured pieces of brick from the wall for souvenirs.

After several hours of travel our train passed through Yangsung. Here, almost a year before, a great battle had been fought, but now everything was peaceable and quiet. The appearance of the place had changed, too. There was a large French garrison here, and they turned out to see us off. At Tientsin a new depot had been built upon the site of the old, which the Chinese artillery had chopped to pieces. The great wall that had encircled the city had now entirely disappeared and the city had taken on a more respectable appearance. The city was full of life, and men of all nations could be seen with uniforms of various colors and styles. Here, a few weeks before our arrival, the Russians and English had almost clashed over a valuable piece of railway property. They had both made intrenchments there, and for a time it looked as though there would be battle between the two, but an arbitrary settlement was made and war was averted. After a short stay here our train started for Taku, where we boarded a boat which carried us out of the river into the gulf. On the way we passed Chinese junks by hundreds, and many muddy and dirty looking villages, with swarms of inhabitants. The Japanese,

Russian, English, German and French flags still floated over the Taku forts as we passed.

Our tug ran alongside the United States transport Sumner, which we soon boarded, and found comfortable sleeping quarters for the night. We lay here two days, waiting for the remainder of the troops. After our commander arrived; anchor was weighed and our boat started for Manila, after first coaling at Nagasaki. Five days later we anchored in the bay.

Our detachment soon went ashore and later went marching past Quartell, Malate, to our headquarters, which were situated in a large convent in Malate. There we received a warm welcome from our friends and spent days here relating our adventures and listening to theirs. We had been away from the company a year, and had much to talk about. They told us that Aguinaldo had been captured and was held a prisoner in Manila. The Island had a civil governor, civil courts had been established and Manila was patrolled by police instead of soldiers, it being under civil government. Schools were established all over the city and the Islands, and hundreds of school teachers were arriving from the United States. A large school was established just across the street from our headquarters; this was overcrowded and they were compelled to have night school also. Hundreds of natives were turned away, as there was not enough room to accommodate all who came. The city had made rapid strides since we had left.

The Fourth day of July was celebrated in the city. A large parade was held and the Governor made a speech, which was listened to by thousands of natives, being given in their language by an interpreter. A large number of the natives could now speak English and many spoke it well. Many of the low dives and saloons had disappeared and reading rooms and libraries were established over the entire

city. This city had formerly been overrun by dogs. There were thousands of these mangy animals to be seen in every part of the city. A tax was placed upon them and soon the streets were filled with native dog catchers. These went about every day with caribou carts, on which were placed cages. With a rope attached to the end of a long bamboo pole, they lassoed the dogs, which were then placed in the cages. This was rather a hard task to gather up these useless animals, and took months to accomplish it.

Several thousand Filipinos had been sworn into the service of the United States as constabulary and scouts. Over these were placed American officers, and one could see almost as many natives in uniform as Americans. They were very proud of their uniform and were soon expert in drill. In the evening at the Luneta band stand the Filipino constabulary band rendered fine selections of music, at the close of which the Star Spangled Banner was played. It is the general order in the army that when this air is played, all must stand at attention, remove the hat and place over the heart.

Here on the Luneta, when this selection was rendered, one could see the promenaders stop, remove the hat, as did those in the service. They were not long in learning this air and respected it as did the soldiers.

The engineer corps had now been increased to a full regiment and the Second Battalion was on its way to the Islands to relieve us. It was decided that we return by the way of the Suez Canal, thereby making a tour of the world in the United States service. The men of our company were highly elated over this news and eagerly awaited the coming of the transport. We had served over two years in foreign service and in many rather severe campaigns. Many had been discharged here and had re-

turned to the United States; others had re-enlisted on receiving their discharge.

Early in September the news flashed over the cable that President McKinley had been shot while visiting at Buffalo. Manila now had four daily papers, printed in English. Extra editions gave a long account of the attempt to assassinate the president. This caused deep regret among both Americans and natives. A week later news of his death was announced and flags were ordered at half-mast. Funeral services were held on the day of his burial. All regimental colors were ordered into Manila and all troops near the city marched into the Luneta, where thousands of natives had gathered to witness the services. Prayers were offered and "America" was sung by the troops. The service was observed throughout the entire Island. That day a great man had been laid to rest. He had risen to the highest position in public life and had left behind him a clean record. The fanatic, who took his life, probably had never known of any of his good qualities. This deed had now been repeated twice in our history and great care and precautions were taken to shield the men in high positions from danger.

The great ice plant had now been completed, and this had lowered the price of that precious article in the city. Filipino business houses were now selling ice cream, ice cold lemonade and many other cold drinks, which they had not been able to offer two years previous. Many of the natives did a rushing business on the streets by selling ice cream that had been made from condensed cream. Their trade was principally with the natives.

Each day we read criticisms in the paper that were made by a certain class of people in our own country, concerning the war in the Philippines. It seemed incredulous to us that they should thus condemn the policy that had been pursued by the government,

for we could plainly see the opportunities that had been opened to them. Before, they had been ruled by an iron hand; they were overtaxed, given no privileges, no freedom of worship, and no freedom of the press. Government and religion worked hand in hand, and the people were held in bonds of slavery. Missionaries now arrived and introduced the idea of freedom of worship, which these people had never known. The priestcraft had a hold upon them like a grip of iron, and had Filipino government been allowed to proceed, this chain would doubtless never have been broken. Under American government the power of this great order of friars was dissolved and the Filipinos were now at liberty to receive an education and worship as they chose.

Doubtless some of the American soldiers had followed unprincipled practices, after which some of the natives would pattern, but after everything has been properly adjusted these can be overcome. We find the good and bad element in the army as well as in civil life. It seems that in every undertaking both good and evil influences are set in motion.

The relief battalion had now arrived and were sent in sections to all parts of the Islands to relieve our detachments, who were at work remodeling roads and bridges. These men directed the work and the labor was mostly performed by Filipinos who were usually employed at the rate of 50 cents per day. This was extremely high wages for them and hundreds were turned away each day.

An order had been issued by the governor for an improvement of the harbor at Manila. A long pier was to be erected and dredges were set to work to make a channel for boats, that they might load or unload at the pier, thus saving thousands of dollars. It was thought that this would increase trade.

The fresh battalion having been stationed, we were now in readiness to return to the United States.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM MANILA TO NEW YORK BY WAY OF SUEZ CANAL.



THE army transport, McClellan, had arrived in the harbor and was engaged in unloading the cargo of rations. This was the boat on which we should make the return. Our clothing was inspected and placed in lockers and disinfected, so there would be no danger of carrying disease aboard. One morning near the middle of October, we fell in line and marched by the Luneta, where we had spent so many enjoyable evenings. But these were forgotten for the present; we walked as if on air, for this day we should go aboard the boat, bound for home, the boys remarking in the meantime that we were going back to God's country again. An Infantry band furnished us music as we marched down Malacolm drive. At the Pasig river we went on board lighters and the tug soon drew us out into the bay, the band playing "Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye."

We had been on so many transports that we knew just how to arrange things so that we might be comfortable. These were to be our quarters for the next two months, and we knew we should have to endure many rough gales before we reached New York. This transport was used for carrying supplies and rations from New York to Manila, but there were sufficient bunks for our three companies. The cabins were filled with many officers of the different branches of the service, who were returning from Manila. Guards were placed on the deck and we were not allowed on the stern or aft, thus limiting our quarters to one-third of the deck room of the ship. This was to prevent the officers' wives from

being molested as they reclined in their easy chairs on the deck. They could not bear to have an enlisted man pass them. So there we were, in rather cramped quarters. It is always in the commanding officer's power to allow freedom of decks if he chooses, and we thought as long as we conducted ourselves properly we should have been given that privilege. But we suspected that the women had played the main part in issuing the orders, and all we could do was to obey and keep silent on the subject. We soon reached the China Sea, and our course was directed toward Singapore. These, we were told, were the most treacherous waters seafaring men have to contend with, and oftentimes vessels fight their way through storms for weeks. They seem to draw the vessels in and hold them, carrying them with the storm. Tarpaulins were spread across the main deck, and when all the men were on deck, it was thickly crowded. Squatting on the deck, stories were told, some read, others argued, played cribbage, high-five dominoes, checkers or chess. There was no band on this boat, but we had several splendid quartets, guitars, mandolins and banjos. In the evenings we entertained ourselves with familiar songs, sometimes a hundred voices taking part. Very little rough weather was had at the beginning of the voyage.

We anchored at Singapore one day about ten o'clock. There were no docks here, but life boats were lowered and passes were given to all who desired to go ashore. Singapore, on the Malay peninsula, is the largest seaport. It is under British control, and inhabited by East Indians—tall, dark, black haired, and with piercing black eyes. Here there were thousands of Chinese who pushed about jinrikishas. A large garrison of English soldiers was stationed here, and the city was clean and well regulated and in fine sanitary condition. There were



SCENE IN ARMY SLEEPING ROOM.

fine parks, filled with beautiful flowers. In the natives' portion of the city there were beautiful streets and many business places. Our boat remained here two days and we visited many places of interest. Beyond the city we found beautiful roads, and thick vegetation. We visited several temples which were controlled by priests. There were many missions there, for that seemed to be one of their important fields.

Our boat left Singapore on the third morning after our arrival and we passed through the Strait of Malacca, approaching within one-half degree of the equator. Then our course was changed to northward, passing along the shores of Sumatra. This is under Dutch control. We passed through the strait, and were soon in the Indian Ocean. The weather was now a little rough, but there had been no storms. After seven or eight days we came in sight of the Island of Ceylon, and our vessel anchored about three miles off shore. We saw several queer looking objects approaching and as they came alongside our boat we knew they were native boys who were divers. They sat in line on a piece of timber, which was kept in motion by their hands, which they used as paddles. Each stick was about fifteen feet long and accommodated a dozen boys. They would rise on the log and dance and sing, calling out to us, "dive, dive." When we threw a coin into the water, about a dozen dove after it, jumping off the log like bull frogs. The one who secured it always held up his arm above the water, showing the coin in his fingers. They remained near our boat so long that we were almost of the opinion that they lived in the water. Their hair was bleached so as to be almost white. Again, all who wished were allowed to go on shore to the city of Colombo. Here we found many thousands of Boer prisoners and we spent some time visiting their camp, which was several miles beyond the city.

They were well cared for, and their camp was clean. Many of them were restless and discontented, not being used to close confinement. The English soldiers were very accommodating and allowed us many privileges. On our return to the city we visited the Botanical and Cinnamon Gardens. The former was a large park, with animals; snakes and all sorts of creatures which inhabit the island. We wished that we might spend hours here looking at the plants, trees, flowers and birds of all curious varieties. This island being under British control, the seaports were well regulated. The natives here somewhat resembled those of Singapore. Many of the women wore rings in the noses and ears. Carriages were drawn by cattle and it was very amusing to us to see a cow trotting along the street drawing a covered carriage, filled with American soldiers, laughing and chattering. There were many temples in the city, and this was a good missionary field, as it was well protected by the English. We noticed that all small children were without clothing, some having a locket and chain around the neck. It seemed that these people were fond of jewelry.

When we boarded the boat we found the Hindoo magicians there. They had with them a large cobra. They first took up a collection and then began on their tricks. One began by removing hard round stones from his mouth. He drew five from his mouth, each one in turn growing larger. Then he insisted that he must have more money before removing more. Another contribution was made for him and he took three more out, each larger than the preceding one. The boys called for more. He agreed to take a very large one from his mouth for another sum of money. This was raised and he removed a large, hard, round stone from his mouth. In the meantime his comrade was talking over the snake. He performed several other small tricks, and

then told us that for one dollar he would make the mango tree grow. The dollar was soon produced and he produced the seed from which the tree must grow, his partner still talking to the snake. He placed the seed on the deck, took a large cloth, shook out its folds, and then placed it over the seed. Then stepping back he passed his hands in front of him, humming in a low pleasant tone, "Gildy, gildy, gildy grow," repeating it again and again, still passing his hands in front of his face. The other man was still busy with the snake. In a short time the cloth began to rise. Higher and higher it went. He soon removed the cloth, and we found that the mango seed had split open and from it had grown a tree twelve or fourteen inches high, covered with green leaves. This he took up, wrapped it in his cloth and taking up their snake they soon departed, bidding us good-bye.

Small native boats loaded with curios and trinkets of all descriptions came out from the city. After these came boats with fruit, oranges, bananas, and coral of the most beautiful colors. Our boat remained here three days, taking on large quantities of coal and fresh meat. We then continued on our way across the Indian Ocean. We next passed Aden, but did not stop there. In this city on the Arabian coast it is necessary to condense water for use. This we were told was a city of little interest. Next we passed through the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, with Arabia on our right, Africa to the left. To the left we could see a large flag staff. This we were told was English Aden. The coast line and rocks which were visible on either side were red. From this the Red Sea derives its name. This sea is long and narrow and we were in the path of ocean steamers which we passed every few hours, most of them flying the British flag, and we could form some idea of the great commerce carried on by that country. Many

of the large ocean liners sped past us, they being faster boats than ours. On Sunday as we journeyed along this sea, the chaplain on board held service and preached to us. He told us that if we arose early enough the next morning we could see Mt. Sinai from the boat. Many of us were up earlier than usual, and an old sailor, who was on the lookout pointed it out to us. Here the great leader of Israel had received the commandments, written by the finger of God, on a tablet of stone. There it stood like a grand monument, soon passing from our view. Our next stop was at Suez, a Turkish port. There we anchored and awaited our turn to pass through the canal.

A small boat rowed along side and a large Turkish doctor came aboard to inspect our boat, after which the quarantine flag was hauled down. The water here was very clear, and we could see the bottom far down beneath our boat. Large sharks could be seen swimming around our boat, piloted by a long neat fish, which remained under the jaws of the shark, and is called the pilot fish. With every one that came near we saw that it was accompanied by its pilot. Other fishes of many sizes and varieties could be seen in the water which was clear as crystal.

After waiting several hours, anchor was drawn and we proceeded on our way through the canal, one of the great engineering feats of the age; a waterway which allows the largest ocean steamers to pass from the Red Sea into the Mediterranean and covering a distance of eighty-seven miles. A French pilot came aboard and a searchlight was placed in the bow of the vessel. We made our way slowly, passing many vessels and crossing a large lake. On one side of the shore we noticed several boys with dark hair and dark complexions, wearing gowns which came to the knees. We soon secured a lot of hardtack, which we pitched ashore, and had them racing after us.

One of them soon became winded and gave up the race, but the other continued running, puffing and sweating, his gown flapping merrily about his legs. This interfered considerably with his progress, so he removed it and then was able to make better time. But our boat started at a more rapid movement and he was compelled to fall behind too.

On awakening next morning we found that our boat had tied up at the docks at Port Said, and was coaling there. No one was allowed to go ashore as they were under quarantine, the city being infected with Bubonic plague. Large tin shields were placed on the hausers, which were tied to the dock. These were to prevent rats from going aboard the boat, and carrying the disease with them. After coaling, our lines were loosened and we made our way into the Mediterranean, bound for Malta. The weather was now delightful, the sky blue and at night the water seemed to be filled with lights. This was the Bosphorus and many times the water seemed to be filled with electricity.

After many days of pleasant sailing land was again sighted and we made our way into a small and beautiful harbor, with a city on either side of us. This island is directly south of Sicily. Here Paul was shipwrecked when being taken from Jerusalem to Rome. This we found to be a beautiful little island with an ideal climate. The natives were dark but very nice looking, being very well proportioned, and very friendly they were too. We learned that there were a large number of English soldiers here on account of a threatened outbreak, caused by a tax which had been levied upon them for Boer War expenses. We were here allowed ashore again and many of us went far out in the country beyond the city. We saw many queer looking castles, surrounded by stone walls. Along the roads were stone fences and many of the fields were separated by

similar structures. Large quantities of vegetables were raised and fishing was carried on extensively in the waters immediately surrounding the island.

Here we stayed three days and then continued our journey across the Mediterranean, and it was not long until we saw the point of Gibraltar looming up in the distance. We passed behind this sea wall and remained here until the vessel had again coaled. The weather was very stormy and rough, but we were well protected from it as long as we remained here. Shore leave was granted again, and many of the men stepped for the first time upon European soil. We found that the place was strongly fortified. Large caves have been cut in the rock and it has been said that the English have these stored with ammunition and rations, there being enough to last a large garrison twenty years. This is a naval base and the British Mediterranean fleet has its headquarters here. We crossed a small drawbridge into Spanish territory. On one side of the bridge were English guards, on the other Spanish. We could see many Spanish villages along the shore line, and a railroad extending inland. Twenty miles distant across the strait could be seen the coast of Morocco.

Our boat remained here three or four days waiting for the storm to subside. We then left the harbor passed through the Strait of Gibraltar and were soon out on the great Atlantic. We took the southern route for New York, passing the Canary Islands on our way. Several days later we were overtaken by a great storm. In the evening the sky looked extremely gray—and the hatches were battened down, and the sailors went about with serious faces, one old sailor remarking that from all indications we were running into a terrible storm. He said the wind was heading direct from the northwest, and we could expect a terrible blow. He was an old man, and had been a sailor all his life, so we felt that we

were nearing danger. The wind was then rapidly rising and soon everything was a continual roar. The boat pitched and rolled. Many had placed their mess pans over their bunks, and these were shaken and dislodged from their positions and went rattling backward and forward on the deck. It was impossible to stand now without holding. We had noticed that in the evening the pilot had been lashed fast to the pilot house, so he might be able to handle the wheel. We did not wonder now at this precaution, for we were unable to stand at all without a firm hold on some object.

Our boat's course was directly against the wind. Oftentimes when on a large swell the propeller was clear of the water, the wind would drive us back for quite a distance, then the bow would strike a large swell and divide it, the water flying high in the air, later to come down on the deck like a ton of brick. The boat quivered and seemed to crouch, as though another wave like that would splinter it to pieces. A few became sick and now and then we could hear some one faintly singing,

"O! Mr. Captain, stop the ship,
I want to get out and walk,
I feel so flipperty, flopperty flip,
And I think I'll never see New York.

"O! Mr. Captain, stop the ship,
Methinks of the wrecking main.
High, high! Send me a cab,
To take me home again."

Some laughed at the storm, but as another swell struck us others would remark, "she is going this time sure."

Three days passed in this way and there were no signs of the storm abating. The wind was now blowing a gale and the sailors claimed it was traveling at the rate of sixty to seventy-five miles an hour. Our boat reeled like a drunken man as she crossed

these swells, going from side to side, then pitching forward. Sometimes she would ride a large swell and as this passed from under her it seemed as though the bottom of the ocean had dropped out letting us down with a heavy jerk. After six days of storm the wind began to abate, but the rollers seemed larger than before. Sails were used to steady the vessel for it was light. The coal was almost gone from her bunkers and it was impossible to reach New York with such a small amount. Our vessel was then headed for the Bermudas, off the coast of the United States, and opposite Charleston, South Carolina. After several days had passed these were sighted, and there our grand old boat anchored.

We felt very respectful toward her, now that she had withstood the storm so heroically and carried us through the danger. On our way into the harbor we passed many wrecked vessels. Some with masts and smoke stacks blown completely away. A number of them were towed into the harbor by tugs, to receive repairs before continuing on their way. They had not been so fortunate as we, for our boat had come thus far without an accident. Coal barges ran alongside our vessel and men were soon busy filling the bunkers. This took several days for our supply was almost exhausted. In the meantime we were observing the islands. We were near the beautiful little town of Hamilton, and could see cottages and houses in the distance, which appeared as mere dots. We found that a great many wealthy people were accustomed to spending the winter there; that large quantities of vegetables were raised there, but the principal one was onions. These were large yellow Spanish onions, some of which would weigh several pounds.

Our boat having been supplied with coal we started again on the homeward voyage. The weather was

extremely mild, as our course lay now along the Gulf Stream. We all went about in shirt sleeves. But this did not last long and as we journeyed northward, the air became chilly and the boys were soon searching for overcoats and gloves. Two days later we sighted the great Scotland light, which marks the entrance to New York Harbor. This we soon passed, then Sandy Hook and Staten Island. Snow covered the ground, making us feel very chilly. To our right on Long Island was Ft. Hamilton, to our left Ft. Wadsworth on Staten Island. These were familiar places to us, for we had often visited friends there. Then the Statue of Liberty could be seen in front of us on Liberty Island. What a great harbor this is! Boats darting in all directions, ocean liners passing in and out, large ferry boats ploughing their way through the water, giving the harbor a confusing appearance.

This well deserves the name of being the greatest harbor in the world. As we passed on we were all admiring that great structure—the East River suspension bridge. Next we turned to observe the great city in front of us, dotted with its tall skyscrapers, which appeared like tall chimneys beside the smaller buildings. After passing quarantine the boat ran in to the Jersey pier, thereby completing our tour of the world, with Uncle Sam. Here we found many anxious friends awaiting us for most of our comrades' homes were near the city of New York. It was now very near Christmas time, December 20th, and all whose homes were near, were granted a twenty day furlough. The remainder of our number proceeded on to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, arriving at that place the day after Christmas. Jefferson Barracks had been changed since my short stay there three years previous. The place looked unfamiliar to me since improvements had been made. As we marched up the steep hillside we passed the

new headquarters building in front of which was placed a large Spanish gun, which had been captured and taken from the Reina Mercedes. Here we had a good view of the Mississippi, which now appeared so small to us after the voyage. Our company was soon comfortably settled in the new barracks, and we were set to work at drilling recruits, who came in to fill up our company, which was far below the required number. I had been promoted to corporal during the campaign in China and now spent many hours drilling "rukies." We were to remain at the barracks until the coming spring, when we were to proceed to Ft. Leavenworth, near Kansas City. This was the military school for officers and was to become one of the largest garrisons in the United States.

Engineers, infantry, cavalry, signal corps and artillery were to be stationed there. Old buildings were put in better condition and new ones erected. Winter passed quickly by, and many of us witnessed the breaking of the ground for the World's Fair to be held near St. Louis the next year. In the month of April we were sent to Ft. Leavenworth, where many thousands were arriving for garrison duty. We were kept busy here drilling our company in making spar bridges, going on reconnaissance, making maps, surveying and various other duties. The weather was pleasant and the different troops engaged in many exciting games of ball. This was a favorite sport with the soldiers and many of them were expert players. There was a splendid target range here and in May our target season began. A large military prison was erected and many hundreds of convicts, who had received hard labor sentences, were here carefully guarded. Most of these were from Indian Territory, New Mexico and Arizona. All criminals from these territories were sent to the military prison.

My term of service expired on May 25th and I decided to leave the service. After receiving my discharge I bade my comrades good-bye, and left Ft. Leavenworth to enter civil life; thus ending my six years' service in the United States Army.

CHAPTER XII.

ARMY HAPPENINGS.



OUR lieutenant colonel often drilled the regiment when the colonel was absent. He was a tall, fleshy old man and had a very high-spirited horse of which he was very much afraid. He liked to put on airs when he was drilling us, but was always very nervous and fidgety and soon received the name of "Old Man Afraid of His Horse." We often had some very hearty laughs over his antics. He would tell us he was going to give a very difficult command to execute, then he would start to give the command. When he would raise his voice the horse would begin to canter and jump and he would finish up with "fours right," then before finishing the command, would say to his horse: "Whoa boy! Whoa boy! March!" and would forget all about his wonderful command. One day while at drill the horse became frightened, throwing his rider off and breaking his leg below the knee, laying him up for several months. He turned his horse over to the captain of Company G to break in for him. This captain we called "Dandy Pat." Dandy soon had him under control. Oftentimes when giving a command the horse would jump, and "Dandy" would strike him between the ears with the hilt of his sword.

We often had quite a lot of amusement with new recruits while on their first guard duty. One of our most exciting drills was bayonet exercise. The gun is thrown forward in parries and lunges, placed in many different kinds of guards, butt of the piece forced to the rear, right and left, front and rear passes are executed with right and left volts in con-

junction with the movement of the piece and making a very beautiful and exciting drill. This drill is always taught to the recruits, so as to accustom them to the use of their piece. We had a new German recruit and of course the boys made him believe that this bayonet drill covered every duty, to afford them some amusement. It came the turn of this new recruit for guard duty. He was placed on post, which was around the corridor of the cell in the inside of the guardhouse. This was his first tour of guard duty and he was very much excited, forgetting almost everything except bayonet exercise and a few instructions in fire orders, which some practical joker had given him before going on duty. The officer of the guard always visits sentries on posts to see that they understand their orders properly. On approaching this German sentry he asked him several orders, then inquired what he would do if two of the prisoners would try to take his gun. He remarked, he would step back and go through his bayonet exercises. The officer explained to him it would be his duty to shoot and pay no attention to the bayonet drill. He next asked him what he would do, if while guarding the building it would catch fire, he said he would shoot off his gun and then pile on more wood. The officer was compelled to remove him from post and have the corporal of his relief instruct him in guard duty.

Two great characters in our company, were Becker, a bugler and Kennedy a private. They were bunkies and one would always see them together. They were both great "tipplers." Becker had been in the service twenty-nine years and was very seldom sober. His clothes were generally greasy and every one called him "Piggy." Kennedy was called "Chicken Thief." The way this name originated he and Becker were out one night and as they were returning to the barracks they passed a Chinese

laundry, which was in the garrison. Sam, the Chinaman, had a number of chickens. Kennedy had seen these and this night stole a large rooster, bringing it to the quarters under his overcoat. He had placed it in the bottom of his locker. The next morning about daybreak the rooster began crowing from his locker. Kennedy slipped the door open and meant to wring the fowl's neck. The rooster slipped past him and started down the room squawking, with Kennedy in pursuit in his underwear. The rooster landed on Sergeant Porter's bunk, squawking, flew against a window knocking down a few flowers which the sergeant had near his bunk. The sergeant collared Kennedy placed him under arrest, but later on relented and Kennedy was given a week's duty in the kitchen for disturbing the peace of the squad room. That night Becker had taken his blanket and made a bed on the veranda. He was bald-headed and it being a very cold night the top of his head was frozen; it then turned black and peeled off. Several weeks later Kennedy had been on a "jamboree," and had been out dissipating all night. The next day it was his turn for guard duty. He was guarding prisoners, keeping them at work and preventing their escape. They had been hauling ashes to the dump ground, which was located about one-half mile back of Q. M. stables in a deep ravine. Kennedy being tired had sat down on a box while they were dumping the cart. He was in charge of two desperate prisoners. He dozed off into a light sleep and while sleeping the prisoners approached him stealthily, grabbed his gun and made him their prisoner. They marched him back about three miles from the fort. Here they halted him and made him stand by a tree. They proceeded onward about one-half mile, where they leaned his gun against a bush and then passed on over the hill out of sight. Kennedy proceeded, secured his rifle and as it was impossible to recap-

ture them he returned to the guardhouse and gave the alarm. Here his belt was removed and he was placed behind the bars. A general court-martial was ordered, he was tried by eleven officers and sentenced to three months' hard labor and thirty dollars fine. This seemed to straighten him out, for after returning to the company for duty he was a much better soldier. After "Piggy" had served his thirty years he was retired on three-quarter pay and allowances. The last news we had of him he was a messenger for some department commander, but if he continued his drinking like he did while in the company the chances are he did not hold his situation very long.

It is often very comical to watch an inexperienced corporal trying to drill a company of recruits. One day the corporal was drilling a squad of recruits and was explaining the difference between quick and double time, that in quick time a step is taken in thirty inches and two steps to the second. Double time the men take a run and increase the speed. He had not explained to them that when they return from double time to quick, they should take their former pace. After he commanded quick time, they being in double time thought he meant that they should go faster and they ran away from him, he following up calling on them to stop, but they did not hear him and continued on until some one crossing in front of them checked their movement. The corporal now came up out of breath telling them he had meant that they should take up the march instead of running a foot race. It is very easy to become confused as a drill instructor and one must understand drill regulations and explain them very carefully.

A German member of our company while on the firing line at El Caney was conversing with comrades on both sides of him; the one on the right ceased to talk to him and he remarked to the comrade on the



AN ARMY CAMP KITCHEN.



left that he must be asleep. The fire continued and after a while the one on the left ceased talking also. The German after firing from his position for awhile, having no one to talk to moved back several yards, where there was a rise; later on he found that his two comrades had been killed and he had been lying between them for several hours thinking they were asleep.

At El Caney a number of us were visiting the village the day after the battle. Going down a road we crossed a bridge which is on the edge of the village. We had left our guns at our tents a couple hundred yards up on the hill. We explored the town with its awful effects of battle, viewing the bodies of the Spanish general and staff. On the general's light blue uniform were three silver stars on each shoulder. A friend of mine began cutting off several of these stars with his pen-knife. We told him we would not take these, but he remarked that he wanted them for souvenirs. They never did him any good, as he died about four weeks later with dysentery. After looking over the town we started to return to our camp. "Fatty Allen," a large, jolly corporal had captured a small pig. He would hold it under one arm and twist its tail, making it squeal. Crossing the bridge on our left was the blockhouse; several of the boys had gone here to investigate it, there being a Cuban with them. They found the door barred and upon trying to open it, a Spanish captain inside asked them what they wanted. This surprised them, as they did not know there was any one inside. The Cubans told him they wanted him to surrender. We could now hear their conversation and the Spanish officer remarked that he would never surrender to Americans and began firing from the loop-holes in the blockhouse. The men nearest the blockhouse jumped into an intrenchment near by. We were in plain view about seventy-five yards distant, and he

opened fire on us, we starting up the hill on a jump, "Fatty Allen" dropping his pig which ran away squealing. About every fifteen seconds a bullet would whiz by our heels or over our heads, as we ran up the hill as fast as our legs would carry us. After reaching our guns several details were made up of sharpshooters, which directed a fire against the blockhouse, from several directions and in about one-half hour the Spanish captain was wounded and taken prisoner.

While lying in our intrenchments near Santiago, along the San Luis and Santiago railway, a few days after the surrender of this place, the Commander of the Fifth Army Corps moved his headquarters to a range of low hills on our right. His outfit passed by our camp. The general, who was a large, fleshy man, weighing over three hundred pounds, was bringing up the rear in a four-wheeled runabout, drawn by two large army mules. Over him was a large umbrella. His face was purple with heat and he was mopping the perspiration from his large, massive jaws.

Everyone began laughing as he came into view, nearly all of us getting out of sight behind bushes. Tied to the back end of his buggy was a cow, and following it was a small calf. Upon seeing this, several of the boys who were hidden, began to call, "Baa! Baa! Baa!" then from some other clump some one would call—"Give that calf more rope!" The general looked about in every direction, but could see no one of whom he could inquire to find out where this noise was coming from. As he passed out of sight, we no longer wondered how he managed to keep on such large proportions of flesh, as he had a cow from which he could receive a large supply of milk at any time.

Great honor should be given to the Y. M. C. A., as they managed to keep the soldiers supplied with

writing material and large quantities of reading matter, such as newspapers and magazines. Their tent could always be seen near soldier camps and the boys certainly owe them many thanks for their kindness.

While stationed near St. Louis, just after the outbreak of the natives in the Philippines, I was conversing with a Missouri farmer, who hauled the slop and garbage away from the kitchen, and at length he brought up the subject of the Spanish-American war. As he drove away, he said: "Well, Sergeant, I don't reckon this squabble is squashed yet." I laughingly remarked that I didn't suppose it was, but he perhaps meant there would be more fighting before this matter was settled.

While enroute for the Philippines, a member of our company who was a Kentuckian by birth and very high tempered, had a dispute and quarrel with one of the boat's crew. The member of the crew was a New Yorker, and had a reputation of being quite a pugilist. The Kentuckian was detailed as a helper in the mess galley, where he assisted the cooks. The New Yorker tormented him and kept trying to have a fight with him, and one day he struck the Kentuckian in the face. There was a large butcher knife lying near and the Kentuckian started after his enemy with this. Overtaking him, he cut two long gashes down his back, and then broke the knife off in his right shoulder blade. As the New York boy turned to defend himself with his hand, the Kentuckian slashed his hand several times with the broken knife. Several men caught him and forced his back. The injured man was carried to the hospital, where it took over one hundred stitches to shape him up again. The Kentuckian was taken to the brig, where he was locked up for safe keeping. The other man recovered, and after we landed in the Philippines, a court martial was ordered for the soldier, but the

case never came to trial and nothing more was ever heard of it.

While repairing a bridge near Paranake, we were digging out an old abutment, built from stone and mortar. Several members of our detachment were working together, among them a Jew, whom we called "Ravenscamp." Several boys warned "Raven" not to get too near, as they expected the abutment to topple over, but he only laughed at them and walked up and struck it with his pick, when it came down, burying him under it, all except his head. We soon had him dragged out. Taking him under a large tree, everyone thinking he was dead, water was brought and thrown over his face and after several minutes he began to show signs of recovery. His right leg had been crushed and as he opened his eyes and began to spit, the first words he uttered were: "My hat!" No one heeded him, and he kept on, "My hat! my hat!" After carrying on about his hat for several minutes, one of the boys secured it and brought it to him and placed it in his hand. The first thing he did was to turn the inside rim out and remove five hundred dollars in American greenbacks, which he had hidden on the inside of his hat. Most of this he had won from the colored boys on the transport and while we were stationed at San Fernando, with his game of chuck-a-luck. He now turned his money over to the lieutenant for safe keeping and he was sent to the First Reserve Hospital. Here he remained for about one year, and then received his discharge for disability, and the last we ever heard of him he was drawing a pension of thirty-five dollars per month.

A queer character in our company was a man by the name of Palmer. He could hardly open his mouth without uttering an oath. He spoke very loud, and one could usually hear him farther than you could see him. After we had been on the Islands

awhile, one day Palmer was trying to purchase some eggs. He could not speak the Spanish language sufficiently to make the native understand him, so when he arrived near the native he motioned for him to come to him. Motioning among the Filipinos has just the opposite meaning to what it has to us. If you wish one to come towards you, motion away from you; and to go away, motion towards you. Palmer motioned toward himself and the native started the other way. Palmer began to curse and rave, as he usually did when he became excited, frightening the poor native nearly to death. After he made him understand he wanted something, he then inquired of the native how many denero he wanted for the eggs. All the native could understand was denero and he he said something resembling chicken. Palmer started in on him again—"Now you know I don't want chicken. I want eggs." All the native could say was, "Me no sabe." (I don't understand.) After Palmer had exploded several times, raving like a maniac, an interpreter was secured and the deal was completed for five gull eggs, which the native had for sale, Palmer going away growling to himself. One night we were in a dangerous locality, where we expected an attack most any time. Palmer took a nervous chill from fright. We had a hospital nurse with us, whom we called "Doc." He understood medicine nearly as well as a doctor. Palmer was carrying on, moaning and shaking, when we called for "Doc." He examined him and told him there was nothing wrong with him. Palmer said, "You know I am dying now!" Then he began again, saying, "Rub me, Doc, rub me. I'm dying all over." In the morning he became better and was able to eat a hearty breakfast for a sick man. The boys said he had taken this means of getting out of doing his guard duty. Later on he was discharged for disability and the communication came to our company

headquarters from the pension department, asking if there was any member of the company that knew of Palmer being struck over the head by a piece of bamboo. No one knew of this circumstance, and we never learned whether he received a pension or not.

While lying at Angelus, in northern Luzon, awaiting an advance, our hospital nurse, "Doc," hired about two dozen natives for litter bearers to carry wounded off the field. One of these he made boss over the rest, as he could talk and understood Spanish well. After he had been placed in this position he became very dignified, putting on quite a little style. He obtained a fine white helmet, a suit of khaki clothing and a pair of army shoes. He strutted around, making his native helpers believe that he had been placed in command of the American forces. We soon had him nicknamed "El Capitan." It was comical to see him trying to walk in American shoes. He would hobble along and it looked as though he needed crutches, but it was impossible to make him give up his shoes and red socks, and his red, white and blue necktie, which he had secured while visiting in Manila. As we advanced on the right flank with the Seventeenth Infantry, under command of Colonel "Jaky Smith," "El Capitan" became very tired his shoes blistering his feet severely, but his dignity would not permit him to remove his shoes and go barefooted as the helpers did. "El Capitan" kept a close watch, and as we passed a young native with a caribou, he pulled the young fellow off and he took the animal for his own use, riding it along, holding its tail with one hand and guiding it with the other. He managed the caribou nearly all day. Towards evening we passed a squad of soldiers, resting. He looked so comical that they thought they would have some fun with him. They began cheering and frightened his caribou, and soon "El Capitan" was going up the road along the

Banban river as fast as the caribou could gallop. The road turned into the river, which was crossed by fording. The caribou dashed into the river with "El Capitan" still clinging to its tail. As he came into the water he laid down to cool himself, but his rider still clung to him. "El Capitan" became wet to his ears. After the caribou had wallowed in the water awhile he managed to get him out again. He kept this animal for several months and returned with it to his native village. Later on the owner made a demand for it through the authorities, but we never knew whether "El Capitan" was compelled to return it or not.

One day we were busy rebuilding a large railroad bridge on the Manila and Dagupan line. Our supplies were all kept at the depot, about one and one-half miles distant. We used a handcar with a rope attached, to pull our saws, sledges, hammers, nails and other supplies back and forth. Our Jew, "Ravenscamp," was placed in charge of this car with five of our Chinese coolies. The Jew was good for nothing else except some light work like this. We needed a quantity of large bolts, which were stored away at the old depot. "Raven" was dispatched to bring these as soon as possible, as we were waiting for the material. We waited for an hour or more, but still there was no sign of "Raven." After waiting for two hours, our lieutenant became impatient and went in search of him. As he rode up, he found "Raven" sitting in the shade, with one of his Chinese helpers fanning him and chasing off the flies. Our lieutenant, who was very quick tempered exploded at once. The Chenos were hustled after the bolts and soon had them aboard the car. When they were ready to start, the lieutenant said, "Now, Ravenscroft, you have just three minutes to get this car down to the bridge, and if you don't get there on time, I will have you court-martialed and bobtailed from the army."

"Raven" glanced at him a moment, then turned to the Chinamen, saying, "Now, Chenos, I just give you two minutes and a half to get this car to the bridge, and if you don't I will shoot you all at sunrise in the morning." Of course the Chinamen could not understand him, and the lieutenant rode away, laughing and remarking that that Jew was the toughest proposition he had ever come across.

At our company headquarters in Malate barracks, we had a large cage, and as the detachment returned from the campaigns in the north and south, all the monkeys they secured were placed in the cage to be kept for pets. We sometimes had four dozen in the cage at one time. Our oldest and favorite pet was Fanny, a female monkey. She was always kept outside the cage and fastened to a long chain, which was fastened to a strap buckled across her back and just in front of her hind legs. She was a very cunning little animal, and had her favorites among the boys in the company. If on the shoulder of one of her favorite friends, no one could persuade her to leave, for she would cling to them and bite and scratch if anyone attempted to remove her. Her friends fed her mangos, peanuts and bananas. When they approached with these articles of food in their pockets, Fanny always knew it and began tugging away at her chain, trying to break loose. When they came near enough she would leap to their shoulders, make a great fuss over them and then search for the dainties. Sometimes the boys came without them and then she would remove the hat and search through the hair. Anyone who had ever frightened, scolded or used her roughly, she would not allow to approach her without biting and scratching, and never made friends with them again. A comrade who had been in the service twenty or twenty-five years came in one evening slightly "hors de combat." It was very late, so he lay down on the grass

near the cage and was soon fast asleep. In his pockets were twenty-five Mexican dollars and Fanny was soon busy removing these. She hid them in every part of her nest, which was in a box near the cage. One she secreted in the pocket in under her lower jaw. In the morning, when a friend approached, this she removed and gave to him. When the old soldier awoke, he found his pockets were empty. We searched the place and secured all but five or six pesos, which she had either thrown away or had thrown them to the monkeys in the cage, where they had probably hidden them in some nook or corner. We often took several of our favorites out to catch spiders. They were very fond of them and would climb over the trees for hours, hunting for them. They were deadly afraid of ants, and if we pretended to take one from the ground to place upon them, they would run and scream with terror. Near Queen Isabella monument was a large fountain, where we often took them and threw bright objects into the water to see them dive. These they would secure and then swim through the water with great enjoyment. The largest monkey we called "Chauncey." He escaped and made his nest on top of the barracks, in a long ventilator. Most of the boys had small hand mirrors, combs and other articles, which were placed on shelves at the foot of our bunks. When all were absent from the sleeping quarters, "Chauncey" would leave his hiding place, slide down the center post and help himself to combs, mirrors and everything in sight. Later we would see him sitting on his lofty perch. There he would sit and turn his head from side to side, making ugly faces at himself in the glass. At length he would think it was another monkey and reach out his arms to embrace it, when the glass would drop from his paws, breaking in many pieces below him. Oftentimes when the men were asleep in their bunks he

would creep cautiously out with some article in his paw and when directly over some bunk, let it drop on the sleeper and then scamper back to his retreat. We often tried to capture him, but were unable to do so. We kept our pets until we were ready to sail for home, when we were compelled to leave them behind, for we were not allowed to transport them to the United States.

While stationed in Bell Tower, in Peking, we were one day very much stirred up over a quarrel between several members of our company—Lyle, a Kentuckian, who had been engaged in a cutting scrap aboard the transport, and Mouthemont, or “Monkey-monkey,” as we called him. “Monkey” was a draftsman in our engineer office, while Lyle was a servant or “dog robber” for our lieutenant. We were all in the dining room awaiting our dinner, and Lyle was somewhat under the influence of liquor. “Monkey” was relating an amusing incident which had occurred the day before, while Lyle was waiting upon the lieutenant. As “Monkey” told his story, Lyle, who was about half asleep in his chair, would raise his head and remark: “‘Monkey,’ you ah a dahned liah.” “Monkey” again repeated the tale and again Lyle remarked, “You ah a dahned liah.” “Monkey” turned to him, saying: “Lyle, I am going to repeat this again and you had better be careful what you say.” Again “Monkey” repeated the story, to which Lyle answered, “‘Monkey,’ you ah a dahned liah.” This time “Monkey” stepped to his chair and landed a blow on the Kentuckian’s nose. Lyle jumped to his feet and the blood flew in every direction. Glancing to the right he spied a large butcher knife, which the cook had used to cut bread. He made a leap for the knife, and “Monkey,” fearing the result of an encounter with him, turned and fled through the little door, which was the only avenue of escape. Through this he dashed like a rabbit

with a dog in pursuit. Lyle was about two paces behind him, vainly trying to slash him with his knife. "Monkey" made a bee line for our detachment headquarters, covering the distance in less time than he had ever done before. Lyle soon gave up the chase and returned to the dining room, and as the fierce light died out of his eyes, soon became as meek as a lamb. He then felt very sorry for what he had done and asked me to intercede for him and persuade "Monkey" to let the matter drop and not report to the lieutenant. In that case he would probably have been court-martialed. His term of service would expire in three days, and he had no desire to spend months in prison. I started in search of "Monkey" and found him standing near a sentry for protection, shivering with fear and awaiting the return of our lieutenant, who was away in the city. I persuaded him to return to the quarters with me, but in my hand I carried a club, which he made me promise I would use in case Lyle made another attempt to injure him. We soon got the boys together and they shook hands and agreed to be friends, but "Monkey" was still very shy and made sure that the knife was placed out of Lyle's reach. Three days later Lyle secured his discharge and left the detachment for good.

English officers and their East Indian orderlies were very conspicuously brought to our notice in Peking. The officers were mounted upon fine horses and would dash out of camp toward the city, the horse galloping, followed by the orderly on foot and trying to keep pace with the horse. When he arrived at his destination, the orderly would dash up, out of breath, and assist him to alight, then hold the animal until he had made his call. When he was ready to return, the servant must again assist him to mount and then follow the galloping horse. This practice shows a lack of good judgment. The govern-

ment of which this officer was a representative, had controlled India for years; Christianity had been taught to the people, and here was a representative of the same government using his servant more like a beast than a human being. Missionaries had been at work in China for years, preaching and teaching a good cause and there were representatives of a Christian nation practicing outrages which we did not see even among the pagans. Doubtless the Chinese observed these things as closely as we, for they are very keen. A missionary was traveling in a sedan chair or jinrikisha, with natives sweating and toiling to carry him over the ground. This man was preaching and representing a cause which can never be equaled, a doctrine which is far reaching and for the betterment of mankind. But these teachers of Christianity in a pagan empire were practicing pagan customs, which would doubtless have a tendency to hurt the cause they were sent to proclaim.



THE AUTHOR
AS HE APPEARS AT THE PRESENT TIME.



PROLOGUE.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointments can not come;
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home. —*Turner.*

Fate appears to play a peculiar part in many people's lives. One does not know what is before him in this life.

While in the service my friends worried and were very much concerned about me lest I receive some injury or lose my life while campaigning in Cuba, the Philippines and China.

But these I survived without any serious results. After receiving my discharge I secured a situation at construction work, which consisted in laying water mains and erecting water tanks. The territory which our work covered was Iowa, Minnesota and Missouri. I was very much pleased with the work and after being with them for some time, the contractor selected me for one of his foremen.

About eighteen months after leaving the service, we were engaged in laying water mains in the central part of Iowa. We had begun the work early in the autumn and expected to complete it before the cold weather would set in. But there were many

difficulties in the way and we found that it could not be completed until near Christmas.

The ground was frozen and dynamite was used to assist us in excavating. Holes were drilled in the frozen ground, a pound or more of dynamite placed in each, fuses were lit and with the explosion of the dynamite, large pieces of frozen earth were torn loose, thus saving a large amount of labor.

One cold afternoon of December, 1903, we prepared one dozen of these charges and after lighting them, went to a safe distance from them to await the discharge of the shots. After sufficient time had elapsed for the explosion to take place I returned to the place and found that one charge had not exploded. Thinking that the cap was bad or fuse defective, I determined I would remove it, for it would be dangerous for the men to work around it with picks, for they were liable to strike it and set it off. I bent over and secured the fuse with my right hand, but just as I grasped it the shot exploded, tearing off my right arm, blowing out my eyes and fracturing my jaw-bone.

As I staggered back, one of the men who accompanied me caught me in his arms, thus preventing me from falling. Doctors were summoned and were soon busy trying to straighten me out. I was taken to the hospital and for several days it was thought I would not recover. But after a week had elapsed I began to improve. I then learned that I would never be able to see again and would only have the use of my left hand. I sat up every day as long as I possibly could and thus gained strength more rapidly.

After being in the hospital six weeks, the doctor thought I was strong enough to make the journey home to Ohio. My brother, who had been summoned when I was injured, accompanied me on the journey. Months passed before my injuries were perfectly healed, and not until then did I begin to realize my

actual condition. My nerves were badly shattered and I would have nervous attacks which lasted for several days, in which I had severe chills and any loud noise would set my nerves tingling. I found I must have something to do to keep my mind occupied; something in which I would receive physical exercise also. My first attempt was to learn to read from the raised letters, but I made very little progress at this, only having one hand. I then decided to invest in a small confectionery store. The business was not very prosperous, and after a few months I secured an order of small household articles, a small boy to lead me, and then started on a journey through the town to sell these articles. I went from house to house and at the end of a half hour became so fidgety and nervous that I was compelled to return home, having made one or two sales. The next day I again proceeded on my round and was in time able to stand four or five hours' work a day.

I was at first very sensitive as to the attitude of the people to whom I offered my small wares for sale. Some were kind and very considerate; others indifferent and curt in their replies, which was very discouraging. I soon visited neighboring towns and villages to sell my wares and soon I realized that my health was slowly improving. But I was unable to travel in the hot sunshine and must do most of my work in the mornings and evenings. In this way I met many people who were pleasant and interesting in conversation, which had a good effect upon me. One who has been deprived of sight has a rather difficult problem to face, for one's misfortune is so apt to be uppermost in the mind. The mind is busy always, but when one has the eyes to assist in changing the current of the thoughts, one can adapt himself to almost any circumstances.

One passing along the streets sees flowers, trees, and so many objects of interest that the mind is

easily diverted, but one does not realize the effect these have, until deprived of them, by loss of sight. These must all come at secondhand to the blind. I could soon distinguish between the voices of friends, and knew them at once by the sound of the voice. Another blind man lived near me and often came to the store. We soon became warm friends, and spent many pleasant hours together. There was a closer bond of sympathy between us, which drew us nearer together. Business in the store began to wane, and in October, almost a year after opening the store, I decided to close shop. The weather was disagreeable and my health not so good as it had been in the summer. Near Christmas another blind friend visited me. He was engaged in selling pencils, and advised me to do the same.

This I finally determined to do, and after securing a stock of goods I once more began visiting towns and even ventured to cities, doing a very good business. The boy who accompanied me, caused expenses to be much higher than they would have been otherwise, but my health was much improved by these journeys, and the experience of much benefit to me. One great drawback to me was the city ordinances prohibiting the sale of articles from place to place. In one city the chief of police stopped me and asked me where I was from. On hearing my reply he instantly informed me that I would be obliged to return there or at least get out of his city, for they had enough beggars there. After showing pencils to him and telling him that I had a good line and was trying to make this an occupation, I was told that it was against the city ordinance and he would not permit it there. I then made my way to the mayor's office and there was granted a permit to canvass the town.

I decided to erect a small stand in the town of which I am a resident and carry on a small business

there. This was built on the principal street in an offset made by one of the churches of the town. The church officials had granted me permission to place it there. The stand was built according to my own plans. When it had been completed I arranged my little stock of goods so as to be able to find them readily. I did well at this for some time, but after a short period business began to wane, and I found that I must have some one to dust and keep the place in neater condition. I then secured the assistance of a small friend, and again tried it for awhile. All through my business experience I found that the children seemed to be my best friends. They were my best customers, and when closing out my little store they patronized me till the last. Yet I had a number of other friends who had stood by me.

One always holds a warm and tender feeling for those whom you know to be loyal and true friends. Those who always are willing to step out of their way at any time to do you a favor. Life indeed would be hard if the world were without such as these. There are times when a cheery "good morning," or a hearty word of greeting means so much in people's lives; much more than many can comprehend. But when we find that our lives must be spent in ways not of our own choosing, the sooner one resigns to the inevitable and adapts himself to the circumstances which surround him, the easier it is to get along.

I became restless and decided to travel again, leaving my helper in charge of the stand. I made several journeys to surrounding cities, being absent eight and ten days at a time, and sometimes doing a very nice business. In one city in particular, I was very much surprised at the numerous sales we made. This was a large manufacturing town in northeastern Ohio. A large element of the population were foreigners; many Italians having business places on the

principal streets. These I found to be the most liberal and kind hearted strangers that I had ever met on my journeys. I had always been of the opinion that this class of people were selfish and greedy. But after observing the different classes of foreigners I found that Italians, Chinese and Germans were my best patrons, and were much more considerate in their conduct toward me than Americans. This was indeed a surprise to me as I had always believed that Americans were the kindest and most generous people.

I now desired to make a more extensive trip than any I had yet made. I decided to go to Minneapolis and to Iowa, where I knew I would meet friends whom I knew before I was injured. Early in September in company with my little friend, I started northward toward the Great Lakes, stopping on the way for an interview with our district representative, who was at that time interested in securing a pension for me. Early one morning, while passing through the northern part of Ohio, we were engaged in selling pencils, and had just made a sale to a butcher, when we heard a loud crash, followed by a noisy clatter in the street. Wagons and ambulances went flying by at a rapid pace. People rushed madly along the street and stopped about one-half block above us. There the east wing of a large automobile factory, which had been constructed from concrete and cement had collapsed, killing six or eight workmen and injuring a large number. They were soon set to work to remove those who were imprisoned beneath the debris, taking the injured to the hospital in automobiles and ambulances. The friends of those who were dead and injured gathered about the place, lamenting and crying.

We then continued on our way, passing through large fruit districts, where thousands of bushels of large yellow peaches and grapes were raised. These

I could not see, but my little companion gave me information concerning them, also new friends whom I met on the way. We spent Sunday in Toledo, where we attended church service. This we enjoyed very much especially the sermon, which gave me a new inspiration for the coming week. We spent several days in that city, selling many pencils in the large office buildings there. In these we would go up on the elevator, then starting on the top floor walked down until the ground floor was reached. In one nine story building the boy became confused in the stairways and we got into a back stairway or fire escape, which was filled with dust and cobwebs. I remarked to the boy that these two floors must be a long distance apart, not knowing that we were going down the entire flight of steps until we emerged from the stairway in an alley, covered with dust and cobwebs. Two men across the alley called to us, and laughingly asked us if we were chimney sweepers.

Our next stop was in Detroit. In the suburbs of the city at Fort Wayne I met several members of Company B, Ninth Infantry with whom I had soldiered in China. There I remained a day, chatting with the boys. We then crossed to Ann Arbor, Jackson and Battle Creek. Saturday we spent in Battle Creek. There are large sanitariums here which are conducted by Seventh Day Adventists, and we found that there was a large settlement of them there. Their places of business were all closed that being their Sabbath. The following day we reached Kalamazoo. That day being Sunday we spent the day resting, and attending service, where we met warm friends. A few days later we reached Grand Rapids. There we were forbidden to sell, as it was contrary to the city ordinance. Our sales in Michigan had been slow with the exception of a few towns. Most people were indifferent, and at many of the business places they made motions for the boy to lead me on

and not enter. At Grand Haven we secured passage on a lake steamer, and that night journeyed across the lake to Milwaukee, arriving there next morning. Here we sold several gross of pencils.

The Brotherhood of Firemen were then holding their convention in that city, and I made the acquaintance of their official chaplain, who was blind. With him I had several interesting conversations, and learned that his home was in Philadelphia, Pa. There I also met my blind friend who had advised me to enter the pencil business. But he had now ceased to handle pencils himself, for he could do better he said with household articles. A blind friend of his from Highland Park, Illinois, was visiting him and we spent several pleasant evenings together, talking over our experience as blind salesmen. It is peculiar how soon the blind become warm friends on short acquaintance.

We boarded a car for Chicago, stopping at the towns along the line, Zion City being one. There we were told that Dowie, the builder and ruler of the city must leave it the following week in disgrace. Our sales were increasing and we stopped at Ft. Sheridan, where I had been stationed for a time while in the service. There were no boys here whom I had known. We arrived in Evanston Saturday night, having sold about 2,000 pencils. We spent Sunday there and attended service. Next morning we proceeded on our way to Chicago. Arriving on Madison street, we at once had our stock of pencils replenished. We did not attempt to make sales here for my boy was too small to pilot me through the crowded streets. From there we journeyed to Elgin; from there westward to the Mississippi. From there we proceeded on our way to La Crosse and Winona. We spent Sunday in the latter place. This we found to be a pleasant city, situated on both the river and Lake Winona.

We now sold large numbers of pencils, people were very kind and pleasant, and we spent much time in talking to those who became interested in us. All towns we now visited were small and we passed on to Redwing, taking the train there for Minneapolis. While on that train many of the passengers in the coach came back to our seat, shook hands warmly and after purchasing pencils, spent some time in conversation. Several hours were pleasantly spent with these newly found acquaintances. The next day we sold pencils in Minneapolis. Here we were very busy selling in the offices and business places; many people also stopping us on the street to purchase. We were in that city five days and sold more on the last day of our stay than on the first. Thousands of harvest hands were returning from the great wheat regions of the northwest, a large number of whom were Swedes and Norwegians. Our next stopping place was St. Paul, where I met many friends that I knew before I became blind. Here we spent several days, but the weather now became somewhat colder and a light skift of snow covered the ground. We then started on the return trip, after visiting the place where I had received my injury. There I met scores of acquaintances, and old friends. One bright sunny morning we went out to the place where I had been injured. Near it now stands a large coal chute and roundhouse of forty-six stalls. After spending several days here and at Waterloo, we returned to Chicago.

On our homeward journey we passed through Indianapolis, where we spent Sunday. There we attended a very impressive church service. There were three sermons given by three generations. The first minister was ninety years of age, and preached in the same manner as he did in former years, when he was a young minister, riding a circuit and receiving no salary, except what his congregation saw fit

to grant him. The second minister, sixty years of age, who spoke of the spread of the gospel and the increase in the membership of the church and the progress that had been made during the time of his ministry. The third, a young man of thirty years, who showed how the gospel is spreading to foreign fields, pointing out to his two aged brothers in the ministry, a class of fifteen Chinese converts, who were then members of his congregation.

The afternoon we spent in listening to the Salvation Army preaching and singing on the street corner. After these had abandoned the corner it was occupied by the Israelites, who preached on the immortality of the body. After these had passed on the place was occupied by a man and small boy with guitar and mandolin, who sang songs. Then we heard a sound of boxes being slid along on the pavement, and soon we heard the voice of a Socialist, who spoke on political subjects, and how his party could benefit the poor and the working men. Thus the afternoon was spent on the corner of one of the principal streets in the city. Next morning we started for Ft. Wayne, stopping at small towns on the way, and one cold morning listened to William Jennings Bryan speak on the political issue, in Peru. Our sales in Indiana were few. In Indianapolis the police prevented us from making any sales, until I had received written permission from the mayor. After crossing into Ohio our sales again increased and on Saturday we reached Columbus, where the following day we attended service and visited the Blind Institution, and spent a pleasant afternoon in conversation with the superintendent, a very kind and pleasant man. After we had spent several days here we returned home, having been absent two months.

I then planned for a trip to Washington, where I desired an interview with the Pension Committee. I secured another stock of pencils and in company

with my little friend started on my way. On this journey we traveled through West Virginia, and from there into Maryland. Here it was very difficult to make sales and in many towns we were forbidden to sell at all. In Baltimore we spent several days, but had little success. We were not permitted to sell in the office buildings and these being our main hold, we left for Washington, arriving there two days after the beginning of the session.


Our representative from Ohio secured an audience with the committee for me. The chairman of this committee soon informed me that he could do nothing in my case. My representative did all in his power to secure a little assistance for me from our great and rich government. On our way home we passed through an eastern city, where we were stopped by the police and not allowed to sell. Here we learned of the sad case of a poor old blind man who had a dog to lead him. He sold articles on the corner of one of the principal streets, thus making an honorable living. He had made many friends and was well patronized. His home was in Virginia, but he came to this place in the spring and remained there on the corner during the summer, selling articles. The city council decided that it was not the proper thing to allow him to sell there, because that was not his home, thus depriving the helpless old man of his trade.

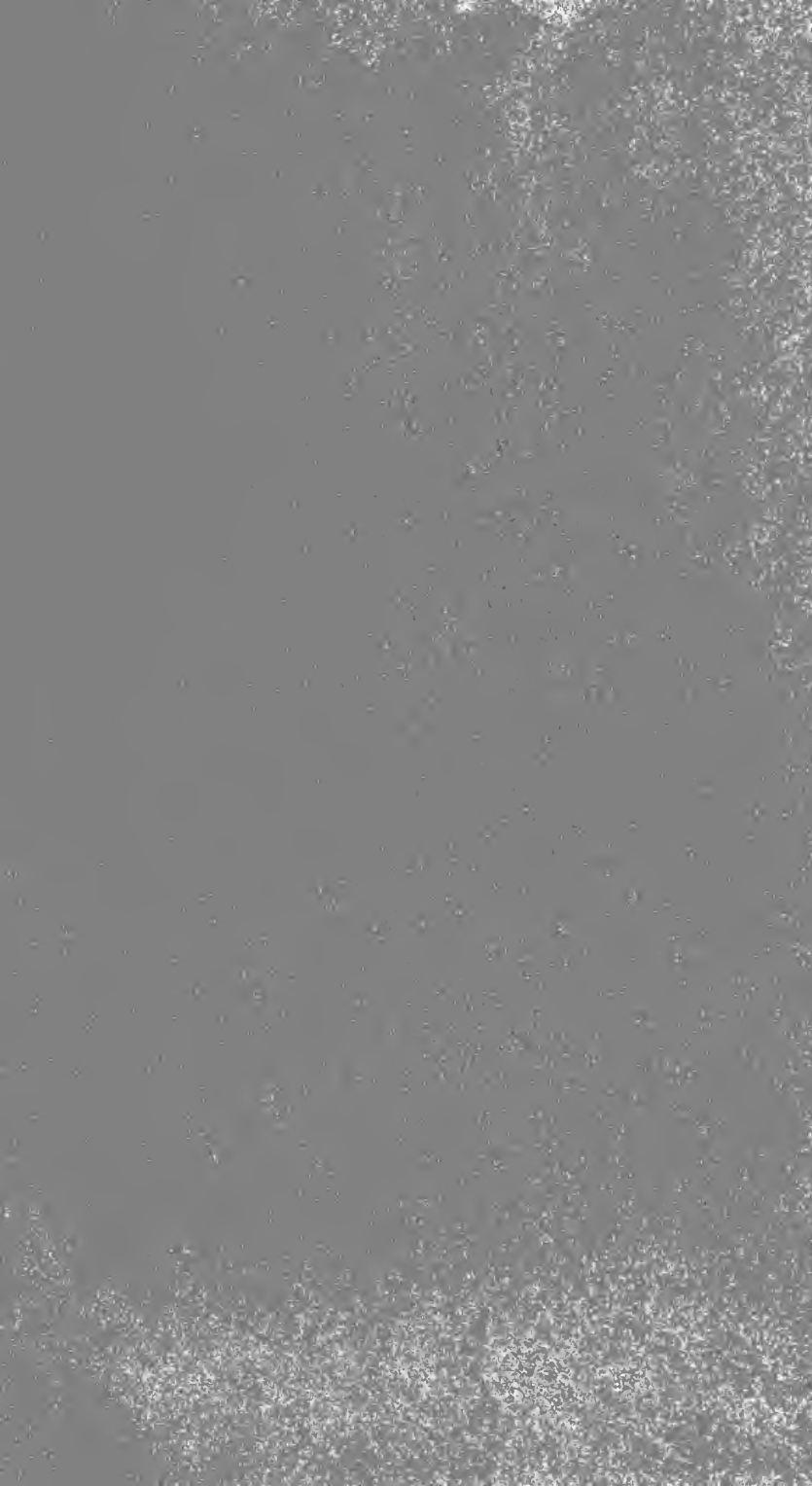
After I had been ordered not to sell in the town, I proceeded to the mayor's office, but he referred me to the chief of police. I explained to him that I only wished to visit the offices and places of business. He informed me that the city council had just passed a strict ordinance, prohibiting any sales in the city. But being kind hearted he at length gave me permission. We had much amusement in making sales, for after selling for an hour or more, we would be met by some guardian of the law, who would send us

to the mayor's office; he would laugh and send us out again.

There seems to be a great deal of trouble with crippled men who sell articles in the city. Many of them drink and carouse, thus making it difficult for those who do not. We passed through Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona and Pittsburg, but made few sales through the eastern cities.

After an absence of three weeks we reached home. It was then that I decided to try to relate an account of my traveling experiences, thinking that perhaps that might afford an opportunity for a little easier method of making my own way. There is always a way for those who are willing to help themselves, even though they be seriously handicapped. We hope for better things in the life to come, and with a firm belief and trust in God, try to bear patiently the trials and difficulties which we meet along the way.





University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 210 198 6

Univ
S
1